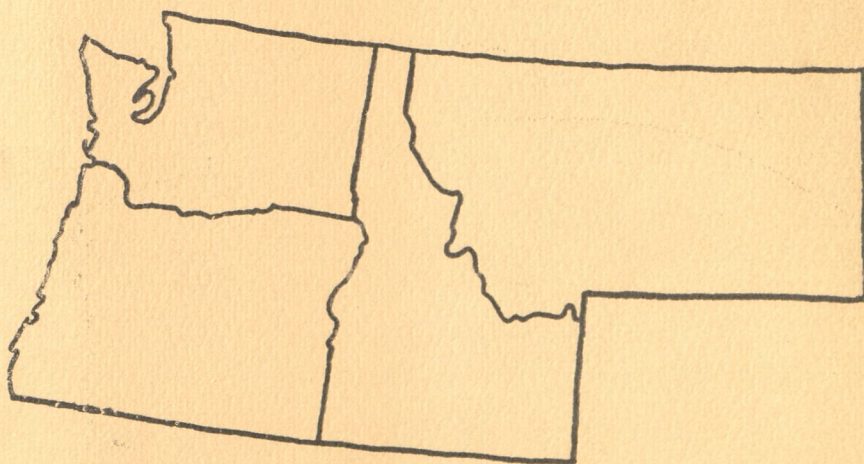
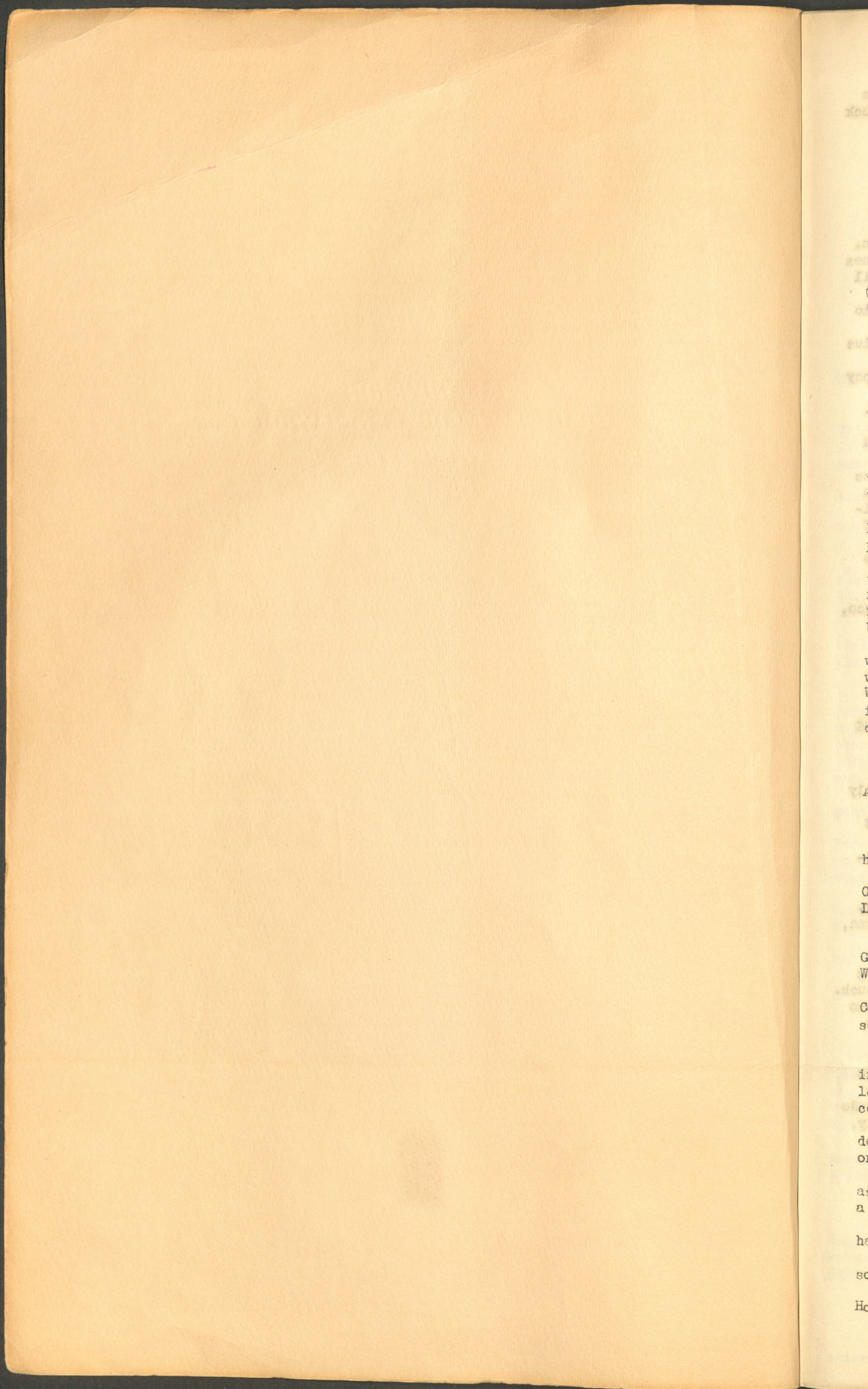
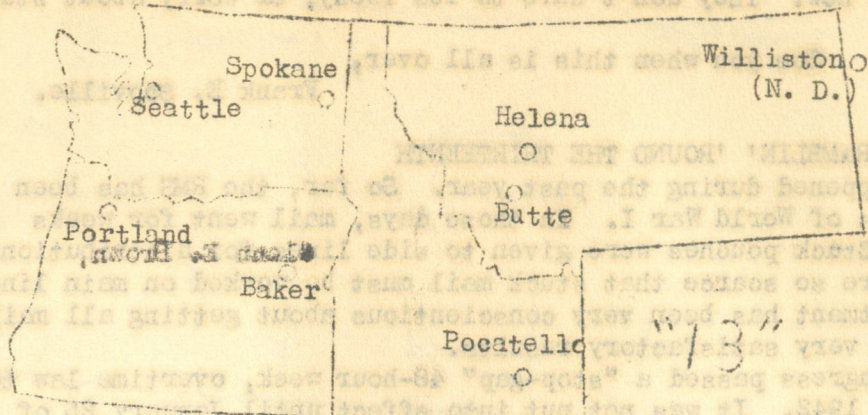


**13th DIVISION
RAILWAY MAIL ASSOCIATION
NEWS LETTERS**



MEMBERS IN
MILITARY SERVICE
1943 -- 1945





Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
October 21, 1943

Hi ya, Fella:

First of all, will you acknowledge receipt of this letter IMMEDIATELY by sending a card giving your correct address?

Second, put me on your MUST list for any future changes of address?

Third, you have not been forgotten at home. Numerous inquiries as to where you are led to the compiling of the inclosed list. That is why it is urgent that you send your correct address to keep this list up-to-date.

Fourth, letters received indicate a desire to know what is going on at home and where our clerks in the Services have gone. So, it leads to an explanation:

Our plan--To keep a correct address of all the fellows in the Services for those at home that wish to write occasional letters. To pick up items in letter form and send to all clerks in the Services. Not only will it include happenings at home, but extracts of letters from the men here-and-there that might be of general interest to others.

It will all depend upon the reception given this first attempt at news writing. If you are interested, drop a line, and anything you wish included will be added to the next letter. Ask questions--and answers will be attempted. Whether there will be another letter depends upon whether such a venture is of interest or benefit to YOU. A card giving your present address will be a request for future letters.

Portland, Oregon.

All Fellow Members of the Portland Branch
now in the Armed Services:

Howdy Fellows. You will probably be interested in knowing some of the happenings in the Home Branch since you left, so here goes.

Chief Clerk Henderson retired May 1st and Fred Twohy was advanced to Chief Clerk; Burleigh Westfall taking the Assistant Chief Clerks chair next to Lois, who, by the way, is now Mrs. Jones.

Charlie Fullerton, who retired April 30, 1943, passed away September 1.

The Transfer Office has had its force increased. Hatz and Studholme are Grade six, Butterfield, Love, Miller and Kathan have been appointed and Vernon Wood transferred to the force.

Henthorne and Dick Schultz have transferred to the Southern and Cole and Cook appointed to that line. Lemmon is on the Green River; Reading on the Seaside since Randall decided retirement was easier than the Astoria helper job.

Adams, Lashbaugh and Funnell are in the Navy and Bess in the Coast Guard.

Oregon men are getting scarce in the Spokane Terminal since they can work in the one at home. Warren, Ragsdale, Sorber and Comstock being the only ones left up there, except Franklin, a new sub, who just went up. He is the same complexion as Manney.

Hubbard is holding the Examiners assignment, Everett Gordon the Trip Report desk, Paul Young the Space reports, Hicks the Time Records and John Sundberg is on the Fairbanks & Seward for the duration.

Ollie White and John Kernan are now excess Grade six clerks. Pretty soft, as Grigg says, Grade six pay and Grade five assignment. I sure am going to try a bump!

Lloyd Smith is ill and has taken retirement. Charlie Aungst, Middle Division, has retired, and Loxer has transferred to that run.

Murphy and Ballinger are in Charge on Portland & S F 18, no increase in pay, so we work the mail in the Terminal.

Other transfers to the Southern since most of you left are Anderson, Ross, Hough, Willard, Hayden; with Bracy taking the Green River.

D. Merit has been all excited about you fellows. He says: "They sure are getting the breaks right now. They don't have to Yes Twohy, or worry about stuck and Christmas mails."

See you when this is all over,

Frank E. Sooville.

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

Many things have happened during the past year. So far, the RMS has been far ahead of the war days of World War I. In those days, mail went for weeks before final delivery. Stuck pouches were given to side lines for distribution.

Today, side lines are so scarce that stuck mail must be worked on main lines or Terminals. The Department has been very conscientious about getting all mail delivered promptly, with very satisfactory results.

Last December 16 Congress passed a "stop-gap" 48-hour week, overtime law to be effective December 1, 1942. It was not put into effect until January 25 of this year. Several men were "excessed"--out of a job but not technically surplus men--which caused quite an uproar. One of the provisions of the law was that clerks unable to be scheduled 48 hours per week would receive 10% increase in pay but NO overtime. So the excess clerks had to wait a month until a change was made wherein they received pay for extra work during last December and January.

About March 1, several men were added to heavy runs to work the increased military mail. Eight were added to Williston MD, the WD was increased some and the coast lines given more help. Most main lines received more help.

Effective May 1, a duration 48-hour week was passed by Congress. This has relieved the clerk shortage considerably, but the best result will be that when this is all over and we again return to regular schedules, places will be available for returning Service men. It is hoped the long list of surplus clerks of the early '20s will be avoided after World War II.

Christmas I hit in October this year. Deadline for mailing overseas gifts was October 15. Storage on Williston Tr. 27 hit close to 600' for a few days and the Terminal worked 65 separations and nearly as many men on the Military rack nightly. Try, then, to imagine the congestion at New York and San Francisco, chief ports of supply for overseas mail. Oh, well, its in pretty good hands--many of our fellows are there to work it!

In the RMA, members have been too busy to be very active. The Convention was cancelled this fall due to transportation difficulties. The Executive Committee is now in Washington pinch-hitting for the Delegates. One matter of importance is the relationship of Service men to the RMA. Much criticism was directed towards the constitution section prohibiting service men from retaining their membership. It is being proposed that when they again return to duty, their old certificate will become valid by paying only the current assessment. This will eliminate another membership fee upon your return.

Frank Briggs, likable clerk in charge of the Spokane Terminal, died suddenly late in September.

Trains are having their difficulties. Williston & Seattle MD Trs. 1 and 2 met head-on at Trego, Montana this summer. Mail cars were badly damaged but clerks escaped without serious injury. The Oroville met a freight with like results. The Milwaukee still operates under a jinx. A spur has been built from Warden to Moses Lake, Wash. The local parked too close to the switch one night and Butte & Seattle WD 16 side-swiped the engine throwing 11 cars off the track. Just 10 days ago Tr. 16 hit a curve too hard 11 miles west of Miles City, Montana, derailing the full train. Clerk in charge Grime received a broken pelvic and clerk Ellsworth head injuries. Two hours was required to cut them from the wreckage. Clerk Ellsworth had just recently returned to duty after recuperating from head injuries received when the catcher arm caught Q cable instead of a pouch.

To assist inexperienced city distributors, all large cities are divided into numbered zones. Working into zones will prime to stations. The zone number is now part of every address. Which reminds me--what sailor writes home to his folks and always includes as part of the address "via Butte & Seattle WD"?

District 2 (Spokane) has 29 subs--and are using regulars to fill in. Since Maloney and Alexander joined up and Brown and Brooks traded, the new line up at the office is Hays, Chief; Hansen, Assistant but still on pay rolls; Brooks, grade 7 but still on space, Bertrand trip reports, Addleman, correspondence and Murray, examiner. There are 37 names on District 2's World War II honor roll.

Guess that just about winds this up. Is it worth while? A card from you is all I ask--but a few words for the next letter will help out. Ironie as it may sound to you, best wishes from us at home to you far from home this coming Holiday season.

Box 1813,

Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,

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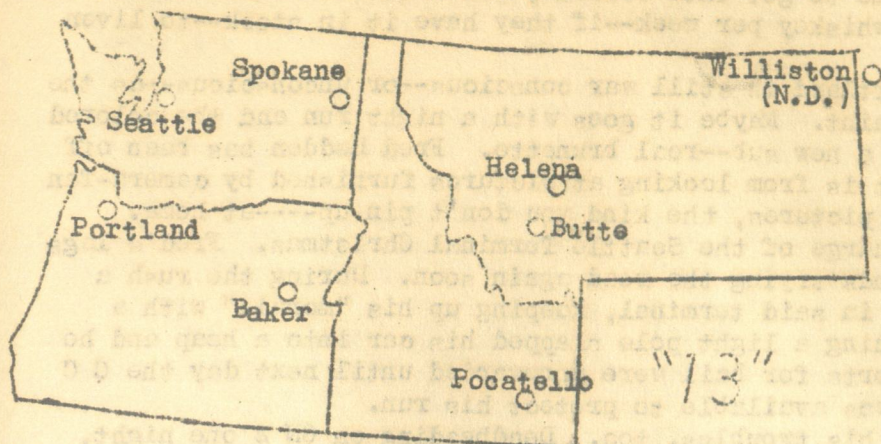
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NO. 2

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
February 7, 1944

Hi, guys:

How time doth flit! Over 3 months since I gathered any news.

Again I wish to ask you--keep me on your mailing list for a change of address. This goes for the NEW recruits, too. This news may be old stuff if you just left, but the next one may be interesting. If I do not hear from you in the meantime, you may get lost--from us.

Drop a line about what you're doing--military secrets excepted--ask questions, and we'll see about answers.

Hello, all you Gobs and Dough Boys:

Portland

Just to give you a little info about what is doing in Dist. 4:

Christmas has come and gone, and, believe it or not, the Portland Terminal was cleaned up Christmas night. We started out with four regular subs and a bunch of non-certs, and finished up with no subs and short four or five non-certs, all taken for road jobs account of so much flu.

There were about a dozen women in the Terminal this year. The only ones that you fellows would know were Mesdames Clyde Akin, Claude Miller and Elmer Flowers. Mrs. Miller is still working.

Some changes in assignments, etc:

Al Anderson, George Cole and Pat Hagstrom Trs. 17-20 helpers; Ike Butler retired December 31; Harold Byram 3rd clerk Trs. 19-16; Henry Cook Medford helper Trs. 329-330; Arthur Davis transferred to the Terminal; Si Gordon 2nd clerk Trs. 17-20; John Hatz and John Studholme Grade 6 in the transfer office; Ralph Hayden to Green R & Port; Phil Heid appointed to the Terminal; Dick Keefer and Joe Pender appointed to the Spokane Terminal, but the Marines got Joe first.

Frank Hough was off all of December. He caught the bridge south of Tangent with bad results. John Kernan was off all of January with pneumonia.

Mel Kathan transfers to the Port & S F ND; Ralph Lorer to the Green R & Port MD; Bill Love is on the Oakridge helper job; George Miller is relief clerk on the Southern and Ed Sorber is helper on Trs. 19-20 to Eugene. These latter changes February 1.

John Sundberg has taken the war vacancy on the Fairbanks & Seward; Ray Snell to the Ogden & L A SD and Carlyle Ross has resigned to teach in Jefferson High.

Chester Clarke passed away November 7 and Lloyd Smith November 12. Both had been ill for some time.

D. Merit says: "When a fellow can't learn the distribution required in the RMS, it seems he is qualified to teach."

See you in the "Bull Pen."

Frank E. Scoville

Seattle

Things have moved around Seattle. Chief Clerk Marchand retired and March transferred from Alaska. Peter M. Peterson, Supts Office, is now CC of Alaska, with Maynard Nelson as Assistant. Harris is now on the Williston day trains. Crane went into Peterson's vacancy, Simonson to the Blaine and Torpey to the time desk of Dist. 2. Wightman, Lund and Normile are off due to serious illness.

Vert was home on furlough from Panama. Hardy won \$18 in a Service Improvement contest. Harry Wills has moved to a cabin on Lake Serene near Everett. Mayberg was in Seattle looking better since retirement.

Pocatello

Pocatello had its Temporary Terminal, complete with women. It was no woman that tied out one package I saw--had to be put in the pouch endwise. Rothwell is grade 6 vice Thoma to the Spokane Terminal. GRANT HOLLAND and DAN DAVIS have joined up. Glenn Bair had pneumonia.

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

JIM NEARY sez he'd like some "scuttlebutt." Since that is too much of an order, I'll settle for some just plain "bull."

The 48-hour week has raised heck with our morale. There isn't a wee squeak about working 48 hours--but it does raise hail columbia with "home work." Consequently, there is less time to get into trouble, which is the source of scuttlebutt. And, only a pint of whiskey per week--if they have it in stock--to liven things up.

The Spokane Pasco & Portland is still war conscious--or unconscious--as the windows still carry black paint. Maybe it goes with a night run and the colored crew thereon. Portland has a new sub--real brunette. Fred Hedden has been off with eye trouble--we hear it is from looking at pictures furnished by camera-fan Torpey--purely artistic (?) pictures, the kind you don't pin up---at home.

Fred Wightman was in charge of the Seattle Terminal Christmas. Fred's legs are giving out, but he intends trying the road again soon. During the rush a road clerk worked all night in said terminal, keeping up his "morale" with a week's allotment. Next morning a light pole slapped his car into a heap and he landed in the jug. All efforts for bail were unrewarded until next day the C C got him out because no sub was available to protect his run.

Sub Dick Fuqua has had his troubles, too. Deadheading on GN 2 one night, someone lifted his .38. Shortly after that he was visiting at Rock Island and had to return to Spokane. He flagged Tr. 28. The engineer decided not to stop and did not change his mind until he thought he had hit Dick. What he said when he saw Dick crawling in the rear coach has not been reported.

A few Montana subs are temporarily working at Portland. No leave allowed in District 4 without doctor's orders.

The holidays was too much for a couple of Spokanites. Heber Payne was riding to work mornings with Wolfe. This particular A M a car pulled up, Heber crawled in and didn't notice anything wrong until the driver sez "Where to, Bud?" Out Heber climbed and the taxi proceeded to the correct address. All loose change around the terminal was immediately impounded into a "taxi fund" for Heber's future use. Glen Brooks, space clerk for Dist. 2, learned a good string trick. He tried it on Hans at the office. After a few hours of worry and work, they cut the string to get it off. Later, he run for a bus and ended up 2 miles from home. He was so mad for making such an error after all these years that he walked home. Anyway, he figures they handled 3 miles of mail at Spokane during December.

John Grabill give up being CinC of the Terminal and Payne took over. Zugel is the new grade 5 boss since Briggs passed away.

George Bertrand nearly passed out after Christmas when he answered the phone and heard "Washington calling!" No bosses around, Brooks wouldn't take it, so George gasped for breath and did the best he could.

Al Hensel has been having his troubles. A standard cry on Tr. 2 at the local man in Weaver's crew is "Shut the door!" Shriner tried it on Hensel on Tr. 27 and was threatened with a write-up. With Maynard Nelson leaving, Hensel wants the grade 6 job, since he won't have to move to Seattle nor run in charge. It has led to heated words several times.

John MacDonald is now a carrier in Los Angeles.

I wish you fellows would spread the word to your brothers in arms to spare our pride. Arthur B. C. Disney was standing in the door and a passing soldier sez "Hi, pop!" Dizz sez he ain't that old--he hopes.

Passenger business has been brisk. Remember when through trains carried one or two day coaches? Now a whole section of coaches only operates on all lines. On December 20, GN 2 left Seattle with 180 passengers standing up. 12 got off at Spokane and the platform was full to take their places.

Last fall Si Perkins checked a Williston MD clerk for putting postcards in Terminal circles. The smoke died down eventually. During the holidays some of the more playful boys prevailed upon unsuspecting Mrs. Vincent to check a first-class among circles made up by hubby Paul Vincent. It was funny until it reached Paul--whose sense of humor was not in that line. All is quiet now.

So, thinking of you and the censor, will close with a note noticed on an envelope destined overseas: "Censor--don't get nosy, bub!"

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

The original intentions of this news letter was for the benefit of those in uniform. Based on most of the replies received, I am the beneficiary--long, interesting letters from men that were once just names to me. One or two, however, "Dear Sir"--ed me--how come?

The mills are in good hands, judging from the number of ex-RPCs in the armed services postal units. WILBERT ADAMS received promotions one, two, three at Camp Peary. Like many others, Will is missing his young son. There'll be more (I hope) and it won't be half as hard on this one teaching just ONE parent how to raise a child.

FLOYD A. BESS, AS, is seeing Alaska (at least the coast line) with the Coast Guard. On a Jap postcard, for which I'll bet a pretty he still owes the Japs, Pvt. CHARLES A. GREENFIELD writes from Down Under. He recently met 1st Lt. ADRIAN B. DODGE down there. Did you give him a regulation salute, Suh, or a reasonable facimile thereor?

Incidentally, Adrian jumped in with both feet at Munda. He wrote a vivid description of the first few days he was there. All was well except he used a

football field for comparison. Since I'm no football fan, I could gather little from that, except it might have reference to the massacre of the U of Wash eleven by Southern Cal in the Rose Bowl game--27-0! Now, if he had used a basketball floor for comparison, it would have reminded me of a recent U of Wash-Gonzaga mix--79-39 in favor of the local Bulldogs. Adrian, Babe was out to a big Terminal skating party the other night but there was a big hole in the crowd just your size--its being reserved, too.

JOSEPH FLORY, Sp(M)3/c, has a notch in the Fleet PO, Seattle. He was the lone California distributor for the holiday Seattle Temporary Terminal. ROY G. WATSON, Sp(M)1/c, ROBERT A. HAHN, Sp(M)3/c and JAMES E. NEARY, Sp(M)3c, are in Bremerton. Thanks for your long letter, Jim--how about having dinner with me in Seattle some evening? Lt. CHARLES H. JATEN is flying thither and yon and was taken out for dinner by the CC at St. Joe, Missouri. Remember, Chuck, when it took you as long to go from Spokane to Butte as it now does from coast to coast? Pvt. D. RAY SHIVELY "Dear Sir"-ed me from Alabam'. I hope to meet you some day, Ray, and find out if you meant it or it was just an old southern custom!

ERNEST B. HALL, AMM2/c, is seeing the Orient on the USS Saratoga. After a lengthy tour with no shore leave (some military rule that they can't get shore leave in Tokio--yet) Ernie landed in Frisco for Christmas. The following is just a rumor, but I have it on good authority that on his first shore-leave, Ernie took an elevator ride, presumably to get a bird's-eye view of the Golden Gate. Running the elevator was a very pretty gal. Said Ernie, in his shy way: (to the gal, of course) "Would you give me a nice kiss for 10¢?" The gal said "yes". Said Ernie: "Would you give me a nice big hug for 25¢?" The gal said "yes." "Now," said Ernie, brushing some imaginary dust from his shoe onto his trouser leg, "Get ready for the \$2.00 question."

From down where there are even white folks, ROY G. DALE, Sp(M)1/c, sez life isn't so bad, 'though Christmas mail came in boat loads. Lt. AL MALONEY V-mailed a Christmas greeting from England. From other sources we learn he doesn't like the rain nor plumbing over thar. An offer to loan his "Montana" coat was graciously received from PETE COUCH, Sp(M)2/c, from a place he has no use for same. 'Tain't where you think, either! But, to the opposite, T/5 GEORGE L. SNELL V-mails from the Emerald Isle of his visit to Belfast. Pick up a couple of souvenirs, George, my chimney needs repairs!

Having had much experience in handling large sums of money while a sub, S/Sgt HENRY A. McLANE is in the Finance office of the Stockton, Calif.; Ord. Depot. No samples, now, Hank. Lt. CHARLES H. BURNS has advanced about as high as any ex-RPC--9,200 feet above sea level to be exact--as postal officer for Camp Hale, Colo. But in rank, Lt. Col. FRANK LUCAS now rates the deluxe salute. In the IGD, Frank travels at the rate of a new place every three months. Wanta li'l helper? 2 and 27 are still running, but could stand some City men--too many like me now working city. Buck is in charge of Wightman's crew just now; Normile has a serious heart ailment; Addleman is back in the Spokane CC office and Elwell is still well preserved--you know.

Cpl FLOYD I. SCHWERDFAGER has the ideal (?) mail route--never a dull moment. He delivers the mail right to the boys at the batteries, traveling via landing craft, plane and Shank's ponies. I prize his souvenir--a blank check on a local bank--but you forgot to sign it, Floyd. Reminiscent of subbing days was a letter from JESSE L. FORDHAM, Sp(M)2/c. Jesse and I learned our exams on a pool table in Pocatello--bank Portland into the corner junction! His outfit mimeographed their own Christmas greeting card--a sailor enjoying a nice native a la Hollywood, but confidentially, sez the other side, most Fuzzy Wuzzy's can do this--showing a very discontented rovine standing on her hanging faucets. See your Public Relations Officer--maybe you got on the wrong island?

A missile for a certain "Mr. Brown" reached me from Cpl CHARLES FATLAND. Did you shoot a golf while in Scotland, Chuck? I'll meet you on the links when you get back and make you eat that "Mr.", providing, of course, you shoot over 100--per NINE holes. From the Fleet P O, Frisco, JOHN L. REILLY, Sp(M)1/c hurriedly writes an S O S that Christmas nearly floored them. Some of our good subs have since arrived, John, put them to work. Starting out as a glider pilot and ending up in Yale (since it was written and not in dialect, it must be a school), A/C JOSEPH C. KROBOTH is studying to be a Communications Officer. No, Joe, I don't think a man signs a death warrent with his retirement--many of our retired clerks have big war-time jobs now. With a few exceptions, of course, those that do not live to enjoy retirement are those that would not retire when they were still in good health; that extra year or two being more than their health could stand. Just my personal idea, however.

Pasco Pete, alias GEORGE W. PETERSON, Sp(M)2/c, is still in Pasco--but they got Waves there now. No wonder he won't leave! Thanks a lot for the "Sky-Writer", George, a credible publication. From down Louisiana way, Sgt. ROLAND R. VERCELLA hurriedly pencils an "all is well". Being from Montana, Rowland, you may be interested in one of the galls you left behind-----

A red-head who got on at Butte
And wore a tomato-red suit--
Said she'd lost gloves and hat
and she can't tell where at,
'Cause she'd been out all night on a tutte.

FOREST DAMRON, Y2c gets his sea-legs via the ferry from Seattle to Whidbey Island. Yes, Forest, the "zone number" system is taking a hold fast. Seattle is primed to zones at Chicago. Doesn't help me much in working it, however, as most zones cover parts of two or three stations. With the present day hired help, it may be beneficial. S/Sgt. CARL EKSTROM has a permanent position with the Second Air Force--at least he has been with them all the time. Sgt. HUGH F. DICKSON is a Marine mail clerk but thinks he'll be replaced by a woman Marine soon. Wotsa matter, Hugh, what can a woman do that you can't--don't answer! Wolfe has moved to Spokane--settled in "Little Williston"--Ernie Nelson, Wise and Wolfe on the same street.

Having been serenaded by ALDEN N. BICE, Sp C2c, I do not wonder that the Navy won't assign him to any one station. Anyway, he's foot loose and travels as a naval interviewer--summer in Maine and winter in Florida--phooey! A report of one interview was something like this:

"Who was that cute girl you were talking to so long?"

"Oh, just an old girl friend."

"What did she have to say?"

"NO."

Smokey Stover was over to give us a solo the other night--he's looking forward to an early appointment. PFC CLYDE E. SCOTT is working for an Iron Cross--anyway, his job is in the Discharge Section. We don't blame you, Clyde, for hoping a WAC gets your job! A guiding light must be GEORGE V. KILLEEN, RMI/c--anyway he's on a lightship.

E. EVERETT H. CAIN, Sp(M)l/c went and got himself into a CB stevedore Battalion. Since his end of the unit is mail, he's right at home--which he really was recently on furlough. And, of all things! Sending an RPC to college to become a mail clerk--tsk, tsk. But that's what happened to Pvt. LEE H. SHELDON. As a P.G. course, or in lieu of a thesis, he was sent to NYC to sort Christmas mail for overseas. What was your passing grade, Lee? Another golfer shootin' par in the Sea Bees is HAROLD J. ROBERTS, Sp(M)l/c. Sounds like the Portland Terminal in Camp Peary--Adams, Lashbaugh, Cain, Roberts-----

Down in Tennessee on maneuvers, Cpl GEORGE F. BRADY wonders why RPCs won't write letters. Did you ever see one that would answer correspondence without a threat of demerits, George? Thoma is now a full fledged Spokaneite. CHARLES B. DAMRON, RTl/c is an instructor in radio and electronics. Hey, teach, could you send a guy over to look at my radio? There's sabotage in it. 1st Lt. GORDON L. HANSEN wants to hear from any of youse mugs that can write. For that matter, bet all of you would like to hear directly from each other. Cpl CARL C. NOTTINGHAM is getting flat feet--helping deliver mail to some umpteen thousand rookies at Camp Berkeley, Texas. Do you still have time to read the postcards, Carl? I've enjoyed many a picture postcard sold only (apparently) at PXs.

For a sample of the RMS-to-be, thanks to Lieut. RALPH J. ALEXANDER, USNR, and the Fleet PO at Seattle. Many of those detailed there are RPCs from throughout the RMS. With the latest in lighting, organization and conveniences for working mail, there'll be "some changes made" at the first post-war Convention. In a visit there in December, I met PAUL S. WARBER, a bit flustered but proudly sporting the stripes of a Lt (j.g.). Shaved that "mustn't touch it" yet, Paul?

I'd like to say a lot about Lt. MALOY SENSNEY of the Marines, but since he is a full fledged lawyer and is now learning to speak Japanese, how could I hope to cope with that combination? Suffice to say he is making a study of coloring--native type. Beware that blonde strain. 1st Lt. GLEN L. HOUGHIN sends a picture of his Topeka army postoffice--and a WAC for an assistant. How do you guys get such jobs? Guess Billings is snowed under, Glen--I can't get a peep from there. 1st Lt. JOHN B. CORSON is still slinging mail. No, John, Oren Brooks is still on the Williston WD. Glen Brooks, formerly of that line, is in the Spokane CCs office. Last, but not least, are the few from whom no replies were received. SATTERSTROM and RAGSDALE are in the Fleet PO, Frisco; BISHOP has scarlet fever at Farragut. Perhaps they were too busy to drop a line, or are just trying to get lost, because--maybe--of circumstances-----

Judge: Sorry, but I can't issue a marriage license to your grandchild; she's only 15 and too young.

Old Granny: Lawdy, Mister Jedge, wot we gwin do? She ol' nuf to do wot she's done did.

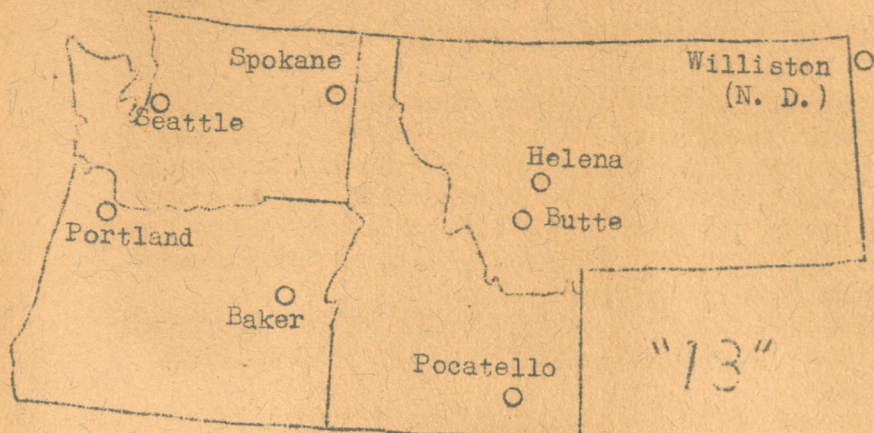
And so is this--done did!

Box 1313,

Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,

DON'T FORGET--I'D LIKE YOUR ADDRESS!



THIRD
THROW

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
April 1, 1944.

Happy April Fool's Day!

Join the U. S. Railway Mail and see the country--or so the correspondence school ads say. Join Uncle's fighting forces and really get around! During the period of inertia between letters 1 and 2 every one seemed to take at least one move--and some of you JUMPED.

A boquet to the Army postal service: An admittedly old address of Tony Gerber was used in October. It followed him across the USA four times and caught up with him at the original address of Camp Roberts.

SPECIAL NOTE

Is there anything you would like in the way of reading matter, games, etc., that we can send you?

Civilians are not permitted to send parcel post to service men unless special request is made by the man in service. Too, we hardly know what to send, inasmuch as each individual may desire a certain item. But we have NOT forgotten you and would like help in an entertainment line. Your part is to let us know.

Jot down the things most desired: Book or magazines--mystery, western, movie, romance. Games--cards, checkers, etc. Send to me.

Absolutely no request for blondes will be acknowledged!

Scene in Seattle: Two WACs window shopping. A Lieutenant walking down the sidewalk intensely interested in the tall buildings. One WAC held a salute for a distance. The second made some remark and the first replied: "I know, but you can't take any chances!"

Most of the fellows that Went West to the South Seas had been sadly misled by Hollywood as to what to expect. My kid brother (age 30, size $1\frac{1}{2}$ of me) had a little better luck. The accompanying drawing is a sample of life as he sees it. He can't draw either, but his partner in exploration, Pvt. Corson, can. If you're dissatisfied with your island, ask for a transfer. Personally, I think the two of them had been sampling abandoned saki-yaki and couldn't see.

According to news reports, a soldier named his new son "Furlough"--a reminder, no doubt.

How to be popular: A soldier in New Guinea had roast pork with the natives. A few days later he was invited to a big village feast. Object: Natives had gathered from miles around to see the white man that could remove his teeth after a meal.

Of special note was a recent "Orphan Annie" funny. A bad man got killed by being knocked from a freight by a mail crane. It served THAT purpose but would be of little use in hanging a pouch.

Oh, well, some guys can't catch a pouch anyway-----



SCUTTLE-BUTTIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

A few weeks ago a Seattle paper carried a full page feature on the R.M.S. The reporter and photographer--after "finding it was easier to enter the Fort Knox gold vaults than get permission to ride a mail train"--rode one trip on the Seattle & Portland night trains. Aside from being of little value as an essay on the RMS, it contained many flowering phrases--"RPCs can hit a crow at 50 paces, and the crows know it", "letters and papers are thrown speedily and accurately", "mail sack coffee must float a mail lock to be good", etc.

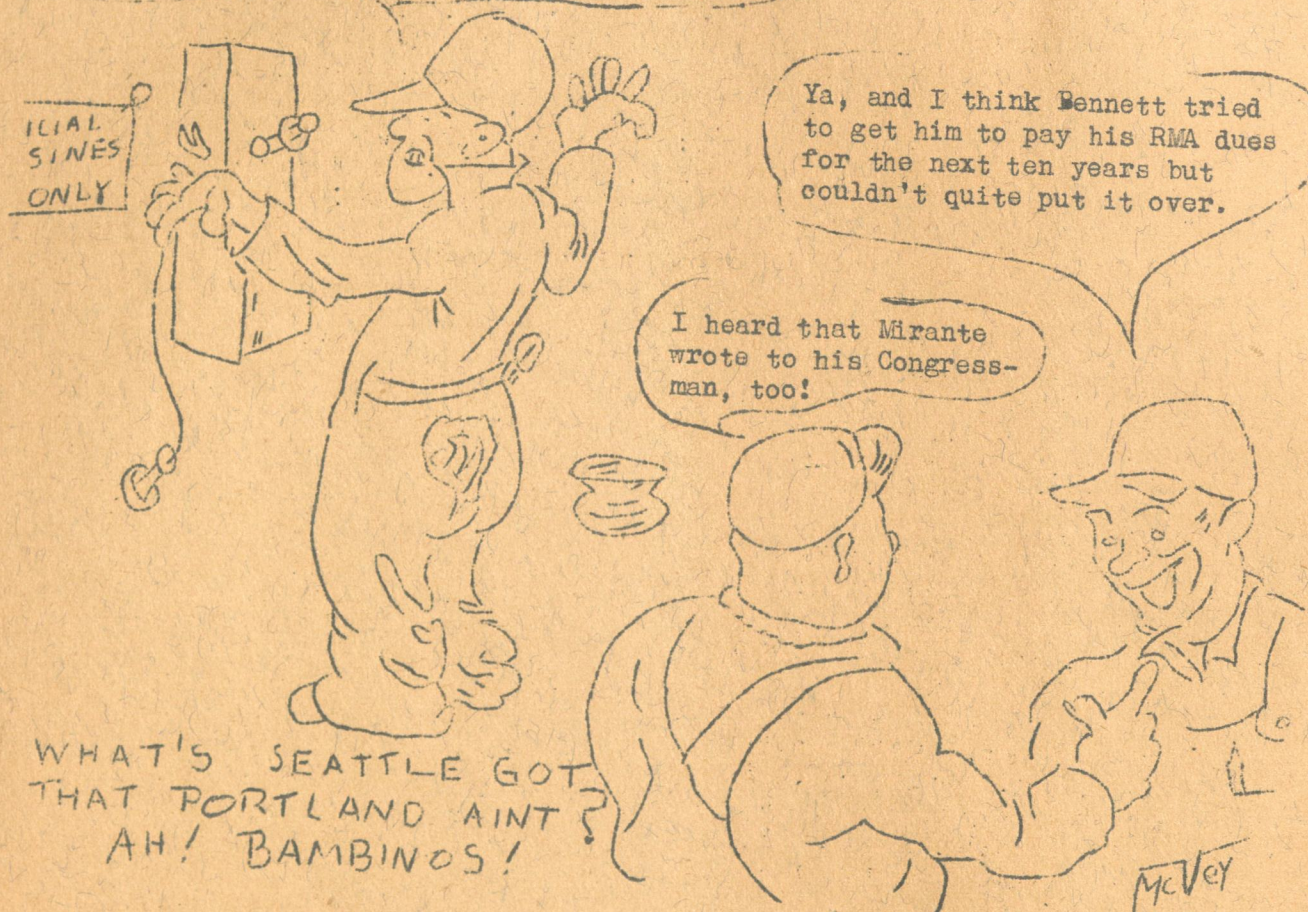
Ralph Lincoln was given individual honors in a coffee-making scene. Others in the general views of the mail car were Clayton Sweeney, Ralph Newman, Earl Anderson, Frank Reese and Walter Benz.

The Spokane paper carried a short story featuring Al Lee, Spokane & Portland, dressed as Santa working Christmas parcels. At last report none had been offered a movie career.

The high light this spring has been a Mirante-Bennett-senior Wash subs play. Mirante took the North Bank after several subs had turned it down. Getting "stuck" with that run was the source of much pleasure to senior Seattle subs. When Nelson left the CN, the subs had the run cinched--they thought.

However, Ralph Bennett, Terminal, wanted to get to Portland. Mirante heard about it and went to work. Bennett took the Williston WD March 1 and they will trade April 1. This puts Mirante on a preferred run ahead of senior men praying for a chance. There was a great hue and cry, but all is legal and most of them

I senda' air mail special deliv', and I calla long dist' ta mak sure you no changa mind. Now you say mebbe! What kinda biz' dis, brother?



Credit Mirante with getting a good break.

Mirante spent much moola in telephone calls and postage to be sure Ralph didn't change his mind. At the same time Ralph was scared stiff Mirante would change his. Sure a tough world!

Sequel--Buck Weaver's picture gallery in a Spokane hotel was taken down by the management. A compromise has now been reached----they're INSIDE the closet. During negotiations, however, the letter case was gayly decorated--and how!

Of much conjecture is Bill Shriner's attitude towards women. A female railroad employee, of satisfying proportions, attempted to enter the mail car, mistaking it for the baggage car. With a "No! You can't come in here", Bill blocked the door. A few weeks later one did get in and past the pouch man before Bill saw her. He assisted her in a hasty exit. Some of the more congenial crew members are wondering what can be done about it.

Election notes: A woman in Seattle, whose maiden name was Ryan, sent out an appeal to all Ryans to support her for councilwoman. Joe Ryan was loyal and helped all he could, but there weren't enough Ryans in Seattle. A Scandinavian society sent a letter to their fellow men, including Hedden, asking for support. "Just Call me Swede" Hedden failed miserably as a campaigner. On the Seattle ballot was a proposed increase in pay for city employees. The cops didn't take it seriously and issued tickets in wholesale lots. Result: No pay increase for them.

Incidentally, Hedden and Craig are auxiliary police. Craig brought in a drunk to do his bit. Hedden is one to behold when fully bedecked. RMS, auxiliary, and regular police badges, sargeant stripes, sap and handcuffs. Playful prank is to slip the handcuffs on unwary fellow workers.

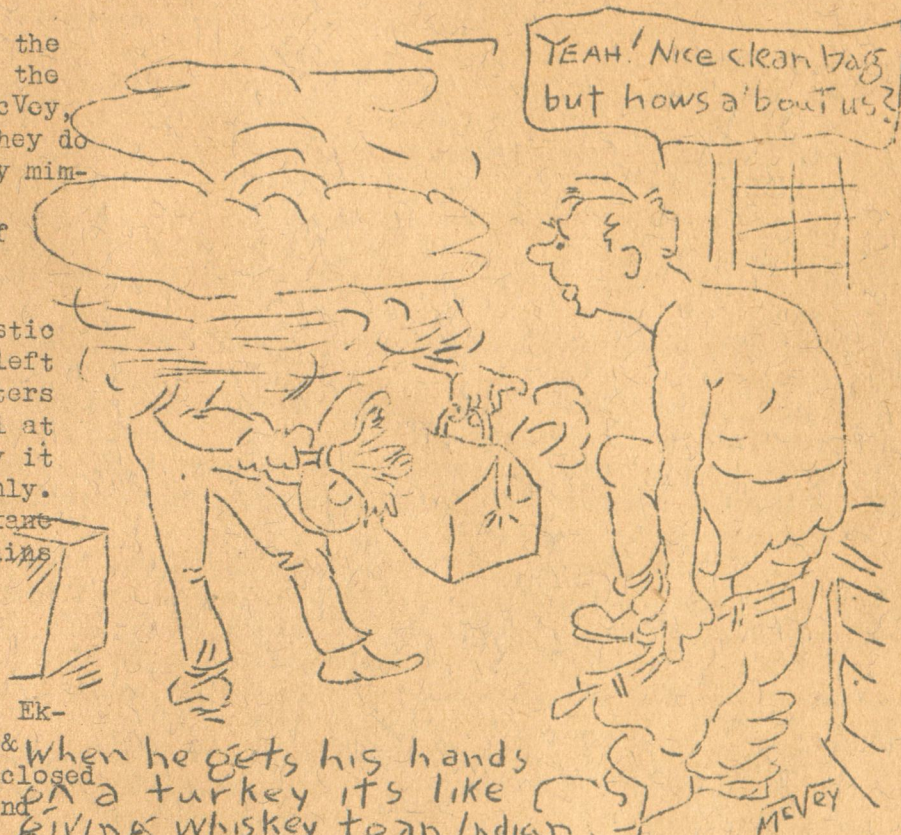
It looked for awhile like the Japs would take Alaska. They fiddled for a while in the fog and the Swedes moved in and now have the situation well in hand --at least in the RMS. Peterson, Chief Clerk; Nelson, Assistant and Sundberg the lone road clerk.

Maybe he wanted to be a sargeant, I don't know, but a soldier down south wrote a letter to "Santa Claus, North Pole, Alaska." Perhaps he didn't know Santa was a union man and is now off duty.

What do you think of the added cartoons? They are the work of artist Wayne W. McVey, Seattle & Portland. If they do not show up well, blame my mimeographing, not Wayne.

There will be more of them, we hope.

Congress raised domestic air mail rates to 8¢ but left the old rate of 6¢ to letters addressed to APOs. V-mail at Frisco has become so heavy it is now worked to states only. Wash state is sent to Spokane for distribution. The trains out of Spokane now have plenty of V-mail to while away the time.



Boner of the Season: Ek-vall and Adamson, Seattle & Portland 460, checked and closed a pouch of reds for Portland. A pouch to be enclosed was overlooked and left in the cage. Garlinghouse, the

Division's best Peckinizer, spent a half hour checking the car but failed to see it. Ekvall found it next day on 459.

"Ike" Butler is talking retirement. Walt Parry, retired, has a broken leg, Moro a broken arm. Frank Normile will be off nearly a year because of heart trouble. Orin Brooks is taking his NP 4-GN 27 assignment. Billy Mills is in the Supt's office. Temporary, so he sez, but we wonder.

Edwin G. Curtis is plagued with a C card. His favorite parking place is in front of an Oswego beer parlor and the OPA might object. Carl Smith went deer hunting. That was alright but he has a B sticker that might attract attention. P. S.--No deer. Ottis Little got one, but it is rumored his brother-in-law had tied it up for him.

Spring note--A Fargo clerk and the baggage agent at Williston were a bit playful. One day the baggage agent went out and caught a bunch of small ground squirrels. As soon as Tr. 28 pulled in, he hurried in and distributed them into the drawers under the letter case. 28 left town and pretty soon Mr. Clerk had to get into the drawers and lo! squirrels popped out of all of them when opened. It was reported that after the work was cleaned up considerable time was spent in capturing and disposing of the flickertail varmints.

A collection of Jap items was displayed in the Seattle telephone building. Lt. Col. Lucas being a co-sponsor.

A freight wreck near Bonners Ferry recently delayed Trs. 2 and 27 some seven hours. A car of bombs was badly scattered. The old American custom of curiosity was noticeably lacking for once--no one cared to look them over.

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AELOAT

S/Sgt WILLIAM H. LESLEY, Terminal, was home in January, fugitive from a hospital. His tales of South Sea experiences had many listeners. Favorite was his experience in a fox-hole one night. Something rolled down beside him. Thinking it was a sand crab, he grabbed it with his cap, gave it a vindictive squeeze and heaved hat and crab with vengeance. Next morning he found, to his disgust, the crab was his teeth. He found them in due course. Luckily, he was not severely bitten.

Lt. TONY GERBER writes from a California hospital--between passes at the nurses --that he got a comission at Ft. Benning and returned to Camp Roberts landing next door to his old outfit. "At present am spending most of my time looking at the

ceiling or playing games (nice games--they won't play P O as they think I've had too much experience) with the nurses. It seems that we were out on a night problem a few weeks ago and I got thrown out of a Jeep during a blackout--and kinda wrecked my back--musta busted a butt-spring or somp'n, I guess. Anyway, I got stuck in the hospital so I'll probably have to do my fighting with bed-pans until they let me out. Unless my outfit gets the "lead" out pretty soon, it might be too late to get in on any fighting--according to the radio. But anyway--when we all get together after the war and Dodge starts telling us how he "did it" at Munda and Maloney starts telling about the gals in England and everyone else tells what they did-----I'll bet I'll be the only guy there who knows how many grains of sand there are to an acre--or a shoe-ful, too!!" Later, after release from the hospital, Tony headed towards Colorado Springs, abode of Sgt CARL EKSTROM. "Carl and I are both dreading the day when we will have to learn our schemes all over again. Right now I could do pretty well casing the bars around the hospital--but that's all. Even at that, I only know their locations and I'd sure like to know how they are supplied! P.S.--From now on I'm going to drive my own jeep!! Women clerks--WHOOEY!!!" Yes, Tony, you get your promotions in grade as though you were still here working.

1 million 4 Hundred--



"I am pounding the coast here with a well trained war dog" pens MIKE BOZIK, S2/c, from Depoe Bay, Oregon.

From points unknown, KURT BEHNKE, Sp(M) 2/c, sez that he has "been transferred twice since being at Farragut. I'm trying my best to become acclimated to a probable future appointment to the Seward & Unalaska R.P.O. Sure could use PETE COUCH's 'Montana' coat. The former R.M.S. fellows certainly are represented in the various parts of the world."

E. E. H. CAIN, Sp(M) 1/c, V-mails a St. Patrick's greeting consisting of a combination Jap flag-SeaBees-postoffice rubber stamp collection. Everett was home recently on furlough.

M/Sgt SETH B. DENNIS postcards from Italy a "Hello" and a change of address. Thanks for the picture postcard--can't read what it says but the fem looks better than those sent from the opposite direction.

CHET VERT, CSP(M) pens upon his return from a 30 day furlough at home. The change in climate was too much--so he had pneumonia. "MERLE SECHRIST is somewhere up in that country now. We were on the same station here for about four months." Sechrist was around Spokane renewing old acquaintances and headed East for further assignment.

"Am still in the navy flying the same things, but have been transferred to South America, south of the equator as a matter of fact. About all I can divulge without giving away military secrets" writes Lt. (j.g.) LEE H. LEWIS. How about an essay on what you're doing for the 'Good Neighbor' policy, Lee? It could be interesting!

"Right now I am going to Sp (M) school at Sampson, N. Y., where I'll be for about 7 weeks," from THOS. W. FUNNELL, S 2/c. "Then will probably go to San Francisco to the Fleet post office as a Sp(M) 3/c. From there probably to the South Pacific."

Luckier than some, WILBERT H. J. ADAMS, Sp(M) 3/c writes: "By the way, I'm in New York now. Stationed in the Fleet po here. Don't know how long it will be before going over but think I'll be here a few months. Have Ida Mae and Dickie back here with me and we live just like civilians. Average 48 hours work a week and everythings ok. We've been taking in some of the sights here and I must say that New York is really quite a town. Sure lots to do and they really treat the service men swell here." Bertrand will be grade 6 next July--after being Grade 5 one year. Brooks is grade 7. Torpey will get grade 7 next January--he has the time desk.

HAROLD J. ROBERTS, SP(M) 1/c has JAMES R. LASHBAUGH, Sp(M) 3/c as his assistant in a newly organized battalion. "Isn't that something? We came into the service nearly 5 months apart, were sent to the same camp and finally assigned to the same battalion, to work together. Keep the mail flowing freely in all directions, and 'too much mail' is no excuse for going stuck."

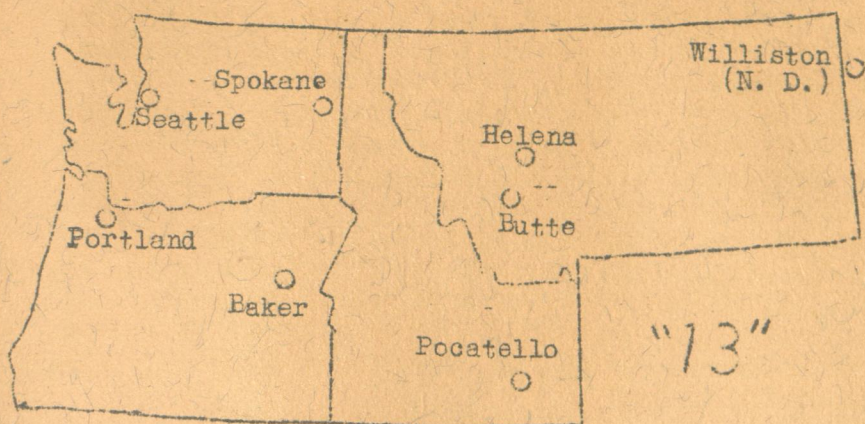
From 'Louisiana', O/C JOHN P. O'NEILL should have his commission. "I hope to spend a few days in Montana after March 15th. It still feels like God's country up there to me." Now, John, lets not start any arguments--ever been in Washington?

Ensign TERENCE A. JOHNSTON gets "quite a longing for that old mail car quite often. Have stopped and chatted with clerks on several different lines on which I was traveling. The lines up there sure beat these southern ones as far as equipment goes. At present am flying the big patrol planes for Uncle and imagine will be untill this fricasse is over."

"I'm in the 17th Base Post Office and I guess I'm there to stay" from Pvt. JOHN H. BARR. Hope you got your furlough home before your 'boat ride', John.

All things must end, even this--for awhile--how about some funny experiences you've had that the others would like to hear"

Glenn E. Brown,



FOURTH FLING

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
May 13, 1944.

Gree-tinks!

Sprig has cub! Its in the air, in each little blade of grass shooting up and especially in those little (?) yella dandylions that hides all the grass that should be in a lawn. It all adds up to cuss words, blisters, aching backs and arguments with the li'l wöman. Ah! Beautiful spring--blast it!

Of course there are arguments as to just when spring comes. Seattleites come to Sunny Spokane and won't believe that brilliant glare in the sky is the Sun. Spokaneites can't figure out why the Seattle sun always comes in liquid form. Fellows running into Montana tell me the spring sun in its natural state there comes in sparkling crystals that settle on everything. In southern Idaho spring just blows in and in Portland--ah! The City of Roses--Rosenbloom, Rosenfelt, Rosencrants and Roberts--the latter getting that hue from playing golf without a sunbonnet.

Starting my career as an Idahoan, trading for Montana seniority and ending up a Washingtonian by the same route, I feel I can speak with authority and without fear of contradiction that throughout the West there is no place like the 13th!

For nearly a year it has been rather a question of just when a train would arrive. Freight traffic and troop specials got the right of way with consequent delay to regular trains. Also, present train schedules were made when a passenger was a rarity. Since gas rationing, there are many stops at flag stations for passengers or express. Since the first of the year much of this business has dropped

* ADDRESSES and SERIAL NUMBERS *
* We read in the NAS, Pasco SKY-WRITER that mail that does *
* not bear the serviceman's serial number will not be forwarded. *
* Be sure to add your serial number--we lack just a few. *
* And keep us informed of address changes! Letters No. 2 *
* for ARNSBERGER and LOOSE were returned. *

off. Alaska is well in hand; Ft. Lewis is not the big recruiting center it was, so business has moved south. Tr. 27 comes in on time; NP 3 has dropped from 6-7 hours to 2-3 hours late and it has arrived on time! The UP carried the big burden with passenger trains running 20 hours late. The Milwaukee is still running but no one knows when nor cares. An exceptionally mild winter was an aide.

Ft. Lewis has partly been taken by Rommel's elite, but due to broken connections east, little mail comes to or from them. Moses Lake, Ephrata and Geiger were quite deserted all winter but are again open for business. When Geiger first opened, a few irrate citizens cried to high heaven because night patrols woke them up. It was really lonesome all winter it was so quiet and the increasing drone overhead is indeed a comforting sound--day or night.

A big project at Hanford-Pasco keeps the NP WD busy, so much so that the helper runs were extended to work the mail. PETERSON and his NAS build up the volume considerably. Sidelight are notes from Glen to his Miles City ex-running mates. Incidentally, Glen broke a finger playing water polo last December. About the same time he came along with the wise-crack about the sailor named Practice met a girl named Perfect. Draw your own conclusions!

Since the UP doesn't run past any large military establishments, their worries are through stuff, of which there is plenty. The coast lines are really tough, carrying the burden between the Fleet post offices of Seattle and Frisco and all points between.

The Northwest Airlines added a third flight, leaving Seattle about midnight. Increase in air mail added three additional jobs at the AMF, Seattle.

The best barometer of affairs in the RMS is the Railway Post Office. When the fellows aren't busy they have time to air their views and at the same time see their name in print. For some months now Editor Bennett has had to depend upon his shears to get copy to fill space. The one outburst was in February when an eastern Terminal clerk jumped on the road clerks for working extra in the Terminal Christmas. Accused them of skin-grabbing, not earning their salt, etc. The March issue brought forth vehement replies, the most outstanding being written by the

friends. Turkey, ham, sweet & Irish potatoes, dressing, green garden salad, green beans and rolls were on the menu with 3 kogs of beer for dessert plus a few bottles of the stronger liquid. It was really a grand thing for him to do and the day slipped by quite quickly for us. Since then, I led quite a night owl's life, if it wasn't a girl to have a good time with, we were having a wedding. Not a few of our romancing Yanks have found their life-long (?) mates.

"Now that that is all behind me and I'm once again in New Guinea, I can at least have a few pleasant and recent memories to make me remember that there is still life and gaiety on this earth. I received the last paper you published, Glenn, and only noted my own little paragraph. I sent it home to Mother as it will make her quite happy to see my name in print. Enclosed is that check you wanted signed. If you should ever happen this way, though, I wouldn't advise you to depend on it to see you home. 1,000 pounds is worth \$3,228 so at least you can brag about receiving a check of that amount even though it is rubber. We bought us a small gas stove and ask for coffee from home, so every night about this time we brew us up a pot. Darn good stuff, Glenn."

Figuring I'd never get down that way so would never be caught, I made some rapid mental calculations on the above check. After deducting estimated income tax, Victory tax, foreign exchange, sales tax, etc., was dreaming of a nice chocolate Sundae (if one could be found) when I noted this P S down in the corner: "Another fella and I started fighting over that check and by the time we were through with it there was nothing left." Floyd, consider yourself checked if I ever get your mail!

With a "Hello Bx" Lt (Jg) PAUL S. WARBER types "I still haven't forgotten your signature initials, although it has been a long time since I have seen them. (I'll try to add them this time, Paul. Always forgot them before--Bx) Am now assigned temporarily as Postal Officer on the staff of the Commander, Alaskan Sector. It means quite a responsibility as it places me in charge of all Navy Postal Service in Alaska. The RPCs certainly seem to be scattered all over the globe, but for the most part still "slinging mail". Speaking of the mustn't-touch-it, my Navy identification photo shows it--though vaguely--and so I still keep babying it along. Who knows, some day, it might even become visible."

The verse by Lt. ADRIAN B. DODGE, was published in LONE INDIAN, a national amateur magazine and won for him an award.

O, God of Mine, Who gave me
The wind and the ship and the sea
The coral beach and the spacious
Cumulous sky o'er me,
The breeze swept palms
And the Southern Cross;
The same great God
Who gave flight to the albatross!
In supplication, my heart
I pour to Thee,
Thinking not of the promise
Of lasting eternity;
But only the precious
Few sweet years of life,
For me and mine
Removed from strife!
O blessed God, accept my thanks
In reverence given,
For the romance ridden
Life I've lived,
And as Thine enemies
Hear death's approaching knell,
Set you my course, O God,
And master of Heaven and hell!
--Lt. Adrian B. Dodge

Pfc GEORGE W. FLONSKIE has moved from the Land Down Under but "Where I am now I cannot say, but I do know that it is plenty hot here. For the first few weeks that we were here all we had was tons of water falling on us at all hours. It has let up considerable since then and the sun shines quite often now and it is plenty hot. When it does rain here it comes down in bucketsfull. The annual rainfall is round 160 inches, so you can pretty well imagine what it would be like. Everything is coming along fine here but there is one thing that is in dire need of fixing and that is the mail situation. I haven't been getting any mail for so long that I am beginning to wonder if there is anyone that I know in the States who can write. At the present time I am a motor mechanic. I did happen to get in to the oldest regiment in the Army today and as a result the promotions don't come very fast. I've only worked a half day at the Portland Terminal and I do not know any of the mail clerks personally. However, I am always glad to hear the news that is going on around that part of the country. Perhaps in this way I can learn a little of how the mail service actually works."

In the same vein of thought, Cpl CHARLES FATLAND Vs "I don't know many of the fellows as I was a sub only a short while, but I do recognize a few names and glad to hear what they are doing. The few fellows I met and know were really a swell bunch of fellows. No, I didn't play any golf in Scotland as I was too busy taking in the sights. Am getting along just fine and feel swell although I am sure anxious to sit down to a good American dinner again."

A majority of you fellows were called before you really got your feet wet in the RMS. In addition to my lust for receiving letters, the object of this semi-annual letter to you is to keep you posted on the RMS, keep you in touch with each other by quoting from the letters I receive and endeavor to lessen that gap between the time you left and return so that you can come back to civilian life without feeling that you are a total stranger among us. If such is the case, I feel that my efforts were not in vain.

And, as an immediate reward, Lt. CHARLES H. JATEN pens from somewhere East: "Was very happy to receive your second news letter and read all the precious news and gossip therein. I hope you realize how much all us guys appreciate getting it--"

running to a minimum. The chain gang men usually work extra hours at the Portland Term on stuck Wash. An extra bond a month helps.

Joe Stanton has a new son--definitely Junior 2X--sez he.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: The SKY-WRITER, NAS, Pasco, from "Pasco Pete" PETERSON, and the LOOKOUT, Alaska Coast Guard News from FLOYD BESS. Thanks, fellows.

Headline in the SKY-WRITER: "All Waves Must Make Seaman First Before Taking P O Exam." What easy qualifications for an examination!



NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

"I'm in Englad and don't care much for their weather here at present," V-mails JOHN H. BARR; "it's a lot like the weather at home only much colder." Now ain't that the unkindest cut?

Also visiting John Bull, Cpl CHARLES FATLAND Vs "They manage to keep us quite busy as you can probably tell by reading the newspapers about the bombing raids on the Nazis. Our weather here is pretty nice now and we are playing ball quite a bit on our time off. This nice weather is sure a relief after the winter we had. I sure wish you could see the planes in the sky here some mornings. It is a thrilling sight."

S/Sgt HUGH F. DICKSON pens: "You will note that transfer I mentioned looking for from Marine Base at San Diego finally caught up with me. I Transferred here to Pendleton January 6 and am getting right along with others of our outfit in combat training plus working mail. Marine Corps at last decided I could be spared for 15 days furlough from March 13-27 so took trip back up to Montana-- spent most of time at Laurel where my folks live and also got to Billings a couple of days and saw boys at AMF. It appears they are working harder than when I left there late in '42. On way back stopped off awhile in Helena. There has surely been a lot of changes in RMS personnel since I left that country. I heard Sgt ROLAND R. VERCELLA from Butte is now somewhere in England. Since my transfer received promotion to staff sgt. I believe a fellow almost values a little extra pay in the service as much as going from sub to regular in the RMS."

Its LIEUTENANT JOHN P. O'NEILL now with a Railway Shop Battalion.

"As yet I'm still a dry land sailor, the only body of water I cross is the bay here in San Francisco, which I do over the Bay bridge twice a day in going to my duty at Alameda N A S, where I'm on duty in the station post office," from MILTON SATTERSTROM, Sp(M) 3/c. "We have 20 rated men and about 10 waves. REILLY is at the Fleet PO yet and has made Chief; RAGSDALE came down to Frisco the middle of March after having been lost in a radio draft in Chicago, finally winding up in a mail draft that took him to Sampson, N. Y., where he had to go to school for 6 weeks, when he should have got his rate out of boot camp. Haven't seen him for several weeks so I don't know where he is now. I hope it won't be too long before I can be working some Wash or Idaho in the Terminal."

Visiting Aussyland, Cpl FLOYD I. SCHWERDFAGER had a lot of fun. "A hotel proprietor gave the nicest Xmas dinner for about 50 of his soldier and civilian

accuser's former working mate--the accuser had apparently collected the charges by watching himself work. All in all, the great majority of clerks are well satisfied with a 48-hour week, knowing it is just for the duration and by so doing they are holding open many positions for returning soldier-clerks when it's all over. I know one clerk that has been repeatedly advised by his doctor to retire, but is hoping to hold on until a fighting man comes back to take his place.

The sub situation is becoming acute. New subs now are either 4F or 2FO and are "duration" subs only--temporary certifications for the duration. This is to get the 5% retirement for their social security. Getting a trip off has been quite a task for the past year and will become more so before the summer is far gone. In fact, few of the fellows ask for leave except for business or illness. The past winter has seen a lot of flu and colds--extra work and late trains taking a toll on the health of the older men. Frank Normile has retired and moved to California due to serious heart trouble.

Of minor importance to you now, because most of you have graduated from the sub list, is a new law granting automatic promotions to grade 5 for substitutes. It does indicate, however, steady progress in improvements which will benefit you upon return. The one backward step happened last November--I got put on a Seattle city assignment! 600 third, carrier 9; 900 (even) 2nd carrier 37--or is it one? ----- Women have not, so far, entered the picture as subs but may to a lesser extent if help gets tighter. The February 8th Div news letter listed 50 woman subs; the March issue listed a half dozen resignations--back to the kitchen movement, no doubt.

Mail service over the Alaska highway is now in operation. It takes six days for mail between Seattle and Fairbanks, against the old once-a-week, nine day pre-war service and now unscheduled due to war restrictions. Maybe that's seed for a HyPO after the war?

For those historically minded, facing slips tell a long story. During World War I they were about 3" long. In the 20s they grew to 5" and later shrunk to 4 1/2". To again relieve the paper shortage they have been reduced to 4", but ends are cut diagonal to give a better holding surface.

Railroad companies are already planning for postwar travel. In addition to lower fares, fast through trains "unhampered by mail or express" will be put into service. The UP and NP have pretty good road beds for fast trains and the GN is rebuilding most of their Troy-Glacier Park track to eliminate curves. We have long looked for a few curves, now in use, to be straightened by the engineer the way they travel to hold scheduled running time.

Fourth-class offices have been discontinued in wholesale lots, partly because people have left the woods for the big cities and in some cases because no one wanted to be bothered being a small-fry PM. The PM at Moravia, Idaho, left unexpectedly and let the pouches pile up on the ground for a week. Gone is the Olympic oddity, Pysht--sometimes pronounced "Pie-sit", but more frequently just plain "Psht".

Believe it or not, forest fires are on the loose. Clerks report that passing Glacier Park May 6 visibility was limited to a hundred yards by smoke from a fire near Jasper, Alberta.

The New York Central RR is running a full page ad in national magazines featuring a cut-away view of a 60' RPO car. Outstanding is the "Pickerupper", (crane) and clerk magnifying V-mail.

SCUTTLEBUTT

This has been neglected this time to make room for the above "synopsis" and "News & Notes".

But one thing of importance is the effect of women station agents on our morale. Nearly every station on the GN has at least one on the pay-roll. Recently the clerk in charge on Tr. 27 noticed the paper man had no help unloading at Ephrata. He went back to see what had become of Bob Craig and found him out on the truck piling the mail for the poor girl.

APOLOGIES: Military secrets is the only excuse I can think of right now but in the "Third Throw" I gave the name of the New Guinea artist as "Corson". Excuse, please, it's CORMAN. And he isn't a private--he's a Brigadier Yard Bird!

And SECHRIST calls my attention that "Pasco Pete" is not "George", but GLEN W. PETERSON. I always did have trouble with that name!

The tragic part of any publicity is to have one's name misspelled. SETH DENNIS was listed in the Pocatello notes as "Daniels"--but I didn't do that. Anyway, Seth, you're being kept track of in Sunny Italy.

And last of many errors, I quoted TONY GERBER's reaction to women clerks as "Whooley!", whereas he said "Phooley"! After receiving various reports regarding his recent hospital siesta, I still think I was right.

1944 being an election year, we wonder if JATEN remembers the 1940 election arguments in the Spokane Term. WOW!

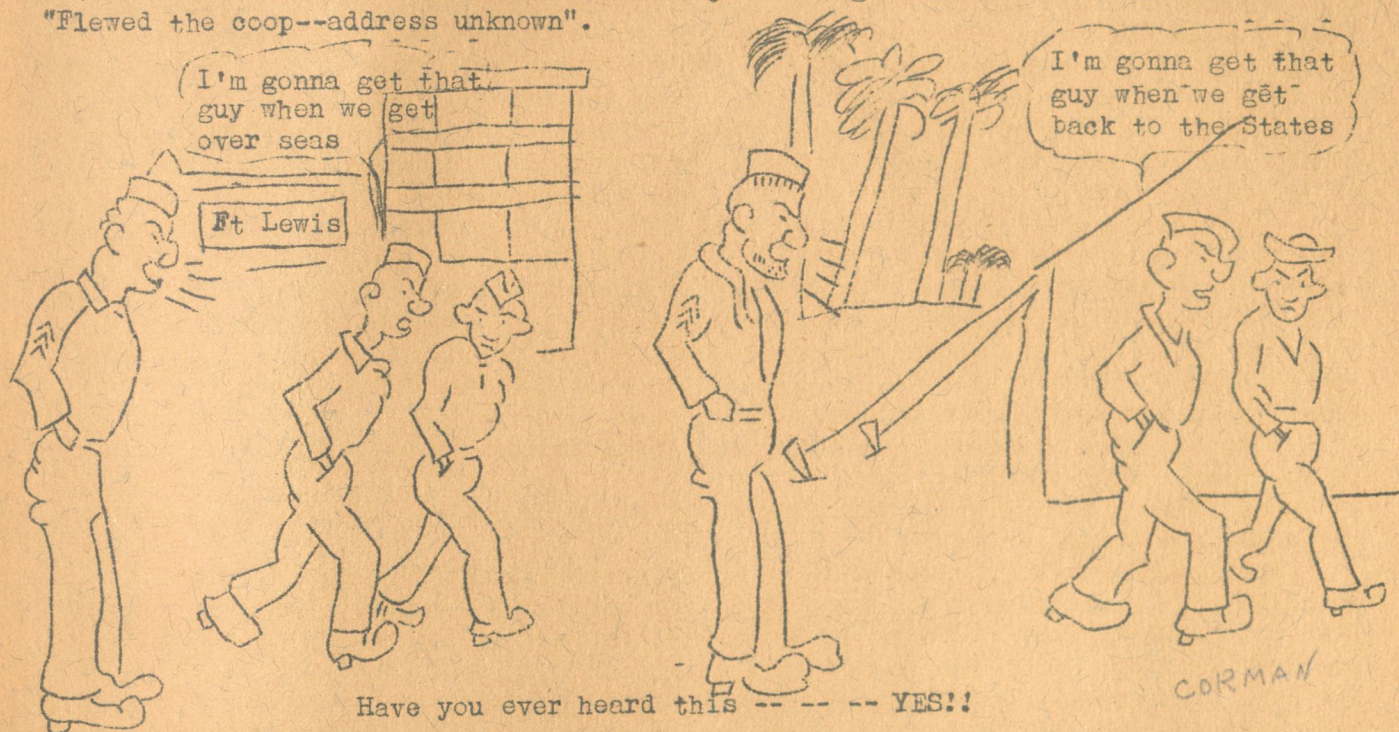
Easter cards were really something--worse than Christmas. Now it's Mother's Day--one day of the year we don't mind the increase.

For post-war planning, the information is given that the average age of Seattle & Port clerks is 50 years--but no crutches have appeared as yet. The UP relin- quished their turn to operate the night train, the GN taking over, reducing late

maybe its because you mention our names. Anyway, we're sure glad to have someone at home outside of our own families remember and do that much for us, and we're glad to get the news about all the other RPCs in uniform and about fellows and their families who are still at home. (Thats the idea, Charlie--you guys write it, I'll type it--Bx.)

"Have been doing enough flying recently to keep myself out of trouble and to make life interesting. Have been to several countries over here and seen a lot of interesting things from view points historical, Biblical, human and otherwise. (That latter rather intrigues me--enlarge upon it!) Was in India awhile and was shocked at the conditions of the people over there. It seems that thousands of farmers have left the land to work for military organizations at good pay rates and there is no one to farm the land." Sounds like over here--only there are still enough left on the farms to raise plenty of crops. LIFE magazine carried quite a write-up on the Indian famine--must have been really tough.

"Your 'newsletter' caught up with me today and before I forget it I'll give you an answer," seems like we in the Air Corps travel from post to post so much that its hard to keep track of us and consequently I myself, sometimes forget to answer letters in my packing and unpacking. As for me, I am in the process of becoming a pilot, that is to say, I have passed all the air corps tests to date and am awaiting shipment to a college for my first leg of aviation cadet training. Right now the Air Corps is cutting out some colleges and there seems to be a bottleneck." You sed it, Sgt DON R. LOWER! Youse imitation angels move so fast that mail can't even catch up with you. Nuthin's more discouraging than to see a letter in the mail box and find out it is just being returned with a notation "Flewed the coop--address unknown".



MERLE SECHRIST, C-Sp(M), sure knows his cattle, male variety. "You have been so kind as to send me the 13th Div scuttlebutt sheet and it is so interesting (I like a lotta bull). (Oh, for a big nail to chew on!--B) The 13th was forwarded to me here from Coco Solo but as you have no doubt heard by this time I was transferred from there Febr. 5, have been home on 30 days leave, visited Spokane and am back again on my new assignment. I am the man here with the brass what-do-you-call-its. No fooling, I am in charge of seven clerks and after I get the word what to do from 16 or 18 other officers above me I go ahead and do it. That is, I give the word to the AM 1/c who is next in charge, who passes it along to the AM 2/c who is next in charge who passes it along to the other 5 clerks, 2 Sp(M) 3/c, 1 Cox and 2 seamen. When the word gets to the seamen they do the work. In other words, they are the men behind the men behind the men, etc, etc. Anyway, I hold a very responsible position as I am responsible for all the MO funds and stamp stock. But as we don't sell MOs or stamps we take in no money so up to date I haven't been short. We collect mail (letters only) and take them to the PO in a jeep (lots of fun in a jeep) and bring back our mail once a day and distribute it in an alphabetical case and give it to the boys as they file past. If he don't call for his mail he must not be here so we take it back to the PO. Lots of Waves here and every once in awhile I get to thinking I am a swell and then I remember my age."

GLEN W. PETERSON, Sp(M) 2/c, dean of the Pasco NAS, tells me that a gentleman is a wolf with patience. "I have several stories that I believe will top yours although I had to get help from a couple of waves to do it. I see in the last Railway Post Office nearly 3,500 of our men are in the armed forces. I believe that is approximately 15% of the pre-war strength of the RMS. When I was subbing I didn't think there were that many young men in the RMS. One of the subs from Helena and a graduate of primary flight at this station is now flying a Martin PBM-3 Mariner, Ens. TERENCE JOHNSTON. LAWRENCE F. PARKS, RM 2/c, ex-Portland sub is still hanging tight here with me on this station. We are getting some new Waves

on the base after losing most of the old ones." Old in age or service? I note with interest the photos in your SKY-WRITER. Latest reports are that 3,754 clerks are fighting for Uncle. The total RMS force April 1 was 19,462, an increase of 662 clerks over the previous June. Of the 4,834 on the sub rolls, but 1,745 were regularly certified subs, the balance duration. Subs and regulars add up to 24,296 employees, a high.

It may interest you to know that John H. Ray, a former RPC from Billings, later an Inspector, is now a major in the AGD.

Capt. GLEN L. HOUGHIN, A.C., sez "The 48-hour week sure looks good to me, home work or otherwise. Had my wife down here for awhile and could not do any home work so she went back to Billings and says she is going to stay. How many hours are there in a week? Well, that's about the answer to this job but if that's what we have to do to get it over with, it's ok by us. And whiskey only a pint a week. Come on down to Kansas and try to get that much. It's a good country though, (if there wasn't any Montana, Idaho, Washington or Oregon I might even like it). Beats hell out of a shell hole over in the Solomons or New Guinea where a lot of the boys are so guess we better dig in here and help get 'em back home again.

"Lot of the boys you mention I don't know. Met GREENFIELD a few times. Who is ADRIAN B. DODGE? Is he the Dodge that we broke in at the Billings Temporary Terminal in December, 1941? (Nope, in December 1941, Dodge was at sea between Unalaska and Seattle hoping he would beat the Japs to Sunny Spokane.) If so, I'd like to know who the blonde was that he had out there one night when he got off shift. He must be a good soldier cause any one that was able to take on a blonde after a shift in there really had to be fit. JATEN is one of the boys that got his start there. I know all of the boys are doing a good job wherever they are and if we could just get them assigned to postal work and give them the promotions and ratings they should have the army postal service would be a lot better off. Men and mail move pretty fast through this place and we try not to let the men get too far ahead of the mail, which is quite some job when you have to compete with the B-24s.

"Incidentally after I got along so well with one WAC, they gave me another and then I guess they figured I could not control the 15 wolves without an MP unless I had another bar, so they finally broke down and made me a Captain. Have the situation well under control. One of my girls told me the other day that she never had been quite sure what a military objective was and did not want to ask anyone, but the other night she and another gal went to town and every time they met or passed two soldiers they found out."

They arrested a soldier the other day for drinking milk--he insisted that it must come from wax containers.

Lt. JOHN B. CORSON postcards from Seattle "In transit to new station now." Get cold feet up Alaska way?

FLOYD A. BESS, MM 3/c, is still weathering the Alaska winter. "The Coast Guard doesn't seem to pass out very many mail specialists rates. For that reason I chose the black gang where my opportunities for advancement are at least 100% better. The work isn't new to me and I am making very good progress. Through Bob Hope you probably learned that when the Marines landed at Tarawa the C.G.s were already there selling observation seats. With a little advertising maybe we can take our rightful place in the public eye along with grape fruit juice. I am now a regular Port & San Fran ND man and if this fellow Hitler keeps standing between me and my fun I am about ready to take action. I hope most of us never get a furlough--the war can end before one is due." Yes, I received the Coast Guard LOOKOUT and enjoyed especially the strip "Male Call". Don't get that sort of pictures in our regular dailies!

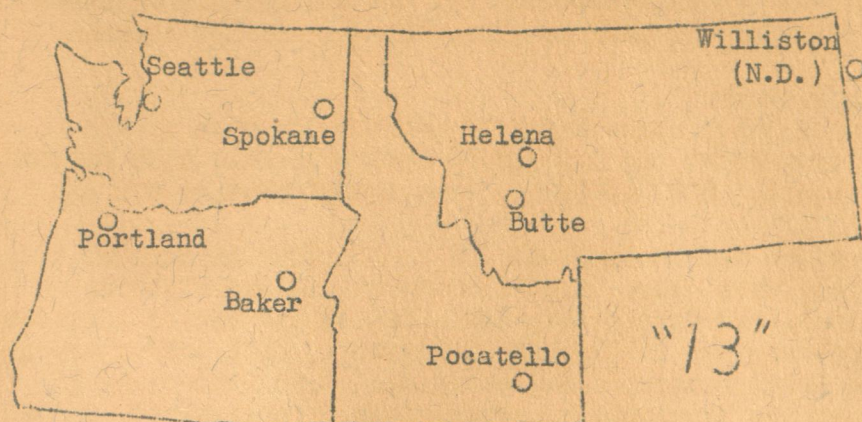
In February Pvt. WESLEY I. YOUNG writes "Finished my basic training last Friday and was transferred to here (Camp Lee, Va.) to go to Postal School. Evidently they have ideas of making an army mail clerk out of me. Well maybe they can and maybe they can't. This is supposed to be the "sunny south" but I've been d--d sight colder here than I ever was in Spokane. I am hoping that when I get thru here to be sent West again. The RPCs are in the minority in the bunch around here, it seems like most of them are post office clerks."

"Here I am in Ol' Virginny and need a fast mail train to pull me out of the mud." The 'I' being ALDEN N. BICE, Sp C 2/c. "I am at the Amphibious Training Base at Camp Bradford. Doing Spec "C" work. I classify and assign billets on LSTs for all who are sent to me. GIVE McVEY AN ORCHID FOR HIS DRAWINGS. This part of the country is the only place I know where you can stand in mud up to your knees and have sand blowing in your face at the same time. I've traveled back and forth across the Mississippi about 30 times but I couldn't make any long steps towards the West. Some living conditions in the South are such that Dean Irons wouldn't quarter his worst dog in the places."

ALIBI--Before any one tells me, and in case you haven't noticed, you will find PAGE 2 on the back of Page 3 and PAGE 4 on the back of page 1. Netz!

And so, before I make any more bulls, will just sign off until next time.

Glenn E. Brown,



FIFTH FANTASY

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
July 29, 1944.

TEMPUS FIDGETS! Its nearly a month past time for this fifth visit. But I've been busy, too! Due to a sudden illness of my father, it fell to me to assist in keeping up his ranch and that of my kid brother (age 31, size $1\frac{1}{2}$ of me), who run off to the South Seas in search of romantic adventure. I was wishing he was home to help hay, but he conveniently picked up a slight case of "jungle rot" and can't sit down. Probably contacted sitting in the shade too long at a time.

I ain't got no rot (to speak of) but I am just beginning to sit down without groaning. You know its customary to return from a vacation to rest up. Uncle profited on my vacation--I couldn't sit down so just stood there and stuck Seattle city letters no end.

I did, however, get a brilliant idea for a post-war project which I'll work on as time permits--crossing timothy with joint grass and Virginia creeper. When it gets ripe the joints will break. Then it will creep to the barn and climb in. Presto! No more mowing, no pitching, no mowing back in the barn.

The State of the Onion

Men of note--and many others--are always writing or talking on the state of something or other, so why shouldn't I? This is really going to be a tear-jerker.

Most every one is interested in the comics. They're carrying on in the usual line. Superman is still super; Tarzan hasn't failed to emerge from any predicament; Joe Palooka is back in the States for an exhibition bout after troubles in Nazi France and the Balkans; Skeezix returned from Serbian adventures on a furlough and married Nina Clock; in fact, nearly every comic strip is up to its ears in the war. Except Li'l Abner of Dog Patch--his spurning of Daisy May and idolization of Fearless Fosdick, a comic within a comic debunking Dick Tracy, goes on. Al Capp sez comics should be funny, so he is keeping his out of the war.

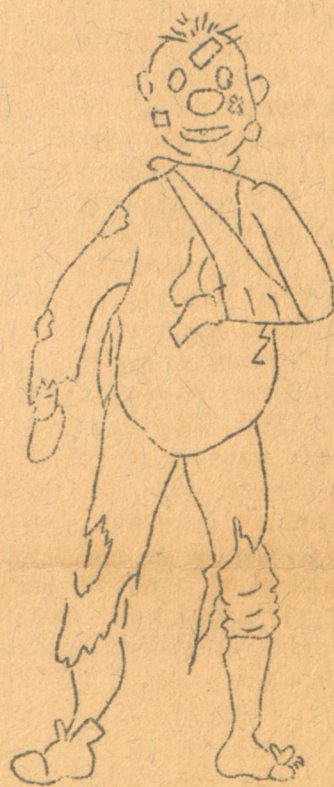
If you're interested in soap operas, Superman, Inner Sanctum, Captain Midnight, Jack Armstrong or a dozen other wild programs for kids, I have HAD to listen to them from 5 to 8 pm nightly. Luckily, the old radio has finally given up and I'm half afraid to ask to have it repaired for fear the parts will be available.

The outstanding news item of comment was the army sergeant who fathered quadruplets by an English girl. Everyone thought it was worthy of note except the fellow's war-bride.

A letter from Italy interested me in that they had a rumor that Japan had been bombed, but had had no confirmation. Clippings from a local paper were posted, being the first confirmation in that sector. Is the Stars & Stripes not listening? Japan was bombed for the third time in July with Guam getting it heavily and islands close to the Philippines being taken over. 45,000 starving Japs in New Guinea organized for a counter-attach (lunch counter being in mind) and now there are less to starve. And I got it first hand that they're really hungry and not all propaganda. On the other side, there is a war on in Europe which is no picnic, but the Russians seem to be having another field day. They're not so fast on the sprints but on the mile runs--watch out!

It is rumored there will be an election this fall. All is as peaceful as the Normandie beachhead. Everyone tells what the other guy does wrong but remedies are not so prominent.

Not to be outdone, the Railway Mail Mutual Benefit Association is having an election this month. If you get a ballot about Labor Day, keep it for a souvenir and drop a line or two for the next Letter.



Corman -

Gee Fellas you should have seen the cute little native girl I picked up.

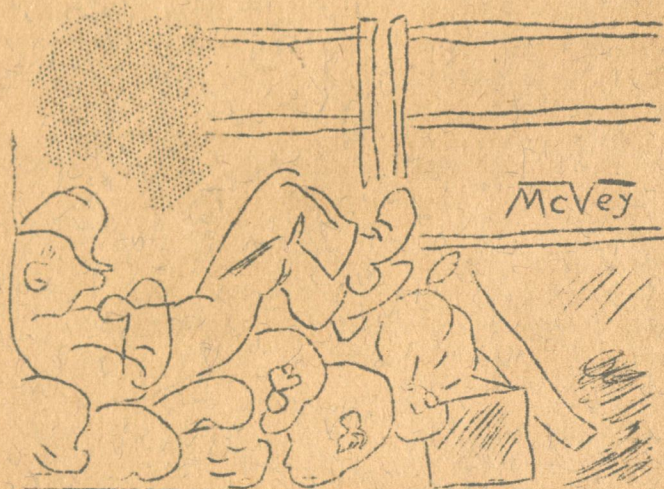
Hello, Gang. This is D. Merit doing a little broadcasting.

First, a few vital statistics: Frank Rosebraugh and Loretta Pricket of Duns-
muir were married May 10. Clifford Ray is married also, but we have not learned
the lady's name.

Ed Kramer, retired, passed away May 7.

Martin Hicks has been on sick leave since March 1, Hubbard has been on his
desk and Vern Woods examiner. Ira Branch and Gus Wedell have retired. Dick Bowman
has been up from Seaside for a visit. ROY WATSON has been transferred to FPO San
Francisco.

Here are a few things you might try to imagine: Bill Ballinger laying out the
work on Tr. 18 for his second man, Karl Holm. Archie Bradshaw and Sid Richards
piling up overtime in the Terminal. Ed Curtis hitching a dog to his bicycle, result
one broken finger. Ike Estep robbing the letter box at Saginaw. Bill Godwin trying
to clean up on Tr. 19. Wallace Grigg talking about retiring. John Hatz clerk in
charge of the grave yard shift at the Terminal, no other clerk on this shift, so 30
minutes supervision. Emil Hubbard trying to get clerks to work at the Terminal with
the beer shortage causing the hiring hall to close at 3 pm. Mel Kathan still look-
ing for the soft spot in the RMS; he transferred to the Green River June 1. Bill



"Thru storm and night-- -- -- these swift
couriers on their appointed rounds -- --"

Love farming an acre he recently bought.
Myron McAllister telling about how big
the one was that got away. Howard Water-
bury trying to keep his pipe going while
tending two youngsters. Cliff West try-
ing to figure out some way to get on Tr.
329. Flash Willard reorganizing the Eug-
ene & Powers. Vern Woods giving Henthorne
an examination on City West. Ike Butler
retired and peddling Real-estate. Bill
Ryan as lead man in the ship yards with
Sam Grimes working under him. And yours
truly trying to figure out what he is go-
ing to use for help in the Terminal next
Christmas.

D. Merit says: "most unusual; I
cleaned up one trip last month."

Homer Champlin sends greetings from
Pocatello: Many changes have taken place
in and about here recently, several subs
being appointed so that this District is

about out of old subs, but several who took the examination in February are being
appointed.

CLYDE SCOTT was a recent visitor while on a short furlough. He sure looks well
and says army life agrees with him. DON LOWER was also here on a few days furlough.
He has recently been released from army hospital at San Angelo, Texas, where he was
for some time having a leg injury attended to. DAN DAVIS passed thru here recently
having been home for awhile from his Marine duties at Santa Ana, Calif. NOEL HOWELL
is at Farragut and was recently visited by Mrs. Howell. Word comes that "MIKE"
SAWAYA is now working mail in Fleet PO, Frisco.

A. L. Behrens has gone to Portland because of ill health. It is understood
that he has asked for the status of substitute and, if able, will take appointment
to Portland Terminal.

Charles Aungst is enjoying his retirement in Portland. Chief Clerk McKinnell
is slowly recuperating after a siege with several doctors.

Probably the outstanding social event of clerks of Baker was the party tendered
Henry Rippey at Hotel Baker, where 18 clerks sat down to a dinner given in his honor.
In attendance were retired clerks Robertson, Riordan and Kent, who is now again lo-
cated in Weiser.

From Jack Knight we learn that due to illness of CC McKinnell, Bodel and Knight
stepped up a notch (acting, of course) to keep District 5 clicking. Dave McDonough
is now examiner. Could I spill a few things about him if he flunked me in an exam!
I still remember the bucket of ice-water he poured on my feet my first day as a reg-
ular. Was Steve Riordan mad?! It got his feet, too.

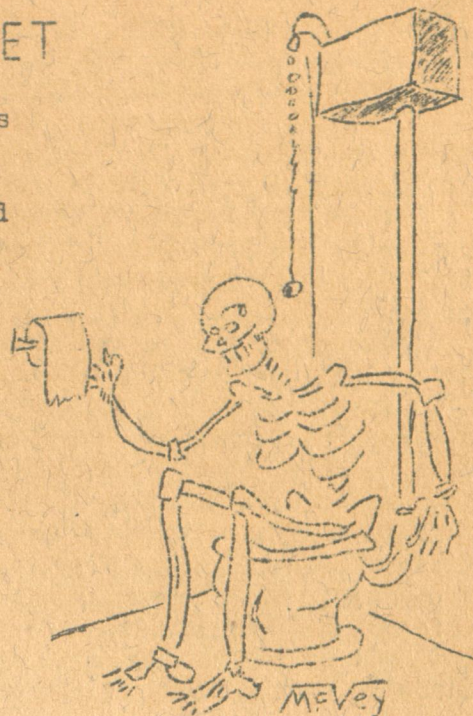
High water tied up the Butte 3 days in June. Huffman and W. O. Zimmerman had
hernia operations this spring. Cecil Roosma again heard wedding bells chime.

From Helena, L. G. Pence write that all is not too well. Joseph A. Sampson and
Michael Riordan are off indefinitely due to illness. Excess clerk Orville L. Uhlen-
kott of the Havre appointed to CC Office June 1 vice Roy D. Graham, retired. Like-
wise excess clerk Arlington M. Campbell vice T. A. Mills. Tom Lanning appointed to
the St P & Miles City WD June 1.

L. G. Further pens: "Just got back from Miles City this morning. They have
been running me in charge over here vice my regular clerk in charge, C. V. Gruner,
who I brought in 2 months ago with pneumonia. This last trip had a new sub, W. L.
Darcy, and he got sick around Bozeman, so we put him off Tr. 4 at Livingston and had
to put the states letter man on the paper case the rest of the way on Tr. 4 and back
on Tr. 3. I've had some other trips just about as good, maybe worse, so what the
hell."

SKELETON ⁱⁿ the CLOSET

A new Department, containing items which should have stayed buried.



Boner of the Season: A Miles City WD clerk started to work after a trip of annual. No headers around the transfer office. Pulse beat increased and he called Torpey and blew his top about present day subs and future supplies for subs. Upon reporting at the car he found his headers in his pie box--he had forgotten to leave them for the sub!

News of the Day: Bill Davis, transfer clerk, created quite a stir in Seattle newspapers, but not one word about Bill--only the picture of his pig. While hauling two pigs, neatly tied in individual burlap sacks, one had other ideas and fell onto the highway. A passing motorist saw the prospective chops and carried them to his garage in the Broadway district. Being none to domestic, the porker broke out and started on a tour of the city. He (or she) picked the Embarcation PO on East Pike as an item of interest. The sailors therein gave chase and were about to have roast pig when the humane representatives arrived. The pig then made the front page, Bill Davis made for the pig and the City made \$3.03 profit on the deal.

Hall of Fame: SATTERSTROM's picture (among other RPCs of the FPO, Frisco) and WESLEY YOUNG's name among the list of Camp Lee graduates, carried in the Railway Post Office.

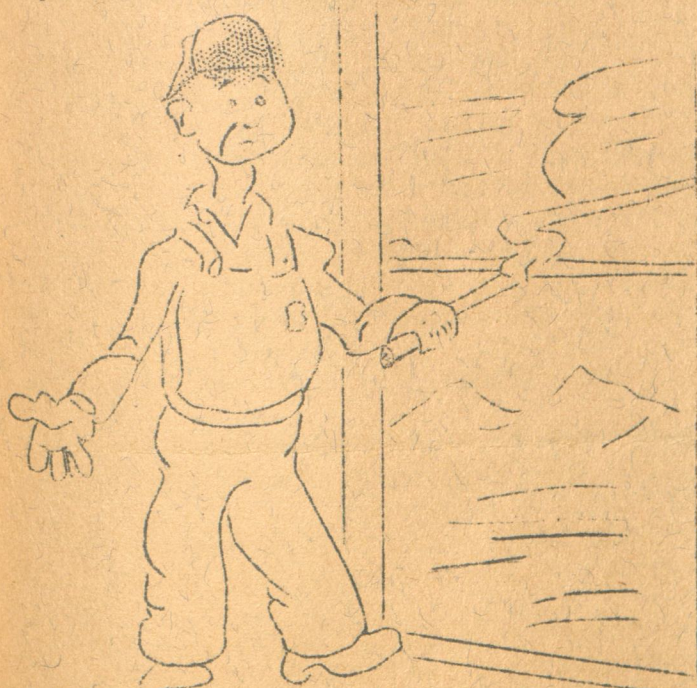
Two escaped Nazi prisoners in Arkansas gave themselves up because they couldn't stand the continuous rain. Is that the American softness Goebles speaks of?

These July days reminds me of the good old office days and AL MALONEY coming to work early so he could help the girls get up at the YWCA across the alley.

A news item from Marysville, Calif. (UP): "A Postal clerk today made a slight mistake--he accidentally tossed \$120,000 in Army payroll money out of a train window. The money fluttered along the right of way, some of it being caught under the wheels of the train, which was moving the cash from San Francisco to Camp Beale. One hundred soldiers on the train served as guards while the money was picked up. When the search for the bills was completed, \$3,000 was missing."

How he threw it "out the window" was not explained, but yars and yars ago Dave McDonough was subbing on the Victor & Idaho Falls. He had a currency package ready for Rigby and threw it towards the end box of a 15' car. He missed the box but did hit the open door. Dave counted telegraph poles to the next mile post and drove up in a taxi that evening and found the package ok.

We've heard another clerk got car sick one day--and recovered his teeth later by the same method.



"MISSED" --

C. E. Ekvall leaves his lunch in the car at Seattle for the return trip. Several times recently the GN has switched cars leaving Clarence with no lunch.

Joe Ryan, Williston WD, bought a spray pump in Spokane. The fellows wouldn't believe its merits, so while Joe pumped, Hedden held the nozzle and Weaver carried water, they cornered Bob Craig 30' away until he called "Uncle".

Ernie Nelson, Williston MD, was interested in a new starter device on a neighbor's car. While Ernie draped himself over the radiator, the neighbor pushed a button--Presto! The car starts forward, catches Ernie's leg between the bumper and a block of wood and really pushed. Result: Ernie has less sick leave to his credit and NO interest in starters.

We have been told good girls to to heaven--the rest to the Bremerton ship yards.

A few years ago when Alstad was running on the Williston ED, the storage cars were marked in chalk, showing where the mail was piled. This day Carl put off all the Shelby mail according to chalk marks. When he went to work at the depot that night there was a message from Robinson of the MD from Whitefish stating he regretted to have to report that 48 sacks of Shelby mail had been carried by. Later he found that Barrett had hurried into the depot and had the operator write this message out as though it came from Whitefish.

If you don't like the number of this letter, blame Charlie Roberts, Green River MD--he named it.

"Barny" Barnard of the Williston ED got pretty good putting out the station

lights at Nashua, Mont. He found that if he hit a certain post with an outside, all the lights went off. Others have tried it, but never reached Barney's technique.

Some of the other fellas have a word to say, so here they are:

Charlie Roberts wants to know why MCKINLEY hid the pouch of Wash residue letters under the table in the Pocatello Term last Dec. 24 when he had the most expert help in the Division to work it for him?

From "The brother", Dominic Mirante, to "Bröther GEORGE KILEEN, the best pouch caller in the 13th Div. It sure was a treat to hear you 'call 'em'. Remember on Tr. 401 in the Dawes crew how you started me on my "laugh of laughs"? "Chicken cackle as you called it. Anyway, you said you were looking for eggs around the car."

Unsigned, but in the unmistakable handwriting of Bill Malone, alias "Pat", comes this news from Tour 2 of the Spokane Terminal.

Greetings to the boys in the armed forces from the famous Citadel of Rumor, the "Spokane Terminal". This department will confine itself to news of the day shift with the hope that the nocturnal crew will provide its own news gatherer. Those of you who have put in time in this institution will recall Johnny Crabill, Knox Abbott, Willard Knapton, Stan Malikowski, Carlos Binder, Hans Engen, Si Perkins, Clem Dionne, Noel Morisset, Charley Wise, Elmer Warren, Willard Worthington (the world's greatest fisherman), Bill Barnum, Elmer Kolasa (relief Cinc), Dick Williams and the author of this column, who prefers to remain shrouded in anonymity. That is the list of the boys who prefer to work days and whose beards are long enough for them to do so. In addition we have John Nelson of the Spok & Lewiston, who is working in the Terminal until his health is improved to the extent that he can go back on the road.

The ducks still cavort in the river, Worthy still cusses and Smokey is still with us. Men may come and men may go, but Smokey stays on.

As to former termites, Herb Linnecke finally landed a job in the Seattle AMF after having been kept in suspense for months; Ralph Bennett is on the Spok Pasco & Port and Joe Stanton has been transferred to Will & Seattle WD and is now happy.

We wish particularly to greet ADRIAN DODGE, our former Poet Laureate; SENSNEY, our own counselor-at-law; ERNIE HALL, the kid from Tumwater; CARL E. OSTLUND, Jr., who once dispatched Elk at Bonners Ferry, or was it the other way around?; JATEN, CHARLIE GREENFIELD, RAGSDALE, the pinball machine technician; JIM NEARY, Capt. MAYNARD H. McDUFFIE, BISHOP, SATTERSTROM and, of course, BILL LESLEY, who visited us recently.

We are looking forward eagerly to the day when "Johnny comes marching home" and maybe that will be sooner than many of us dared hope for. At any rate, there is no more fitting parting message than the words of the great Montgomery, "Cheerio and good hunting."

From that peerless son of the Norwegian fjords, Hans Engen: When things get too hot in the Pacific, Engen wonders if Lt. DODGE thinks of the Mt. Spokane skiing parties; Zugel's frozen finger and sprained hand; MOLVAR's course of instruction; Ogle's endurance. Guzzie's Dago Red sure hit the spot. Remember Crabill calling us to work around nine pm after a day of imbibing and skiing? Oh, why weren't we a regular like Guzzie on the day shift? My skis are in storage for the duration, awaiting the happy day in the not too distant future, when we may venture forth again.

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

Acknowledgements: The Camp Hale "SKI-ZETTE" from Lt. BURNS; Pasco NAS "SKY-WRITER" from Pasco Pete PETERSON and the Bremerton Navy Yard "LOG" alternately from HAHN, NEARY and WATSON. I can keep up on "Male Call" through them!

From news reports we learn that Lt. Col. FRANK LUCAS was awarded the Bronze Star medal for carrying wounded men to first aid centers while under enemy fire in the South Pacific.

Miss Winifred Pearl Martin and Lt. JOHN B. CORSON were married in Seattle May 10. John had just returned from Alaska and continued east for further assignment.

From Merrie England Cpl CHARLES FATLAND sez all is well as of June 13. "Received your short letter about 10 days ago and the News letters the 9th and also the Western magazine. The Popular Mechanics has not arrived as yet unless someone was kinda interested in it and got to it before I did. It has been known to happen. Thanks a million for them as they sure come in handy when we have time off to read. We get Life, Time and Newsweek in our PX but we enjoy some fiction stories once in awhile. I sure enjoyed the news letter a great deal and had a lot of enjoyment in reading it. Nice to hear what the other boys are doing and where they are. As for what I'm doing, I service and repair the turrets on B17s. When things go well the job is ok, but when things go wrong or break down we have quite a job on our hands, but we get along ok. We can't complain about our food either so we are getting along fine. We have



been very very busy the last few days and I guess you know why but can't say anymore. The Great Day has come at last and from the reports things are going pretty good and hope it continues. Well, I hope this war will not last too long as I would enjoy getting back into the mail service again and, of course, get home again to see my folks and friends." Us, too, Corporal. More magazines are on the way.

"I'd like to take you up on that dinner date in Seattle" drools JIM NEARY from across the bay. "Don't get over very often, though. Because you evinced some interest in the "SKY-WRITER", I thought you might like to look at our "LOG". I'll try to send you one each week." The Scuttlebutt usually has a couple of good stories in it. Was interested to hear of PAUL WARBER's whereabouts. Several Specialists working with us here now know him from Alaska. They speak very highly of him. We wish that each sailor's correspondents would include his number in his address. The army requires it, and it sure is a help. Mist to work. Keep the Letters coming."

"Just received your Third letter and found it very interesting. Glad I'm on your mailing list and really enjoy reading the happenings in the Thirteenth. Just read where a pouch containing \$129,000 was allowed to fall from a mail car somewhere in California. That's kind of a black eye for the RMS and feel such things should be kept out of the news because, of course, the battle of who is superior between PO and RP clerks still goes on wherever they meet, even out here. Sorry, Glenn, but I am unable to contribute anything in the way of interesting experiences," continues PETE COUCH, Sp (M) 2/c, "Everything seems just ordinary here with each day following



the last without change until finally will come the one we start home, and think that's the thing we are all hoping for."

And from a future Admiral of the Kitsap County Navy, BOB HAHN, Sp (M) 2/c, we learn that this letter "Is read with a great deal of interest and a lot of discussion by the three RPO clerks here from the Port & S F ND (NEARY, WATSON & myself). After all the mention of Lts in both the army and navy and Chiefs we are beginning to wonder what happened to us. We have been here almost two years now, can't transfer out, A lot of news that you print seems to come out of camp papers so am enclosing our latest. Some good jokes in the "Scuttlebutt" column and some other stuff that might prove of interest. You should note that the editor's name is "Glasscock" and that they have nicknamed him "Diamond Dick", alias "Shatterproof". I work a bone head primary case; NEARY corrects the mistakes that everyone else makes, kind of a Nixie clerk and WATSON works the outgoing dispatch case. I am going to feel like a stranger on my own line when I go back. All our sea duty is on the Seattle-Bremerton ferry."

A pretty girl is a miss. A miss is as good as a mile. A mile is what you'd walk for a Camel. A camel has two humps. Therefore, a pretty girl . . . How true! How true!

"I recognized the names of most of the fellows you mentioned in your letter. Was surprised to hear that some of them were in the Service. None of the ones you

show an address for are in my area though. Wish some of them were so I might have a chance to look them up. So far I haven't seen a mail that I knew in the States over here. COUCH seems to be closer to me than any of the other clerks you mention but he is several thousand miles off. I seem to be much farther away from the States than any of them. Have one consolation, though, for the next move I make will be going towards home for there isn't many places farther off than I am now. Have nice duty where I am now and a good climate to line in. There is one fellow here with me that has been with me every since I joined up. There has only been two weeks out of the last eighteen months that we were on different stations. Just about a record in the Navy. Once in awhile the work gets tough but most of the time we only have to put in eight or 9 hours a day. Have a good bunch of men to work with and the time passes fairly fast. We are stationed in a fair size town and get liberty every other evening. Lots of pretty gals here and plenty of things to drink. Take your vacation and come over and have a good time. (Did you say what vacation?) Some of the fellows on the Butte have been writing me how conditions are there. All that from JESS L. FORDHAM, Sp (M) 2/c. Wish I could take that trip, Jesse. Remember that day in Salt Lake when Brophy, you and I celebrated my appointment? Used our RMS badge as admittance to a place during prohibition. Think I could do a better job celebrating now.

From somewhere in the East doing a job so secret that the censor shuddered violently and spattered a barrel of ink on his V letter, Sgt KENNETH SWIFT sez: "Your letter finally hit its target. In my home town, Baker, Oregon, is a 'school marm' who writes a similar letter. She has a mailing list of over 1,200. You can see how popular such letters are. It is interesting to know where friends are and what they are doing. The mail service was the one thing I always wanted and I felt I had accomplished my aim when my appointment came through. I often wondered what it would be like to report to the CC at Spokane after I get my biggest treasure--'Discharged.' Your letter gave me encouragement and I'm sure looking forward to that date. Africa is not what one learns in school. It has been very cool and we are still in our 'O. Ds'. No whiskey here but plenty of 'vino'. All the negroes are GI. If any of you plan on visiting here, brush up on your French."

And a picture V-mail from PETE COUCH wishing me greetings on the Fourth of July and the Fourth Fling. Double duty, as it were.

And a likewise V from E. E. H. CAIN, showing a tropical moon behind a thoughtful sailor. Thinking of what, Everett? Wish you were back, too.

ROY G. DALE, Sp (M) 1/c, is coming home! "Was just re-reading your letter of April 1 so decided I'd drop you a line. As you can see, my address has changed since I wrote you last and its due to change again soon. Will have my 18 months of overseas duty in another two weeks so should be heading back before long. I'd like to make a suggestion in regards to your very interesting little paper. Send it by air mail to any one overseas. Here's why, air mail reaches us in six to ten days while ordinary mail takes from one to two months. Tonight I got two letters from Helena in six days from date of mailing and I'm a long way from home." (That's an idea I've been playing with for some time, Roy. Not knowing the reaction to this venture when it was started, I asked for no help except news items. There are about 70 overseas now, and we'll see what can be done.--Bx) "During my transfer between stations I came by PETE COUCH's station and paid him a short visit. Same old Pete, and looking very well. Sure enjoyed my brief visit with him. Saw CHARLES GREENFIELD a couple of times before I left my other station but haven't heard from him since. They are the only two I've seen that I knew at home. Speaking of mail, this little office did nearly three quarters of a million dollars in money orders in May and registers in proportion. Not so many of us here either. This is a typical South sea island, jungle, palms, etc., but lacking one thing--the native belles. The only natives here are men, little fuzzy headed fellows that look like kids, in size, and like to wear flowers in their hair. Very friendly and speak fair English. Most of them have been to school somewhere."

HAHN said that ROY G. WATSON, Sp (M) 1/c, worked the outgoing dispatch, so he writes me a letter and mis-sends it to Vancouver, Wash! Where's my pencil? "Received and enjoyed your 'Fourth Fling', even tho, as you pointed out, the pages were a bit transposed. Finally, after 21 months, and working various angles, I made a trade with one of the boys who came down from the Aleutians on the Rotation of Duty program. So, I am leaving for IPO, San Francisco, where I will be placed in a 'pool' to await further transfer. Hope I can see SCHWERDFAGER down in Australia. The boys of the 13th sure get around and its interesting to hear from them." Bon voyage, Roy, and send me the first grass skirt you see.

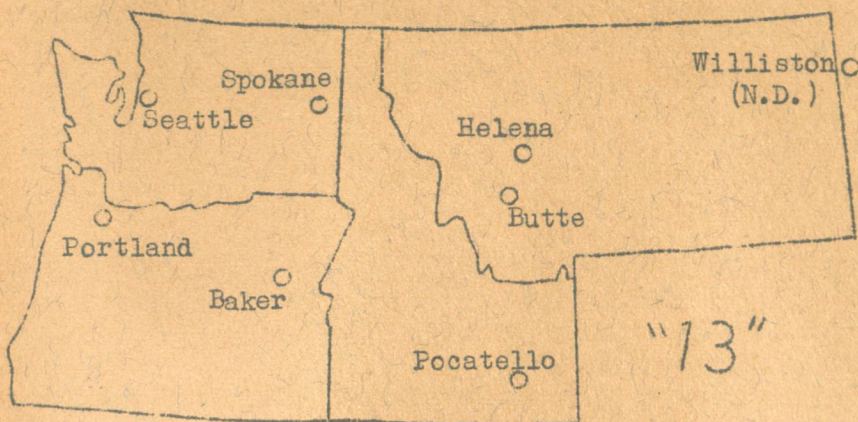
HENRY McLANE has done traded his Sgt. for a 'S/Sgt' rating.

Cpl LEE H. SHEDDEN wants some news from Pocatello. Well, Lee, YOUR letter did what mine couldn't--there is news from there this time. But, I can't comply with your other request--we're just fresh out, too. "Also send some of your spring this way will you--spring in England is something of a myth and they tell us we will have two hours of summer some day but cannot name the day--very much like Seattle I would say. Anyhow, we have plenty of mail to handle here but will be glad to get back on a bouncing train."

McVey's good pictures and many news items cut down on the space for your letters--still have several. Enough for a good start on another letter which will be forthcoming real soon. And that's a promise!

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,



SIXTH

SIESTA

(Dog Days Special)

Box 1313,
Spokane (5), Wash.
August 31, 1944.

And I do mean dog days! Even lead the life of one. Everyone is so busy that news items are just not being made, so this letter will be made up mostly by voice guys and McVey.

Several have been off on annual leave, but instead of the usual vacation, most have taken to the fields to help harvest and to other places of seasonal help shortages. In order for clerks to get off, other regulars must take on a few extra hours in Terminals, AMF, etc., to release the subs for road duty. All are hoping it doesn't last another year.

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

Boner of the Month: Harris, Oroville & Wenatchee, retired in July and Trent Gravette was ordered transferred to the vacancy effective August 1. Gravette had accepted appointment in the Spokane Terminal after senior Seattle subs had repeatedly turned down appointment outside Seattle. Only July 31 sub Whitney decided he'd like the O&W so protested Gravette's transfer.

Having not been offered the run, he had a legitimate kick, so Gravette was instructed to return to the Terminal pdq. There being a vacancy coming up in the Seattle AMF, Whitney then decided to take that and Crabtree accepted the O&W. In

the meantime Bill Morris, excess clerk from the Port, decided subbing was getting old, so was he, and the O&W looked like a good place to retire to. Being senior, his application rated Crabtree's acceptance. Whereupon, Crabtree began seeing red!

We met in New York 17

On last September 3.

Now you're in Cleveland 24

Long, weary miles from me.

For I am stranded 'way out here

In East St Louis 4;

With bulging mail bags all about

And letters on the floor.

I'm leaving soon for Denver 3

Please write me as before;

(I wonder who's kissing you tonight

In Cleveland 24?)

But soon we'll meet again sweetheart

Outside the postal annex;

In good old New York 17

On May 23rd next.

Charles Allen Branham

Gravette had sold his house and either had to move out to pay the salesman the commission to stay. He argued and won out. Now Morris has to return to the Port (there is a vacancy); Emery Lang thought he would get the Port; Whitney won't get Lang's job on the GN; Miran won't get a Seattle headout. What a whale of a difference a small error makes!

Dividing the larger cities into 'zones' has affected the poets, as attested by the sample clipped from a magazine and snatched by me from the Seattle bulletin board.

The clerks on Miles City Ed Tr. 4 had quite a thrill not long ago, 'though they weren't aware of it. The train went some 20 miles with the engineer dead at the throttle. The

fireman thought he was asleep, so went on about his business. When the engineer did not awaken in time to stop at Laurel, the fireman tried to awaken him and then realized the man was dead. The train was past the depot before it was stopped. After an investigation, seven aged engineers were arbitrarily transferred to switch engines.

We thought our story in the Fifth Fantasy about the girls going to Bremerton was just a story, but the Port clerks tell us that several of them got tired working for wages and started a profitable business at Kelso for tired shipyard workers.

Bryan B. Buffington, retired, had an exciting adventure recently. While driving near Bremerton he gave a lift to a sailor. The sailor ordered him to drive home, threatened Buff and the Mrs., but finally left. It seems that financial strain and the war was too much for the sailor. Buff says it was tough on his weak heart.

While at a local park, a soldier spotted the key chain of a fellow clerk and informed us his brother was a regular on the Port & San Fran SD.

Tragedy: After many months of combat duty in the South Pacific, a soldier was sent to Fort Wright for recuperation. While returning to the hospital one night, he decided to take a short cut and walk across the GN tressle, but met a freight which killed him instantly.

George H. Addleman, retired Chief Clerk of Spokane, broke his leg while fishing at Priest Lake, Idaho.

Just a little late for last issue: Down in Pocatello, Chief Clerk McKinnell retired and Bodell and Knight moved up to Chief and Assistant, respectively.

Postman's Holiday: Thought you might be interested in how soon your letters reach the USA. Pretty fast. An airmail reaches me from most any point within 10 days. V mail nearly as fast and ordinary mail seems to be better than pre-war schedule--a month to six weeks.

For those statistically minded: At last report, clerks from this Division have done right smart in getting ahead in this man's war:

Lt. Col.	1	Chief Petty Officer	3
Major	1	Sarg - 1/c	21
Capt.-Lt	3	Cpl - 2/c	18
1st Lt-Lt (j.g.)	7	Pfc - 3/c	13
2nd Lt-Ensign	11	Pvt. - A/S	13

Unknown 3 -- Unable to find them

Yard Birds -- Military Secret!

Total of 95. If the consolidation of army and navy ratings do not agree--oh well, I'm just a civilian-----

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

With a "Hy ya, Glenn", Cpl CHARLES FATLAND pens: "I received your short letter about 10 days ago and the news letter June 9 and also the Western magazine. The postmark was not legible so don't know when it was mailed but it arrived the 9th of June. (Just 21 days enroute, Chuck. Your letter can through in 25 by ordinary mail--Bx) The Popular Mechanics has not arrived as yet unless someone was kinda interested in it and got to it before I did. It has been known to happen. If it does come will let you know if possible when it was postmarked and when it arrived. Thanks a million for them as they sure come in handy when we have time off to read. We get the Life, Time and Newsweek in our PX but we enjoy some fiction stories once in awhile. I sure enjoyed the news letter a great deal and had a lot of enjoyment in reading it. Nice to hear what the other boys are doing and where they are. You know what a power gun turret is? I service and repair the turrets on B17s. When things go well the job is ok, but when things go wrong or break down, we have quite a job on our hands but we get along ok. Of course we are on call 24 hours a day so our hours are not very certain and sometimes our sleep comes in spurts of a few hours at a time but we manage to get enough sleep some way or another. We can't complain about our food either so we are getting along just fine. We have a nice Red Cross club on the field here where we can play pool and ping-pong or checkers, or read and write and they also have a small library with some pretty good books. They have a gym also and some baseball teams so we are pretty well taken care of. We have been very, very busy the last few days and I guess you know why, but can't say more. The Great Day has come at last and from the reports things are going pretty good and hope it continues. The boys in Italy are doing swell too and the news from the Pacific is good, so things are looking a lot brighter. Well, I hope this war

will not last too long as I would enjoy getting back into the mail service again and of course get home again and see my folks and friends."

You're doing alright over there. Take a look at Paris for me.

"Received the Fourth Fling and found it quite interesting," pens THOMAS W. FUNNELL, Sp (M) 3/c. "I have left Sampson and am now working at the FPO in San Francisco. I meet a lot of RPCs but not any from this District." (Look around, Tom. There are enough 13ers there to start a Branch--Bx) "I have been promoted from grade 1 to grade 2 effective as of April 1 on the Port & San Fran ND. It is interesting to get these bulletins as it keeps us fellows informed as to who's who and what's what while we are away from home. Hope to hear more soon."

The best picture I've yet seen of Mount Rainier, near Seattle (Tacoma Chamber of Commerce notwithstanding), was taken by a Fleet Air Unit photographer from Pasco NAS and given an 8 x 10 inch spread in the "SKY-WRITER". Incidentally, Pasco Pete PETERSON sent me another picture celebrating the anniversary of the Waves. Not subtle

enough for this modest sheet, we can't use it, but it is having a wide circulation on the road.

"I was certainly pleased to receive your "Scuttle Bulletins" for April and May and I enjoyed them very much. I read them while sitting on a log out in the woods, as they arrived while we were out on two weeks of field maneuvers. The Bulletins cover a lot of things that I have been wondering about since I left the mail service and I know several of the fellows that you wrote about and I was certainly glad to learn about them, as we don't have much time to write letters and find out about each other. I have completed 16 weeks of my 17 week cycle and have only a few days to go. After that, we don't know where we will be. I am hoping that I will get a chance at the army mail service so I can keep up with the service and not forget the training that I have had. I did not have much time in the mail service, so they may not consider me at all for a mail job. The weather here in Texas has been pretty good all during my training cycle but it is now getting on the warm side and I'm certainly thankful that the toughest part is over before hot weather time. Best of luck to you



and all the fellows" from Pvt. LEO W. BESWICK.

Lt. ADRIAN B. DODGE made some dirty remarks about a picture in a previous Letter, so will censor his letter and just leave that part out! He goes on to say further: "My new address stands for Reconnaissance Troop (Jungle) and it can now be told that I spent 2 months in New Zealand and have been in the 25th Division all along since coming overseas to the south Pacific. I got my promotion to 1st Lt. on January 3rd this year (by accident?) as I was then a Battalion supply officer. Now I'm just a platoon leader in the best damn troop in the best damn Division in the best damn Army in the south Pacific. How's that for morale? Am glad Bennett finally made it to Portland and am just a little jealous. Oh, well, he probably would like to be down here. People are sure funny monkeys! I notice McVey on the cartoons. Looks natural. Sure seems queer to read about grade 7 and 6 men who used to be sub buddies. From what I know of the RMS they'll earn every bit of it. Too right, as the Kiwi says. Oh, well, its been a damn fine life so far, what with the forest, Alaska, etc. One consolation if we move it will probably be nearer home or will it. Quien sabe?"

Long unheard from, CHARLES B. DAMRON, R.T. 1/c, writes: "I received the last copy of the News from the RMS and of course was glad to get the news of what is going on at home and elsewhere. I have moved since I wrote last and am now stationed at the A & M College of Texas (Deep in the Heart of). I am an instructor in the lab-



Sherman was right! You ought to ride the Seat & Port these days.
Our hoggers are all ex-tank drivers!

ratory where the boys spend a month building radio sets. It is quite interesting but the weather here is all same like Turkish bath. I can't really complain, though, as I get home every night and do not have to stay on the base. My wife is here and we have a place to stay just off the campus. I suppose you know that my brother, FORREST B. DAMRON, has been sent up Alaska way."

We pause briefly to welcome a former well-known Montana REP who transferred to the Inspection Service not long before the war but is still interested in things back home, Major JOHN H. RAY, AGD. "Long time no see but was sure glad to find the Third Throw in my "in" basket. (I'm writing this on a train between Liverpool and London so excuse penmanship.) I used to be pretty good writing up 'regs' on Train 3 but I guess I'm out of practice. We sure have a mail service over here. Works pretty good too but when something goes wrong it is usually a whopper. Everyone beefs but when they get their letters in 4 or 5 days from writing in the States, no bouquets are handed around." (Tweren't it always thus, Jack?) "I've been over seas since 16 November 42. Been in Eastern Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, Hudsons Bay, Baffine Island, Greenland, Iceland, No. Ireland, Scotland and England. Hope to continue home via San Francisco. There certainly are a lot of the boys in the Service from all records. Too bad all of them are not in postal work for we can sure use more trained men. Keep the news coming and give all the boys the big hello. I may see all of you when this is over as I have applied for transfer to the Seattle Div."

"Just received copy of the Fourth Fling you sent me, after it being routed all over the country so that perhaps I'd better send you my new address. I came up here from Camp Lee March 23rd and since have been working Army mail at the Grand Central Terminal." (Keep away from 'New York 17'!--Bx) "Have seen anyone around here that I know, tho there are several hundred on the three tours. Don't know how long I will be here as they send out a few every now and then for postal units overseas. We are quartered in various hotels here in NY and live more like civilians than Army personnel with a few exceptions. Doesn't seem to be much chance of a rating as long as we stay here, as the WAGs have most of those, together with men who are already rated whom they bring in from other outfits, that they seemingly have no other place for. I, for one, will be glad when this is over with and I can get into the Terminal again. Believe me there are worse places than the Terminal even when its at the height of a Christmas rush." That last sounds great, Pvt. WESLEY I. YOUNG! Sub-chaser. But I wish he had a lot of ex-service men for subs-if they liked the Terminal.

Hard to find, we finally caught up with Major EVERETT H. RUNKLE in a Texas hospital. "Have received your bulletins Nos. 2, 3 and 4 and want to thank you for putting me on your mailing list as that is the only way I hear of what is going on in the 13th Division. As you will note, I am in the hospital, but expect to be out in a few days. Have undergone two operations and am recovering in fine shape. I spent a year and a half in the Pacific after the war started. Was transferred from infantry to air corps while over there and have been in air corps ever since. I came back last July for rest and recuperation. After being here awhile I was taken ill and it was determined that an operation was necessary, but first I had to get my system built up to stand it. But now it is all over and I have my orders to go to duty at my new station at the University of Virginia. Have been designated to attend the school of military government for the Far East theater of operations. This means that in order to do the work we will have to learn the Japanese or Chinese language, depending on which sector we are assigned to. At the conclusion we will be assigned to the Far Eastern Theater for duty. Regards to all the clerks."

A girl who slaps her sweetheart may not want to hurt his feelings as much as she wants to stop them.

T/Sgt CARL EKSTROM "Just had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed your news flashes, you really are doing a swell job and your paper is very interesting and amusing. I'm still here in the same outfit even though the name has changed a little. Sure had a good furlough in Portland last month (April) and a nice visit with some of the RMS boys in the Portland office. It sure would be nice to be back at the old job again. Upon return from my furlough I found myself promoted to T/Sgt, every little bit of encouragement helps. Lt. TONY GERBER and I got together for a good visit a few days ago. He sure is a handsome officer and I'll bet he really gets along swell with his enlisted men. If he wasn't a married man I would also add that he probably has a good following of girl friends. Best of luck with everything and all the boys at work in Spokane." And I didn't even know Tony was hitched! Haven't heard from him since he broke that 'butt-spring'--maybe the Mrs. heard about the way he acted in the hospital and made him a permanent casualty?

From Chinatown, 'somewhere in California', HERBERT A. COCHRAN, Sp (M) 1/c, sez: "Your news letter of February 7 received some time ago. Your letter had a long trip. Out to the Solomons and back. Several belated Xmas cards did not reach me until March. Battalion mail is only spiked for 2 weeks then forwarded intact. I landed the PO here September 24, but my old battalion did not leave until near Xmas. CAIN was here for some time. We have his 3/c man that he left behind with us and still in our hair. ROBERTS left over this weekend. I would be in the Solomons and spent some time in a foxhole if I had stayed with my battalion. Cancellation runs about 35,000 except Sunday. Only work 1/2 day on Sunday. Got some scuttlebutt from Hedden. You mention 180 passengers standing up on GN 2 one night. You should see 69 pull out of LA for SF some Sunday night. Hardly standing room. Frequently 2nd section the boys match for choice standing positions. The 2nd section is just the overflow military personnel. At Oxnard 250-300 sailors scramble out, then the soldiers from Camp Cook and Roberts scramble for a seat. Week days are not bad, tho. I like my sleep every night, my day is long and sometimes quite arduous. If ship mail comes thru we may be on 24 hours. Only certain of us do that. Two Oklahoma RPCs and Bjornstad, Minn & Miles City, with us; rest PO clerks or 90 day wonders. The nights are damn cool here. Three blankets until last week. Wind off ocean nearly every night, but at least no snow at this level. There was lots on higher mountains about 20 miles back of us most of the winter. Met a fellow from Albion the other day and he was cussing the dust blowing off a bean field. I kidded him about Big Bend and Palouse dust storms. We have an ex-RPC for postal officer, full Lt. Scheme clerk for 8th Division, so our distribution is on the ball."

Another long lost "brother" was found not long ago; namely, Lt. HARRY C. MOLVAR. "Very surprised and pleased to receive your news letters in my mail the other day. I found them very interesting and the first knowledge of the whereabouts of several of the boys. I spent a very pleasant hour in the air reading them. I was supposed to be flying a little formation but found it much more to my liking to let the other lad work while I did some reading. It has been fifteen months since I left Portland and the RMS. Frankly, it seems even longer. I've been training steadily all that time but June should see me taking an over the waves trip. I have been assigned to the Air Force "Troop Transport Command". We fly the Army C-47. Our work is transport of paratroopers, towing gliders, air evacuation, etc. We even get a little glider time. Spent 5 hours in a glider on tow a few weeks ago."

That 'cycle-ridin', radio totain' boy from Beverly, ALDEN N. BICE, Sp C 2/c, is still seeing the East coast a la Navy. "I traveled back and forth across the Mississippi about 30 times, but I couldn't make any long steps towards the West. I stopped in and met the CC in Birmingham and New Orleans and their office forces. Some very nice fellows. I find as a whole the mail clerks are quite nice fellows. I've collected many postmarks as I've traveled around and stopped at the RPOs. I also find that the mail clerks would like word spread around for the fellows to stop by and introduce themselves and tell where they are from. They tell me they often wonder why they never see any ex-RPCs in all the service men who travel around the country. I saw the Georgia peach trees in bloom (I said trees) and they were very beautiful. They use a pouch crane down here and hang the pouch on chains. I'll have you know that that liquid sunshine which is found in Seattle comes strictly in bottles, and furthermore, any rain in the banana belt of the west coast is actually Oregon mist--missed Oregon, hit Washington. Anyhow, the people aren't all dried out and wrinkled like Spokanites! (I shoulda censored that!) Overheard this in the depot at Norfolk, Va."

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Lady: Have you a ladies sitting room? Porter: No, ma'am, but we have a room for ladies who can't wait. When my wife reads what you said about the Milwaukee, there-'ll be fur flying." How did women get into this, anyway?

Cupid makes so many bad shots because he's aiming at the heart--and looking at the hosiery.

An 'Inland Empire Convert', Lt. JOHN P. O'NEILL sends "Just a short note for another change of address. Keep the paper coming, I like it. It helps me keep tab on the boys I know. Somebody in the RMS must have heard that I was in England because I received notice that I was assigned to the Spokane Terminal as of December 1, 1943. One more move and I will be in Seattle so that after the war I will already be acclimated to wet weather. Boy, what I wouldn't give for some sunshine and no fog. Don't laugh at my writing paper as it costs me five shillings for a tablet of 50 sheets. Five shillings is one dollar. In our latrines every individual sheet has "Government Property" stamped on it. On week ends we carry our own supply as corn is not a native crop over here." S O S, PDQ, John. Two samples of Kansas' pride (home grown) is on the way. Use them sparingly!

From the Land of the Mid-Night Sun, S/Sgt HENRY A. McLANE sends "Greetings from Nome. This is my unofficial way of giving you my change of address. The May issue of the Railway Post Office did considerable kicking about the North American continent before it reached me, and I don't want any of your publications taking the same route. I thought I was headed overseas when I dropped into your office last April. (What ya mean 'my office'? I sold out over two years ago.) Instead, they came as close to shipping me out of this world as is humanly possible. For nine months of the year our only contact with the outside world is by plane, and then the weather makes this contact very uncertain. We have Eskimos, fish, fur, ivory and gold. Our camp is situated right in the midst of the gold fields but from the looks of the equipment around, it costs nearly as much to get at the gold as it is worth. I am taking over the job as chief clerk in the finance office here, and the work has been keeping me plenty busy. This is to explain my delay in writing. The trip up took a long time, over a month with the stopovers, but it was a wonderful trip with the scenery and everything. I had the same accommodations as an officer due to my rank, and so I had a chance to enjoy the trip the same as a tourist. By rail through Canada, by water to Anchorage, and then by air to Nome. I am enclosing a card that I think is quite appropriate of the spot I am in. It might not fit the climate during these days of perpetual sunlight, but before I leave I'll probably be shouting the cry as loud as anyone." Cheer up, Hank. Just remember

An Eskimo maid knows not right from wrong,

And an Eskimo night is six months long!

The poem "The Kee Bird" is good; may use a verse or two when the snow starts flying.

Fresh from Alaska and marriage in Seattle, 1st Lt. JOHN B. CORSON writes: "England is interesting, and landscape and weather seem much like western Washington, especially the Puget Sound country. Have seen something of Scotland and Wales, but have not been to London yet. My stay in England is still indefinite. Big events coming over here, but you know as much about it as I do--I only read the papers too."

Two Alaskan rabbits were being chased by a pack of wolves. One little rabbit turned to the other and said: "How 'bout you and

me stopping a minute and outnumbering 'em?"

Another sour-dough, Sgt. PAUL L. BROWN, comes out with this: "Have been receiving your letters concerning the RMS for about 2 years and wish to thank you for sending them. (How times doth flit! Hasn't been ONE year since the first one appeared. Maybe Army life goes slow, Paul?--Bx) My address is no longer Anchorage. After Anchorage have been in Seattle, New Jersey and now Missouri. Was home on furlough during May. Had a nice visit with the boys that happened to be in the office of the RMS when I called." Your trip home was better than a furlough handed a soldier who had never been outside Alaska during his 23 years of strife. They never bothered to find out that his home was but a few miles from camp, but put him on a boat and headed him to Seattle. He enjoyed his first trip "out" and still had time to visit home.

From right up under "The (ex) Fox's" nose, T/5 GEORGE L. SNELL V-mails: "Received your Fourth Fling last night so thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I enjoyed getting it. Even though I did have to read it while in my fox hole. That is where I am now trying to write these few lines. I am now located somewhere in France. Have been here since the big show opened and we have had ring-side seats. Of course you probably know more about it by reading the papers as that way you can get a complete picture of things, but most of the time we only know what occurs in our immediate vicinity. Always glad to get your news letters as that is about the only means I have of learning what some of the other fellows in the service are doing."

I wasted a good air mail stamp on one, Pvt. D. RAY SHIVELY, when I heard he moved to APO 928, which is where my kid brother (age 31, size 1½ of me) had been for some time. Very next day I gets a letter that my brother moved. So did Ray, but they're still battin' around the same jungle. Anyway, Ray goes on to say: "Just a line to let you know the US mail service is still "on the ball". I received a news letter today, July 25, postmarked March 25th, addressed to my original training camp. It followed me through four camps in the States, my temporary overseas APO and three permanent APOs overseas, before catching up to me here at 322. I really enjoyed it, even if it was a little old. A few of us moved up here a week ago, and started a new postal unit to handle parcel post. The hours are rather long, and we work 7 days a week for the present at least. Living conditions are poor, stripped to the bare necessities. No PX; we catch rain water to wash clothes. Nothing but rain

and mud so far, even inside our tents. Its a tough racket in the forward areas, but even here, the mail goes through." That forwarding really is a record! Some letters come back to me after just one try at forwarding. Using air mail should get these letters to you before you have a chance to move too far away from now on.

At last its out! He ADMITS catching the bridge at Malta. He being none other than Sgt RAYMOND KOOYM.N. If he'll tell where he dispatched it, the CN can go on about its business of running late. "Having let a reserve Commission expire in 1936 I became an ordinary civilian with friends and neighbors who sent greetings and started me out again. I had basic training at Camp Lee, Va., then went to West Chester, Penna for postal training. Here we had classes in army mail handling. In one class a lieutenant proudly held up exhibit "A" and told the class "This is a pouch". Next, all the RMS men in the class were put in a "Regulating Section", a group of 27 postal men who are practically a traveling transfer office and sent to a port of embarkation for further training, porter service for 4 months, unloading sacks of parcels from trains to trucks to boats, relabeling same. We rushed across to England to catch part of it here and then went to working directory cards. I had a brother in another postal outfit here in England and transferred to be with him. I've missed a commission 5 times on a technicality--first I was too old to be an officer (30 for 2nd Lt when I tried to reinstate). After I was in the army the age was changed to 36 but I was .056 and couldn't get out of the official rut via channels. Have kept after it and should make it soon if the war doesn't end abruptly, which will be better yet. The news looks good and we're all hoping to get back home soon--but expect when the time comes we'll be "stuck" and have to stay awhile to clean up.

"Speaking from experience," reports Wilma the Wave, "I'm here to tell you that there's considerable difference being stung by a bee and a Seabee."

And from a Seabee, JOHN L. REILLY, C Sp (M): "Just a note to give you an address that will catch up with me. Same address is good for MIKE SAWAYA, too. We think we have a real good outfit. Time alone will tell. It was commissioned here in the bay region a little over a month ago, and we were transferred in about that time. Have three postal organizations now and will probably have another. Will try to take time out to write a letter later on." Where did you get the "Lion VIII" in your address, John? Does Frisco FPO get lion's share of the work?

It may be overwork (guffaw!), it might be Ida May and it could be that Junior landed a left hook when pop was pre-occupied. Anyway, WILBERT H. J. ADAMS, Sp (M) 2/c, write almost identical letters within a week. So, to conserve space, we'll just give you one of them: "Just a line to say 'Hello' and hope you are all o.k. Seems like I stuck my neck out and volunteered for Frisco FPO and here I am. Its very temporary and I don't know how long I'll be here. Ran into RAGSDALE and ROY WATSON down here; also BISHOP from the Terminal. I played 9 holes of golf in Denver between trains, first time in months. What a score! Got a promotion some time ago or did I tell you? P.S.--Just happened to think of something. Seems like I've sent you a postcard already about a week ago. Oh, well, might as well send this too."

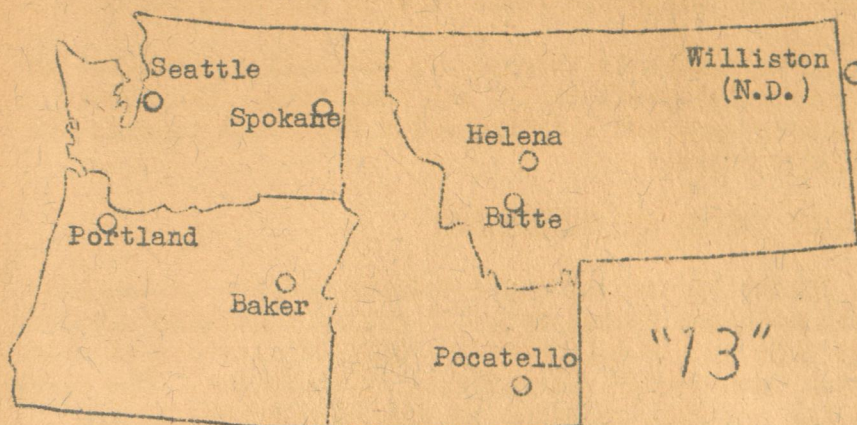
From "Somewhere in France" Pfc JOHN H. BARR "Received the fifth edition of your paper yesterday and was sure glad to hear the news of the District. Am passing the paper around to the other boys as there is one from the Port & SF SD and GRANT HOLLAND from Pocatello in this outfit. We have just set up our own outfit here and are really catching hell at present but expect things to get straightened around soon. We can hardly find time to write but every one else sure writes plenty, from the amount of air mail we get. I'm on the Calif air mail case and it keeps me plenty busy, but I get time to work a little V mail on the side. The ground gets awfully hard before morning and the pup tents leak a little when it rains but otherwise we get along fine and are trying to give the boys the best possible service."

The automobile motor pounded and suddenly wheezed to a stop on a lonely road. "I wonder," mused the sailor, "what that knock is?" "Maybe," said his companion, "It's opportunity."

Our Public Relations Department informs us that several women are regular readers of this sheet, so GLEN W. PETERSON's cartoon is not being included, although I KNOW you would enjoy it. However, here is his letter: "McVey is an excellent staff artist but I think this one deserves the careful attention of your critical eye. I met VERT in Seattle at Foster golf course while on leave. He is back from the Canal Zone and is to be stationed at RPO Frisco. I received a letter from MERLE SECHRIST. He is Navy Mail Clerk for a carrier aircraft service unit. He flies with the air mail to detachments scattered about New England states. I think the Association ought to investigate the possibilities of these flying RMS clerks in the Navy and Army for post and expansion of personnel. Promotions must be hard to get all over the 13th District. No promotions here in over a year. Tell the Oregonians in Bremerton; maybe it will make them fell better. Glad to hear of the others making rates and commissions. I think the RMS as a group stands out in this respect. It would be hard to find another group with as great a percentage of high rated men and commissioned officers." What a crew we could make on the Chicago & Seattle WD APO: JATEN pilot; MOLVAR co-pilot; SECHRIST furnish the gas; EKSTROM the paper work and a couple others to start a poker game! I'll work on it until next month.

Box 1313
Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,



SEVENTH SAGA

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
October 20, 1944.

"The Mountain groaned and brought forth a mouse!" You can blame BICE because this has but two pages--he took exception to my list of ratings in the Sixth Siesta. I am unabashed, however, since I explained I was merely a civilian. Instead of a third sheet of letters I hope you'll find a list of the fellows--you can then compile your own list.

Then, too, since you have plenty of time and--Hey! Who flung that shell-casin'?----Anyway, since postage is free, you may want to drop a line of Christmas cheer across the equator.

ADDRESSES

Things are moving fast--in six weeks between letters some of you go a long ways. To save the already burdened postal units a lot of directory work, we'd like those new addresses. A few have their wives on the job--a postal from them is ok. Either way will assure speedy delivery of the next Letter.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

In which we get a chance to shed many a crocodile tear in the hopes it will add more water to float bigger ships.

The war, big business or politics get blamed for a cigarette shortage. "Only one to a customer, please" is the standard phrase. There are enough to go around but one has to go around to find them. A not unusual scene when two men meet: "I walked a mile today and all I could find was Luckies." "I went to 3 places and all I could get was Camels." The two exchange packs and go on their way satisfied.

Doggone warsaving anyhow!
A guy can't sleep decently anymore!

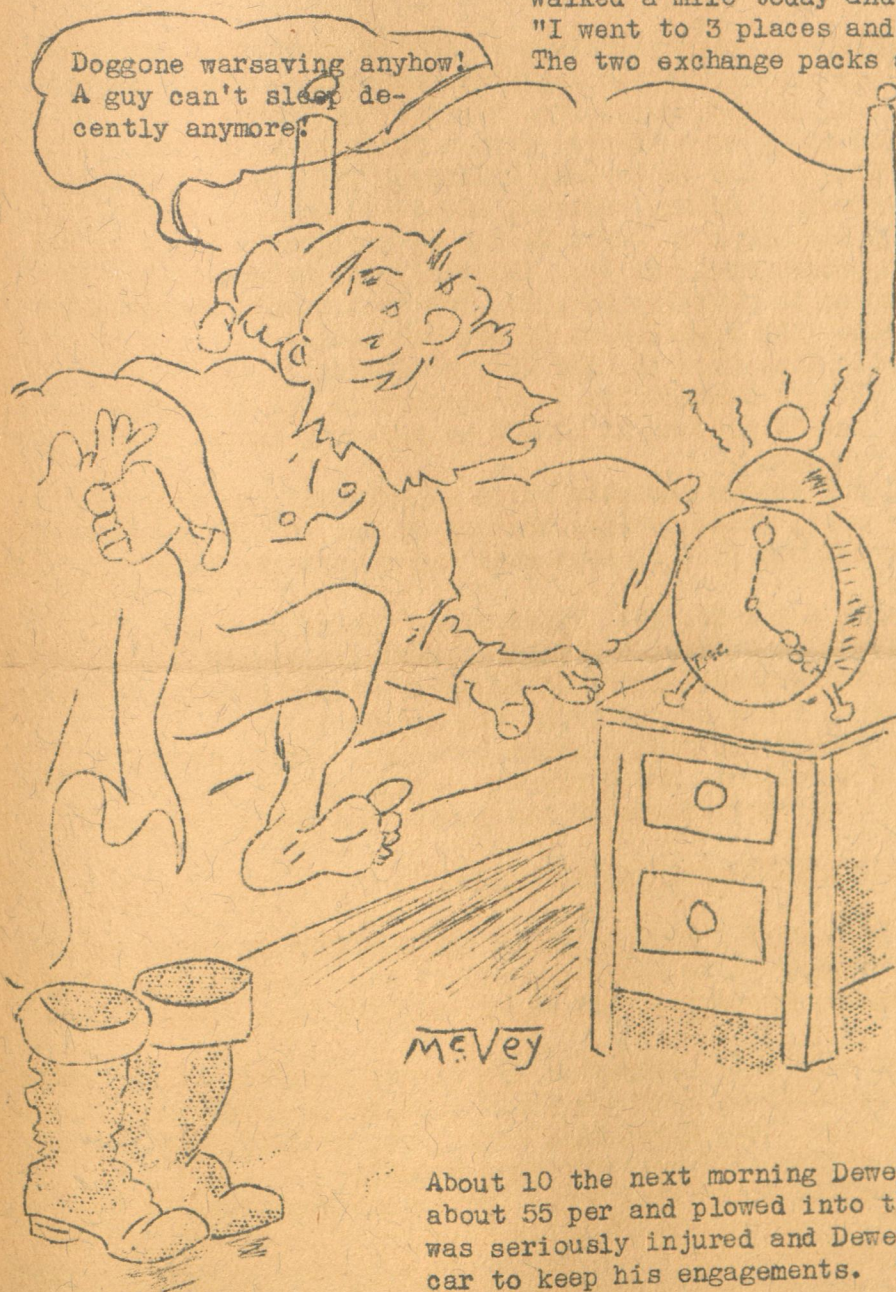
It is surprising the number of grey-haired women seen at the cigarette counters--and this used to be a man's world.

Time was when Christmas come but once a year, but now it seems to go on forever. New York APO mail was primed in the Terminal and sent out in car-load lots. New York was clogged so cars were held at Chicago and St. Paul. On Oct. 16 the GN requested no cars be sent east until things were cleaned up a bit. You graduates of the POC, New York should be thankful--you'll get only a boat-load instead of the avalanche!

Becoming increasingly noticeable are the musty-smelling sacks and rusty label-holders, indications of long ocean trips in some damp hold.

We're not supposed to talk politics, but believe we can mention that the Republican campaign got quite a jolt while touring Washington. A GN freight side-swiped an NP freight near Castlerock, Wash. Seat & Port 402 pulled up near them and layed all night.

About 10 the next morning Dewey's special sailed along at about 55 per and plowed into the rear of Tr. 402. No one was seriously injured and Dewey proceeded to Portland by car to keep his engagements. The reddest face on the spec-



ial belonged to the GN representative detailed to see that the train reached Portland safely--he got a broken arm. The brightest faces were in the mail car of 401 and 402--overtime and black jack.

There was plenty of money on St. Louis in this year's baseball series, but no takers. The Cards and Browns had the play-off in the old home town. They broke two records--strike-outs in a single game and a series--at a time when records are practically unreplaceable! 'Tain't cricket.

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

"Fox Paw" of the Season: Yakima apparently has a baleing machine in the post office if one is to judge by the packages turned out. It got on Fredekind's nerves so one night he wrote on a slip from an air mail package "Only 168 letters in this package--surely you can do better than that," and returned it to Yakima. The clerk claimed he couldn't understand the remarks, so asked the PM. He thought it too sarcastic so sent it in to the Chief Clerk. Whereupon Fredekind's attention was called to PL&R regarding proper channels for correspondence.

More News from the Spokane Terminal--Tour 2

Now that Indian Summer is in the air and the leaves of autumn have begun to fall, this department wishes to pause from toil long enough to extend a word of greeting to all you service men, in whatever part of the world you may be located.

We in the Terminal are currently in the throes of the GI Christmas rush. If any of you are remembered by Santa Claus, particularly those of you who get your mail % PM, New York, N. Y., you can give this institution part of the credit.

There have been no important changes in personnel among the regulars since the last report. It seems that the other evening the boys threw a surprise party on Heber Payne on the occasion of his birthday. Although we were not able to attend, we heard a rumor to the effect that Elmer Kolasa emerged as poker champion.

The Terminal is rapidly developing into an air mail field. We now work outgoing air mail, which involves standpointing 20 or 30 states and pouching on numerous distant cities and AMF's. (This has since been discontinued in the Term.--Bx)

All this has created a man power shortage and it has been met by the employment of ladies. If you were to visit the circ alley any day now, you would find its composition, except for the residue man and the stooge, to be entirely female.

Our characters they elevate
Our manners they refine;
Without them we'd degenerate
To the level of swine.

William "Pat" Malone

Among the women at the Terminal are these wives of RPC's: Certified war-time sub: Bergman, Perkins and Elmer Warren. Non-Certified: Brooks, Rowell, John Nelson, Nestor, Worthington, Kolasa, Abbott, Hempleman, Vincent and Fuqua.

From Pence of Helena, come these news items: Have a few changes if you want them: George A. Goller from Will & Seat ED to AMG, Billings, vice John B. Quarles to Miles City & Butte, vice Warren W. Grimm, retired, effective Oct. 1. Thoralf J. Lee, excess, back to Miles C & Seat ED vice Lewis D. Curey, resigned. Lee back due to Stevers choosing to remain excess from the ED. (Stevens will return to the ED Nov. 1 vice Joseph A. Sampson who is retiring Nov. 1. But that hasn't happened yet; just like Lee intending to trade with Hendrickson of the Terminal.)

And from D. Merit, a little dope from the old City of Roses:

Hi--All you GI's. Dave (Windy) Schmidt has been discharged and is assigned to the Portland Transfer office, but at present is absent on personal leave. We understand that he is thinking of resigning.

John Kernan suffered a light stroke recently while in Dunsmuir and will retire. Tom Finley is acting examiner until Hicks decides whether or not to take retirement. The Weed Hotel at Dunsmuir burned the last of September and clerks are staying in various places of ill repute.

Quoted from remarks in Port & S F Tr. 17: First Clerk "There goes Worden." Second Clerk: "I thought Midland came first." First clerk: "It does!"

Prize bull of the District: Hubbard, detailed to Chief Clerks office, retaining line rights and allowing Paul Young to go around him for Grade 7.

General Supt Hardy, RMS, toured the west a short time ago. While crossing Arizona the Santa Fe Chief was derailed. Mr. Hardy was uninjured but the clerks up ahead were not so fortunate. His observations of the people and their actions were very interesting.

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

GLEN W. PETERSON, Pasco NAS, sent a copy of their "SKY-WRITER" in which he encircled a heading "Two Year Men Must go to Sea". Beside it was a penciled notation "9-1-42". Haven't heard if he has moved yet, but NEARY and HAHN have finally been shipped from Bremerton.

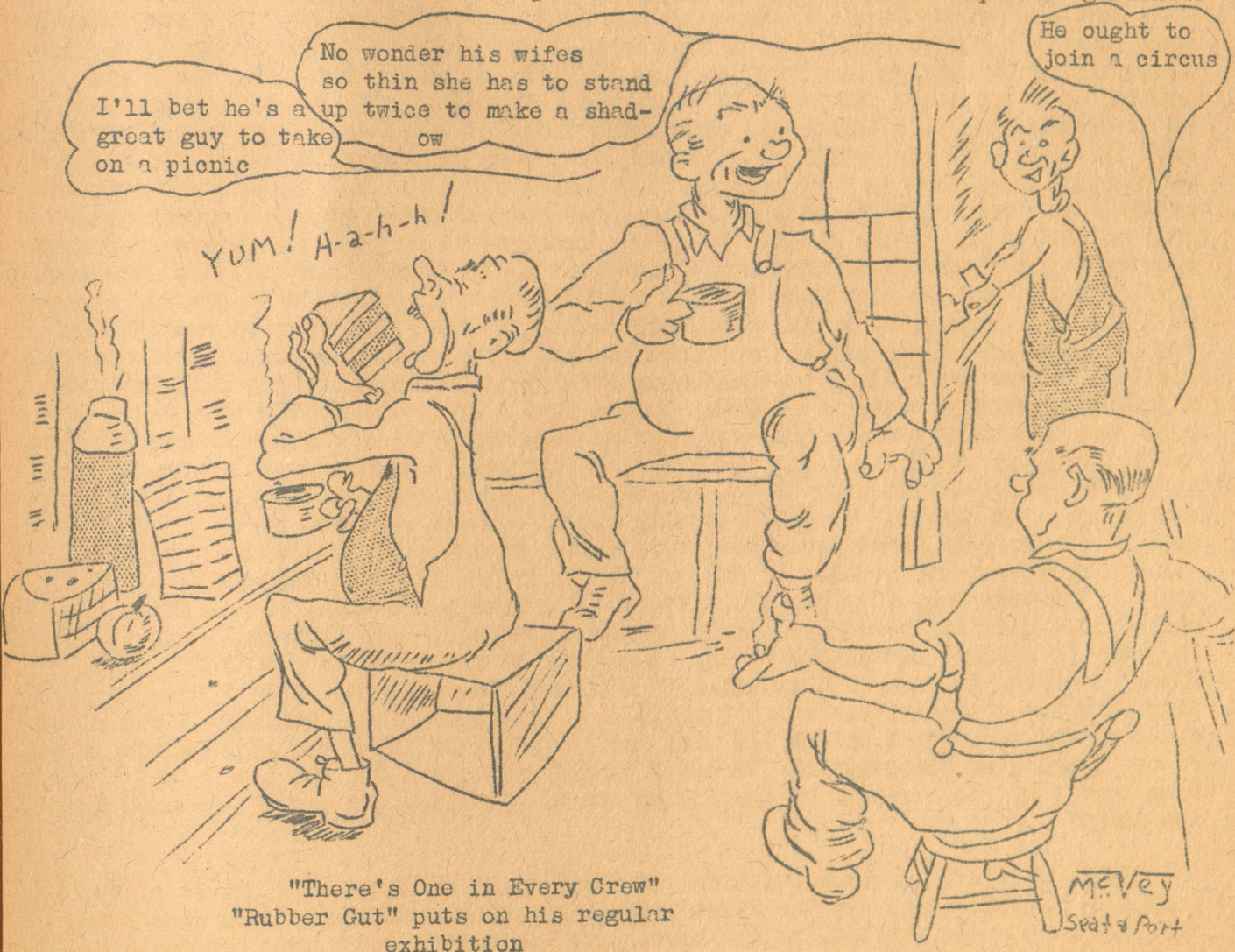
The September 29 issue of "The LOG", Bremerton R/S sheet, carried a large photo of old timers in the station postoffice, HAHN and NEARY showing up prominently therein. That old bugaboo of newspaper fame, misspelled names, was on duty, and Jim was listed as "G. J. MEARY". One chance at fame--and wotta break!!

From Pfc CHARLES F. GREENFIELD comes this news: "I am now somewhere in New Guinea. Our outfit is in action against the Japs but I am in the rear echelon and so far my only wounds have come from hitting my thumb with a cancelling stamp (rubber

ones, not half as dangerous as the ones we used back there). Since I last wrote you from Munda, New Georgia, I have been on the Russell Islands for a short time; stopped off at Guadalcanal but didn't go ashore and spent a few months in New Zealand before coming here. It was there that I saw ROY DALE. There isn't much news from here. We are still policing up coconuts and sweating out rotation home. We will have 2 years overseas in another six weeks and we are all living in hopes that they will start rotating some of us after that."

There's one guy that's tryin' to get into my hair. He not only cribs the heading of this Letter to simplify (?) addressing an envelope, but he tried--I said "tried"--to rival McVey in addition. A kiddy-car (me) pulling a box (1313) along the GN from "Va" to "Spokane". I got him on one thing, however: He started to add Beverly to the map and got ashamed of it; now it is in its true form--a blank space. And, just for your information, ALDEN N. BICE, Sp C 2/c, Beverly is just a catcher on the Milwaukee now-----yaaaaah! Inside we found this welcome letter:

"If this letter reaches you, it won't be because I didn't try hard to camouflage (HIS spelling--I don't know either) where it is going. When you wrote on the State of the Union I expected to read a dissertation on Idaho, but I was sadly fooled. Since gardenias bloom in profusion around here, let me say to you and McVey and all news contributors and cartoon idea givers that I extend a whole bouquet of gardenias



to you for your nice work. It is heartily appreciated by me and even others in the office read the letter and laugh at the jests and cartoons even though they know not all that they read and many ask questions about the R.M.S. I stopped in the Chief Clerks office in Norfolk a short time ago and met everybody. Nice people. As per usual, I have my own desk, such as it is and on one corner of the filing basket I keep my small radio and when business is slack or war news is especially important, I run the radio. Have had a cool spell for two days with the temperature only going up to 94 outside (the office isn't air conditioned). We are having a very dry summer here--enough so that we have had several water shortages during which we've been restricted from certain areas for a few days and not allowed to take showers or wash clothes except during certain specified hours. I wish I could rate a leave and visit out there again. (I won't tell how I found out, but think that wish is now true--Bx) I've got a new hobby of flying--in the air. Lots of fun and usually free in navy planes. Now and then they dive o-o-o-h--and I get my stomach later."

Pvt. LESLIE R. HAYS "Spent several months on the East coast and came here to San Francisco about 4 months ago. At the present I am assigned to the S. F. APO, in the directory section. Quite a few of the fellows in my outfit are former RMS men from all parts of the country, so we do a lot of comparing notes, etc. Hope to hear from you again."

A postal from Mrs. Kroboth tells us that Sgt JOSEPH C. KROBOTH is overseas. 1st Lt. CHARLES H. BURNS moved off his peak in Colorado to the plains of Kansas.

Most fellows are pretty careful not to tell me where they're at, but not DODGE! He didn't tell me, but he drew a picture (these guys that think they can do better than McVey!) of the island on which he is now a native and I am passing it on to you. If any one recognizes it, please advise. ADRIAN goes on to say: "Just a note to let you know I'm sure glad to get the news letter and all the amateur journals.

Things were pretty dull around here until they showed up. Speaking of journals you should see the swell outside urinals we have here. They are about 3 ft high, constructed of hollow bamboo and with just the correct slant for good connection. Of course a big fellow in a tent with small men or vice a versus (poetry) has some difficulty.

I was just remarking the pleasure the other evening when in the very, very close proximity of one of these works of art (Art's our artificer), of being able to stand there one hand on my hip with my head and eyes raised to the great star-filled dome above and just relax. Yep, it's wonderful the freedom we have here. I received a letter from Ralph Bennett the other day and when I wrote I ask him what my RMS standing was at the present time. The last time I heard they sent all my papers back so I guess I'm still in the Terminal. Find out for me, will ya--I just might live through this next campaign." While on my trip to Chicago in September I met a sergeant from DODGE's outfit--sure was good to hear of your verbally.

From one of the same islands Cpl FLOYD I. SCHWERDFAGER pens: "That souvenir I sent you was a memo of last year's campaign. Immediately after finishing it we went to Australia to indulge in whatever we could find. Been in Guinea for about six months, now, and since you read the newspapers, I needn't tell you we've been hard at it again. Now that things are comparatively quiet (Japs still try to infiltrate once in awhile but our artillery, mortars, etc, soon discourage them), we've built ourselves a camp that is a model. We're camped quite close to the beach, so instead of the usual mud, we have sand. Our Jap generator and motor produces enough power to have lights in all the tents. We have a conglomeration of loud-speakers and head sets by which we listen to transcriptions given us by Special Service. We even have a steam bath where we can steam out our various aches and pains, massages for a nominal fee and a tonsorial parlor connected to it. We have a movie projector of our own for the first time, a theatre where we have three shows a week. We're receiving our beer ration and while 3 bottles every 3rd day isn't enough to get stinkin', it's mighty nice about 4 every afternoon. We did have a Jap refrigerator that would have been just the thing to keep our beer cold but one night the gas line developed a leak and the doggone thing burnt up. We have a fairly good canteen. Most of the stuff is for the care and cleaning of the M1, GI body, but we get some cookies, candy, gum, sun glasses and juices. We don't usually have a canteen so we're quite proud of this one. We're paid in Dutch money now; boy, what a headache when it comes payday and all the boys want money orders. Most of the bills are of small denomination and it takes a barracks bagful to pay the battery. I'd send you a bill, but an order is out against mailing any of it. Their monetary system is much like ours, 1¢, 5¢, 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, a guilder equals 100 cents. A guilder is worth 53¢ in our money. Say, Glenn, I'd like to ask you a question that's been bothering me. Will I have to pay into my retirement fund the money I would have paid had I been working? I was pretty green on the job when I joined the army and I don't know all I should about the service. Instead of accepting the Terminal appointment right off the bat, would I have been better off to wait for an opening on one of the lines, or would that have taken too long?"

Since others have asked questions as above, will stick my neck out in a try to pass out a little info. In the first place, so many of the regulations concerning military leaves are untried, no one knows just how they'll work out. If you have been appointed to the Terminal since you left, you have lost no bets. The next step is to notify your Chief Clerk you desire a transfer, giving choice of RPO. If a vacancy should occur you will be given consideration due your seniority.

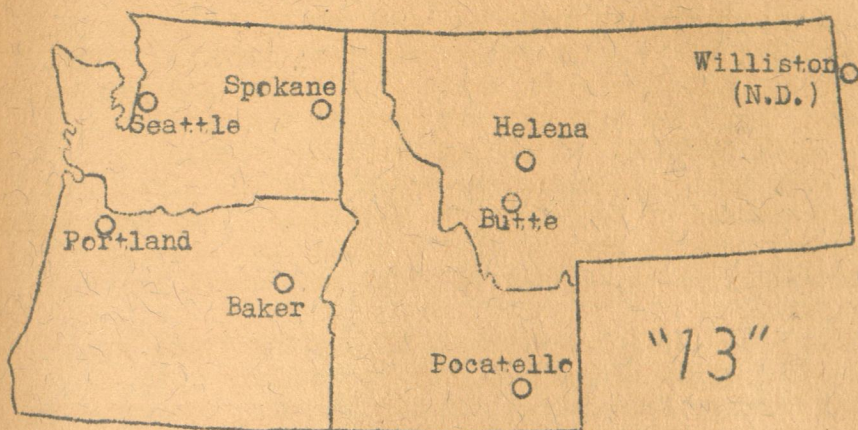
When the service returns to the 40-hour week there will be additional appointments, as well as many retirements, so that you need have no fear of not having a job awaiting your pleasure. In fact, if you have been transferred to a line you step right into your place as tho you had been here all the time. The main thing is to have written notice with the Chief of the run, or runs, you desire.

As for the retirement, you are NOT REQUIRED to pay for the lost time in the RMS. Neither is there any present provision for making up this lost amount voluntarily. You can, if you so desire, make payments into this fund, but it will not return as much in retirement as your lost time will amount to. There is a provision for allowing military service to apply on your retirement, but you should make full inquiry before such action is taken. If you are under 30, you have nothing to lose; if well past 30, it may reduce your annuity a bit. For the present, sit tight; there'll no doubt be many changes made in the post-war readjustment periods that will void many present regulations.

And with that I cross my fingers, put the crystal ball bak into its case and hope to see you again--real soon.

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,



EIGHTH EMERGENCY

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
November 11, 1944.

In those good ol' days of yore while subbing on the Victor & Idaho Falls, I had four large bags of silver for Victor. Being totally uninformed on how to serial number pouches I was at a loss at just what to do with five pouches for Victor. So I made up the regular pouch and four emergencies to take care of the silver.

This is an emergency--a Lucky Strike extra--to take care of your letters on hand to clear the decks for the Christmas Letter.

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

Three prominent men of the 13th passed away in October.

On October 22 Charles A. Cushman, Chief Clerk at Helena, was attending to some routine duties at the NP depot. While talking to one of the clerks on the platform, he momentarily lost his balance, falling forward, striking his head against a platform truck. He passed away before arrival at the hospital.

Guy C. Whitney, Will & Seat MD, passed away October 20. Guy has been very active around Spokane and his untimely passing will be sorely felt.

Clarence L. Hinson, Port & San Fran ND, retired August, 1942 and died Oct. 25.

Will & Seat ED 224 hit a freight, giving D. Milton Guss a few exciting moments.

We wrote glowingly of zoned mail some time back. Now we eat those words! We are now requested to make up zoned mail whenever possible; two separations per city. Mail for New York has to be read like a newspaper--line by line. In addition to the two State separations--military and civilian--New York City rates these labels: Un-zones; zoned, APO, Fleet, Army V-mail and Naval V-mail.

Pipe cleaners are again on the market after an absence of two years. No more broom straws to open up those gurgling pipes!

Latest report is that the total output of mops will be taken by the armed forces for the next four months. Swab the decks--you'll be in fine form for when you get home!

Smokey, the Terminal cat, disappeared this summer. While still a blushing bride, she looked around the terminal for a place to prepare for future mice invasions. She picked an empty sack but was found and her two off-springs rescued. She still insisted, however, and carried the kittens back to other sacks. What dispatch finally given them is still an unsolved mystery.

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

WILLIAM H. LESLEY has been discharged after a year with the Guard, two in the south Pacific and some nine months in hospitals recuperating from malaria. He has re-entered the Terminal.

More Addresses

1st Lt CARL E. OSTLUND, Jr. O-731646, 334th AAF Base Unit, Florence Army Air Field, Florence, S. Car.

S/Sgt BERNARD R. PREPUTIN, 39603752, 461st AAF Base Unit, Lemoore Army Air Field, Calif.

T/4 ALEXANDER V. HILL, 39329313, Hdqts Co. 275th Engr Combat Bn, APO 451, Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky.

Pvt ALFRED C. LOOSE, 39950439, 439th Base Hdqts & Air Base Sq., % Commanding General, AD, A.T.C., APO 462, % PM, Minneapolis, Minn.

Now if we could find WILLIAM NOEL HOWELL of Pocatello, our list would be complete.

"It's just about a year, I guess, since I first received your Letter and now I've just received your Fifth Fling addressed to the same place, but there were about a dozen APO numbers on it, so guess I'd better get my correct address to you," writes Sgt ROLAND VERCELLA from across the Atlantic. "Have been going to write you but each time I'd start we'd take off in a cloud of dust and get another new APO." Have a lot of lies I'd like to tell you but if I tried to talk like some of the letters you quoted I'd probably wind up in the clink. About the only thing that isn't a military secret here is the weather, and that stinks. Talked to Major JOHN RAY last June, but other than that he's the only 13th Division member I've met. Now I must be on my way."

Not many years ago when I was a sub-chaser, there was one sub that was always scarce when it come to the night shift, but was always on hand next morning, 'tho there were times it looked like he had put in a night shift elsewhere. And why he went to Gonzaga was also a mystery. But time will out and here is the uncensored confession of an ex-sub, 1st Lt. MALOY SENSNEY: "I've just finished reading the Fifth Fantasy and it brings back many nostalgiz memories--especially the news about the present members and the former members of tour 2 at the Terminal. Tell Hans Engen for me that I would be so glad to get back to Spokane that I would work the night shift without protest. (Confidentially, Glenn, I went to night law school just to get out of working nights at the Term.)

"I am still on the same little piece of coral--instead of getting "rock happy" we get "coral happy". Some time ago I tried to get a survey by crawling into the sick bay on my hands and knees and barking like a dog. It didn't work, however--the doctor got down on his knees and barked right back at me. I am in better physical condition than I have ever been before--due mainly to lack of opportunity to raise hell. I weigh about 160 pounds--do you remember how I had to eat bananas and drink gallons of water to pass the weight requirements for the R. M. S.?

"My work is mainly with operations but I am also the group legal officer and expect to fall heir to the job of postal officer as the Captain that had the job has requested a discharge as he is over 38 years of age. I have been overseas 11 months and it looks like it will be that much again before I get home. Give my best regards to all the old gang and tell them to drop me a line--mail is sure appreciated out here."

A native chief was asked if he had seen any women at Japanese installations near his village. Yes, the chief had seen at least one Jap woman at the camp. "How can you be so sure?" he was asked. "I ate her," said the chief.

Pasco SKY-WRITER

From France, T/5 GRANT HOLLAND writes that "Both BARR from the Green River & Port WD and myself have been in this organization since it was activated and although we connected each other frequently at Baker, I being assigned to the MD, we only recently met each other. Consequently it was through one of your Letters that brought us to knowing each other.

"Now for a bit about myself and E.T.O. Postal duties and such. I am assigned to the registry section and every day seems like Christmas used to be on the road. I am quite well satisfied with my assignment as long as it has to be in this capacity, but I wouldn't hesitate trading back to my old job on the road. We haven't had a day off since the last of July and with the Christmas mail coming up, I see no opening for the same, but if it will end this mess any sooner, I don't mind.

"We had several battle scares when we first landed in France but the front was quite close by at that time, now they're so far ahead and the German's seem to be stripped of air power that we never even hear or see any enemy planes any more. For about a month this was a souvenir hunter's paradise. The German's left every thing behind, showing plenty of evidence of a hasty exit. Of course, most of the towns are shot to pieces but it didn't take them long to get the Nazis cleaned out. But the G Is have combed this country from front to rear and you are lucky to find anything salvageable left--and the outgoing mail shows it.

"Our social life isn't very extensive, but all I can say is anyone who can learn to like this stuff they call 'Calvados' is mighty hard up for liquor, but not being a habitual user I don't miss that so much. We have an occasional movie and some special service programs to relieve the monotony, but that is about the extent of our social activities."

Also from France, Cpl GEORGE BRADY reports that "Things are going ok on this side, but it ain't fun. We get plenty of cigarettes, some of the boys get them from home which isn't necessary as we get plenty with our ration and special service. There is a P O clerk with me from Seattle. He reads the Letter and I read his P O clerks magazine so we keep up on that kind of news. They have cognac here that you can use for lighter fluid. Am going to stop in at the Terminal and say Hello when I get up that way--I hope."

"No--that fall didn't hurt my writing arm, and I'm writing this letter to prove it, so there!" from Lt. ANTHONY E. GERBER. "I haven't been here in France so awfully long, so I can't tell you when the war will end--but it won't be long, after the German's find out why Eisenhower sent for me!! Ha! All in all, tho, I consider myself very fortunate to be here--that 'busted butt-spring' put me back in the hospital again, and I barely got out in time to catch the boat; one day more and I'd have missed it.

"Am laying in an apple orchard, and am seriously considering the idea of competing against the world-famous Washington product--except that these apples taste AWFUL and are about the size of crabapples. The natives use the apples to make apple-jack--it tastes something like vinegar but they drink it for water! They also have cognac--at a price, usually all the cigarettes you've got in your pack, or a month's supply of soap.

"This part of France was under German control for about two years, but the only 'improvements' they made were concrete pill-boxes, and boy, they were honeys!! Grand Coulee had nothing on them. Another noticeable thing the Germans did was take all the women away--those left are 'either too young or too old.' The mail service is really 'on the ball' these days--the last letters I got from Portland made it in

7 days by air--some in 6 days. With the service as efficient as that, I think I will go into the apple picking business. I don't know if I can keep up with these women who I hear are working the mail these days. My candle is burning kinda low so had better sign off--candles are hard to get, you know--we blame it on the war! Things are looking good for us these days and I wouldn't be surprised to be home working mail, come Christmas in '45."

Better be careful about ending this war personally. Al Shriner of the Williston WD tells how his outfit nearly became an enmasse casualty after the last Armistice. They moved up front and were just entering the front line on Nov. 11. They claimed the Germans give up when they heard about it. Those already there resented sharing the credit in no uncertain terms.

Still "Somewhere up North", Lt (j.g.) PAUL S. WARBER claims to be very busy. "One thing, at least, my assignment gets me around the District occasionally. In the near future I expect to pay a visit to KURT BEHNKE. I didn't know him back there but judging from your Letter he is from our neck of the woods. Some of the fellows certainly seem to get around a lot. Maybe, after another nine months up here I can get to some other theatre of operation and be able to absorb a little sunshine. At least scuttlebutt has it that the sun still shines in some parts of the world. Up here we have almost forgotten there is such a thing as the sun and hot weather. Believe it or not though, the sun is shining today, so all my yeomen are out airing bedding, so I am all alone in the office for a few hours and am taking advantage of it to knock off a few notes to make up for lost time on the correspondence."

I suppose you've heard of the li'l wabbit that crawled into a we-fwigewater to west, because wight on the fwont it said 'Westinghouse'?

"That 'dead-engineer-at-the-throttle' episode is along the line of inquiry and thought I have had several times when on some of the little one-man runs on the NP in western Washington," write ALDEN N. BICE, Sp C 2/c. "Almost had a chance to fly to Saipan to do some interviewing, but the admiral cancelled the trip. Oh, well, it is just as well. The proper way to catch a polar bear: Cut a hole in the ice and take a can of peas and spread them carefully around the hole and then when the polar bear ambles up to take a pea, just calmly kick the bear in the ice-hole." (McLANE, please note!)

"I am now doing more testing. I sit for hours each day with a set of head-phones on my ears and a mouth piece suspended in front of me and listen to men talk on a sound-powered phone. Egad, man, but some people in the south are sure poorly educated and besides that, they are slow. No wonder the President didn't want to give an advance in wages to RMS employees. He had probably never seen a man with any get-up and go here in the east.

"We had a wind storm here last Thursday. More darn fun than a picnic. It was just like one of usual spring rains we had yearly in western Washington; the only difference being that the wind had a clean sweep before hitting here and it really blew. Actually I fail to see how so much damage could be done by such a small force. In open spaces a long way from any trees there would be lines down and the only thing I could figure was old equipment. I am going to try to fly out west for a leave in October and I'll sure be glad for a change even if it is only for a short time."

"How was the Windy City?" inquires JAMES E. NEARY, Sp (M) 2/c, late of Bremerton. "Hope you abstained from anything of an intoxicating nature while there! Have had a couple of letters from WATSON in Hawaii. ADAMS was still with him. Said he was having a helluva time. Yes, we're due to go any time now."

"HAHN just got back from a week-end in Portland. Says he played a little golf at Rose City. I think I smell a little romance in his life--that's the first time he's gone to Portland on two successive liberties in a long time."

J. C. McKINLEY, Jr., is at Farragut.

The worst has happened! We were hoping none of youse guys would end up an MP--mainly to avoid trouble AFTER you get home. But we'll hope for the best and keep it a secret that Pvt LEO W. BESWICK is what he is. Leo goes on to say "I am now located in San Jose, Calif., as a supply clerk in an MP unit. I like the work fine, but it is the first time that I have worked in the supply end in the army. There is much to learn and I am beginning to grasp it in good shape. I like this Calif climate swell and hope I can remain here as long as I am in the army."

Guarding the coast of Oregon, MIKE BOZIK, S 1/c, is doing okay. "Have received two advancements in the last couple of months. One in the Coast Guard to S 1/c, the other in the RMS from sub to grade 1, and then appointment to St Paul & Miles Cy WD at grade 2. The war is looking very good, so I am anxiously looking forward to going back to work in the RMS. I'm on coastal lookout and radio watch now. Most of our men are being shipped overseas for duty on transports, landing barges, etc., so I expect to be on the move before long."



"Well, NOW do you see why my husband wants a furlough?"

"In my 3½ years in the army I have never met another RPC with whom I could sit down and 'work the mail'," pens Capt. GORDON L. HANSEN. "Am especially glad to hear of where the other boys are and what they are doing. As for myself, I am still keeping the boys supplied with arms and ammunition, teaching them how to use them and how to maintain them. Its a great life--but I'll be more than happy to get back to the Railway Mail Service when the time comes.

"At present I am at Moses Lake but expect to be transferred to Portland A A Base very soon. Will drop you a card when my orders come through."

And from Major EVERETT H. RUNKLE we find one of our predictions came true:

"Your letter containing the ballot for MBA election was received this morning. After noting that the ballot had to be in today I had to forget about sending it in as it would arrive too late. I got along fine in school at Charlottesville until June 19, when I had a heart attack. I was out hiking with the temperature at 102 and the humidity at 92. Thought it was a case of heat exhaustion so after resting a half hour I set out again and hiked 3½ miles further.

"On July 5 I had a second attack which was much harder than the first one so had to come up here to the hospital. They found a very bad sinus condition so I will have an operation on that. Am looking forward to that with pleasure as I feel that I will feel much relieved when that condition is corrected. Have had sinus trouble on and off all my life.

"After the war the RMS will probably lose a lot of their through mail to planes. If you could hear how these air corps men are counting on expanded civil aviation after the war you would think that planes were going to land and take off at nearly every cross roads. However, there is no use to fool ourselves that the planes will not hurt us. We will still get the local stuff but the through stuff will go by plane as far as possible." Everett, if you could see the help needed in an A M F, you wouldn't think the planes will hurt us. Wait'll they get clerks on planes--and if you're doubtful, remember that at one time the Department was against having a mail clerk on trains!

When NEARY was a land-lubber in the 'friendly' city of Spokane, he used to go around quoting a little poem:

"Of all the fishes in the seas

I'd rather be a Bass;

I'd climb upon the seaweed trees

And slide down on my hands and knees"

He is probably getting his heart's desire now; even wishing he was a fish instead of feeding them! "We shove off next week for Fleet PO, Frisco. There we will await assignment to the south Pacific. If you ever get to Tokyo look me up and we'll have that beer." Bon voyage, Jim.

Pfc JOHN F. ROWLAND is still a sour-dough. "I have never met a lot of the fellows, but it is sure nice to hear about the ones I do know. When DODGE was on the Seward & Unalaska I kept pretty current on his poetry, and I see he still has the knack of putting the words into verse. Before I was sent here to my present assignment I used to see John Sundberg on the Fairbanks & Seward quite regularly and can say that he is getting to be a real Alaskan. Sure miss my old Chief Clerk, Earl March, also the Ass't, PAUL WARBER. Receive a letter from Paul once in awhile in which he says the Islands aren't too bad. Having spent about 25 years in Spokane I agree with what the other fellows say about there being worse places. I, for one, will take sunny Spokane. That isn't saying much for Alaska coming from one who has Alaska rights but maybe it is just because I have been up here almost four years without once getting outside. Have hopes of getting a furlough this fall and would like to look you up."

We haven't heard from 1st Lt ADRIAN L. McLONEY for quite a spell but suspect he is spending his time looking across the crick at the Emerald Isle. However, his better half sent us a picture of Al sitting atop a boat-load of mail piled on a wee coop and trailer. Not only was it noticeable that he has been eating well, but an addition of note appears on his upper lip.

"This will give you an idea of my present whereabouts, but I will, or should be, back in the States before long," writes ROY G. WATSON, MAM l/c from a Naval Hospital. "WILL ADAMS dropped in to see me. You know he is due to be transferred a long way from here and will no doubt be on his way soon. I was scheduled to go to Guam and was really looking forward to it, but I developed a little trouble and that was that. I'm anxious to get hom, now that I know I am going. Had a letter from E. EVERETT H. CLIN and he likes it where his outfit is located. I was looking forward to having a nice visit with him but that will have to wait 'till after the war."

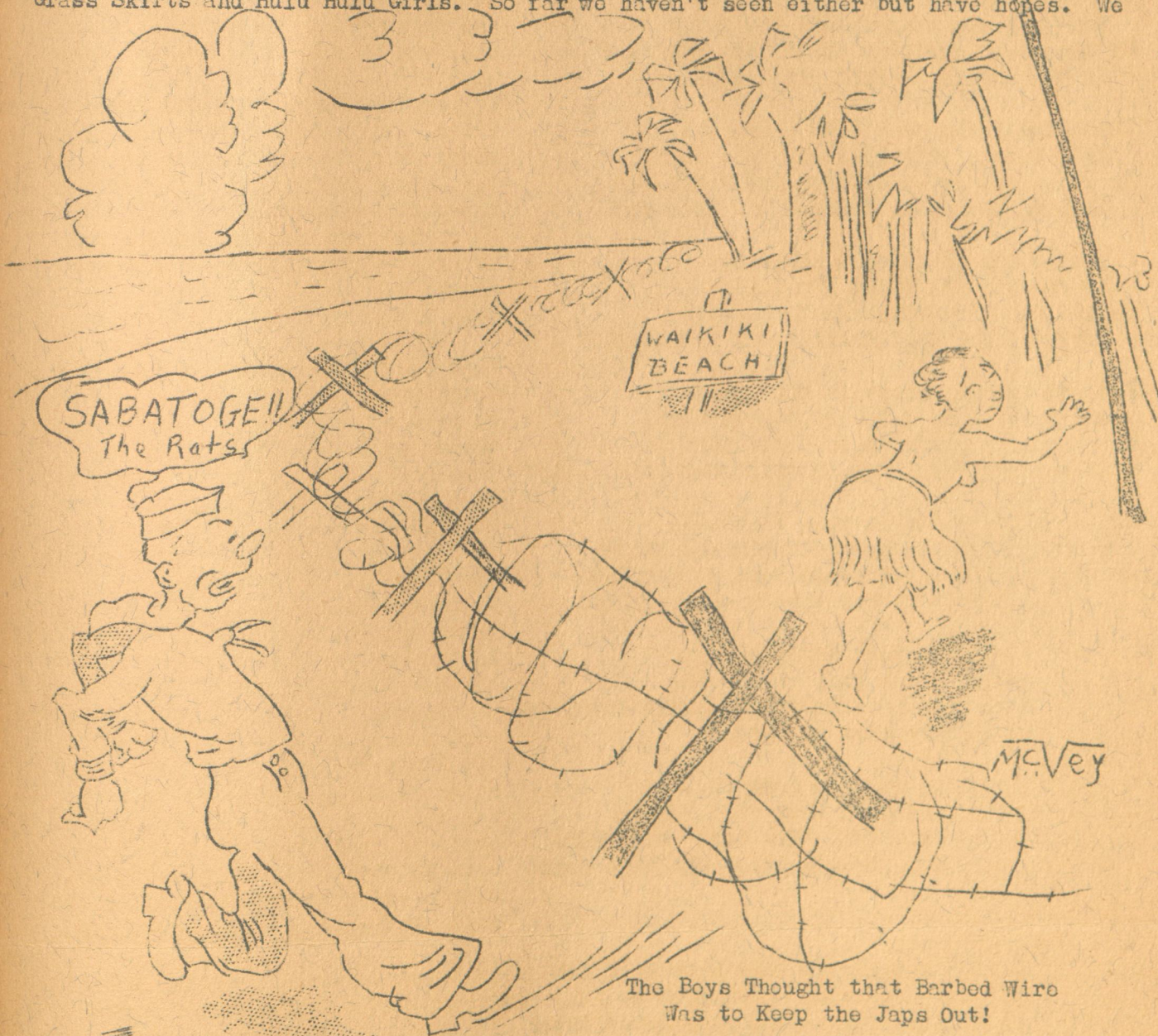
On a form 'furnished' by the Third Riecht, 1st Lt JOHN B. CORSON reports that he met JOHN RAY in England and has moved over to France. "I am still moving eastward so may get some place eventually. Drove a 2½ ton truck into Poree after a long crossing of the channel, sleeping on a freighter's deck. Landed on a beach in Normandy, saw St Lo, St Gilles, Villedieu, Versailles and other interesting places; some damaged and with a scattering of burned out German tanks and other vehicles along the roads. Have tried what champagne the Germans left, and the cognac and calvados, and parlayed some French, all to maintain the reputation of the RMS, of course. Now live in a chateau, work in a former German garage used as a PO and mess in stables used by Napoleon's guards. Am in charge of dispatch of mails for the Base PO, also transportation officer, so do keep busy, even in this ever changing world here trying to keep the mail moving. This paper was left by the Germans when they abandoned their fully equipped PO here and we put all their stuff to good use."

"I received a note from JOE FLORY last week, says you asked about me. Yes, I'm still here although I don't know for how long. We are being threatened with sea duty again. I can't remember how many times this has happened. All men with two years shore duty are supposed to go by Jan. 1. Our rates have been changed to 'Mailman' (MAM), a general service rate. This means that we can be sent aboard ship instead of foreign shore stations as the Sp (M) rates were limited," GLEN W. PETERSON, MAM 2/c, informs us from Pasco N.A.S. He continues:

"Men over 42 may now apply for discharge which may be granted at the convenience or the discretion of the navy. None of our PO men are eligible until next February and we should be gone by then. What do you hear from the rest of the RPCs in the Navy? There must be quite a few who can get out." (Rumor hath it that COCHRAN and VERT are considering a discharge after Christmas--Ex) "I am enclosing a copy of a 'Sympathy Chit' as printed in a recent Bureau of Personnel magazine. LARRY PARKS from Portland has been transferred." Thanks for the 'Chit', Pasco Pete; I am now entitled to 100 words of sympathy when in trouble!

Some guys just like to be helpful and cheery; the type that go on a vacation and send back glowing accounts of a big time and wish you were there, etc. Such a lug is WILBERT DAMS, Sp (M) 2/c. He's the type that if invited to a bride's shower would come running with a cake of soap. We present herewith a play-by-play report--and not knowing him too well, will leave it to you just what game he'd play on a south sea isle:

"August 27: Just a line to say 'Hello' and let you know that I have left the fair city of San Francisco. ROY WATSON is with me and now we are in the land of the Grass Skirts and Hulu Hulu Girls. So far we haven't seen either but have hopes. We



The Boys Thought that Barbed Wire Was to Keep the Japs Out!

may stay here for awhile or may go on. Don't know yet but anyhow should see a little of the world. The country here is swell and very nice weather. Hope we get a chance to look it over."

"Aug. 29: Just another line as we've moved from the last place. We have a pretty good setup here but don't know how long it will last. Anyway, we should see a little of the world before we get back. Too bad you aren't out here as I think you'd like it. Even I think it's OK and that's something."

"Sept. 4 (Post card): You should be with us. We are having quite a time at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and Waikiki Beach. How about coming down for a visit?"

"Sept. 21: Gosh, letters coming thick and fast and do I like it? Yeah man! WATSON was here until yesterday but now has a new address. Saw LASHBAUGH and ROBERTS last night. We all had a little reunion."

"Sept. 25: Just a few lines to let you know I'm moving again. I'm in the re-

ceiving barracks now and we'll be shipping out soon. Looks like I have a long boat trip ahead of me. Might even get in a little hunting. Got myself a new hunting knife the other day. Might get a chance to use it now. If so, I'll bring you back a scalp for a trophy."

THOMAS W. FUNNELL, MAM 2/c, is "Still in San Francisco, for how long I don't know, but probably will be now until after Christmas. Was up in Portland in July and of course had to run up to the office and see who was there that I knew. I was surprised to find Hubbard and Hicks had changed places but found some familiar faces at the terminal. I want to get back on the Port & San Fran ND just as soon as possible. My rate is MAM 2/c effective Nov. 1."

As the balmy weather continues through November in sunny Spokane, our thoughts go north to McLANE and present herewith the "KEE BIRD" which we received from him not long ago:

You have heard the wail of the siren
As an ambulance sped down the street,
And mayhaps you've heard the lion's deep roar
Down in Africa's grim desert heat.

Or the piercing cry of the tiger
At night as he stalks his prey,
Or the locomotive's high shrill whistle
As it sped through the night on its way.

But these sounds sink to a whisper
You've heard naught till I've told
Of the blood curdling cry of the Kee Bird
In the Arctic's cruel, frigid cold.

This bird looks just like a buzzard,
It's large, it's hideous, it's bold;
In the night as it circles the North Pole
Crying, Kee, Kee, Keerist but it's cold!

For this cry is so awe-inspiring
It freezes the blood I'm told;
As the Kee Bird flies in the Arctic
Crying "Kee, Kee, Keerist but it's cold!"

For odd things happen in the Arctic
And many weird tales they have told,
But their voices drop to a whisper
At the cry "Kee, Kee, Keerist but it's cold!"

And many brave men on this base site
Strong and bold, from a Northwest State,
Are taking the first train back to Homeland
To forget this fierce bird's song of hate.

So back to the States they are going
To sleep in a real bed, as of old;
To slip their strong arms 'round their loved one
Her fair slender form to enfold.

Then off to sleep in warm comfort
And wifey's soft hand they will hold;
To wake, terrorized by a 'Kee Bird' nightmare
And the cry, Kee, Kee, Keerist but it's cold!

getting their money.

"I've been sitting on this same rock for about 8 months and am getting a little 'rock happy' but otherwise am in good health. Exercise takes the place of women and take it from me its a damn poor substitute. Hawaii with its 'hard to get' women was quite a change from Laguna Beach, Calif., but to put me on an island with no women at all was carrying things too far. I'm working in Operations now and stand a Command Post watch. The duty officer has tactical command of all aircraft on the island but if anything out of the ordinary takes place the Command Post fills up with the gold braid that does the thinking from then on--oh, I wish I were a civilian again! Say hello to everyone for me and that I would like to hear from them very much."

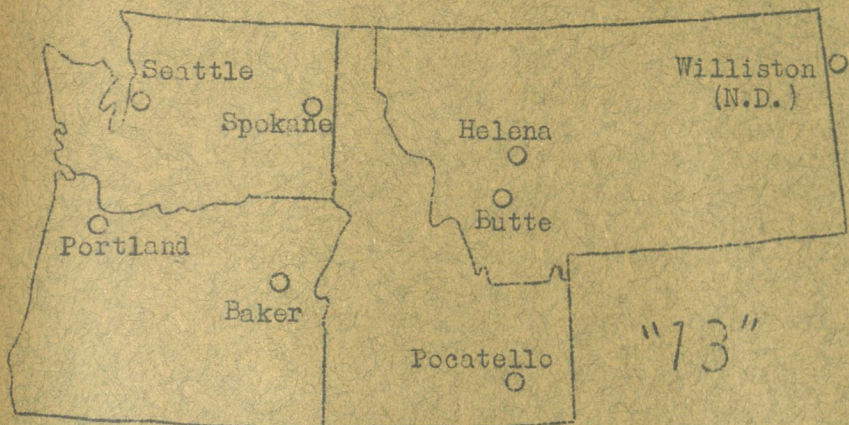
Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.

GEORGE V. KILLEEN, RM 1/c, says that "Since returning from Alaska I have been assigned to an emergency radio truck unit designed for disaster relief and we attempt to facilitate the search and rescue of aircraft in distress, and consequently when we start somewhere we don't let any grass grow under our feet. On one such a trip recently from Aberdeen to Portland we aroused the curiosity of one of the W.S.P. and he wanted to know what the rush was, but we didn't waste much time with him. However we have very close cooperation from the civil authorities. This will explain what you heard about the brush with the police, but I think I am being ruined for civilian driving. I'll just be a pushover for the speed cops after driving this ten-ton juggernaut up to eighty miles per hour with immunity."

The story as it came to us was that the highway patrol tried to catch George near Chehalis, but had to give up the chase. They phoned ahead and had the road blocked at Vancouver. After finding out who it was they pleaded with him to be careful and sent him on his way.

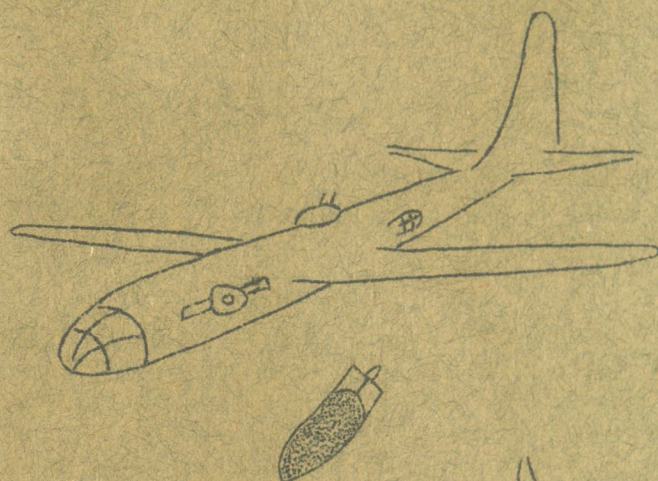
1st Lt MALLOY SENSNEY is having his troubles in this man's war. "I wrote you a long letter about a month ago but the plane that the letter for you was on ran into a little trouble and all the mail was jettisoned. (I know what that last word means, too!) It was right after pay day and there were thousands of money orders aboard. I was the poor guy chosen to tell everyone that they would have to wait 90 days before filing their claims and that they would have to wait another 6 or 8 months before

Glenn E. Brown,



NINTH NOEL

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
December 10, 1944.



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, GUYS"

 * YEAR-'ROUND GREETINGS FROM US TO YOU *
 * Not being sure the reception this letter would receive, it was *
 * started with crossed fingers in October, 1943. Gradually news con- *
 * tributors were enlisted throughout the Division and McVey added zip *
 * and life with his timely drawings. *
 * With so many moving overseas the Letter was not being received *
 * promptly enough, so last September air mail was used for overseas *
 * copies. Although very successful it was a financial responsibility *
 * for one person. The Branches of this Division stepped in to assist *
 * and insures you of a better Letter promptly delivered. *
 * It is more important than ever, therefore, that you keep me in- *
 * formed of your address changes, not only to receive the Letter more *
 * promptly, but to save forwarding by your old units. *
 * From your fellow workers at home, your Branch, McVey and myself, *
 * we wish you a Merry Yuletide and a successful homecoming in 1945! *
 * *****

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

We welcome back home: CHESTER VERT, C Sp (M), Will & Seattle WD; HAROLD J. ROBERTS, Sp (M) 1/c, Green R & Port WD and HOWARD A. SNODGRASS, A/C, Terminal. May this list grow and grow and grow!

Seattle

Dave Lewis off account arthritis. 12 Seattle & Port helpers have been asked if they would accept grade 6, which means a Portland headout.

Maj. George Nelson still in Marine Hospital from a broken leg and shoulder received when thrown from a horse. He had better stay on the ground in the infantry!

Brooks assigned to the Seattle AMF temporarily account of ill health. Brother Miranti on NP 4 and GN 27. Less time with the bambinos but daylight run. Harry Wills sat a rather long parcel in the corner of the car at Woodland and was about to go about other business when it proceeded to go off and blow a two foot hole in the mail car roof. Another 'unloaded' shotgun. Wonder if he had a duck stamp with him?

Al Schrette's boy, Dick, joined the navy and is in the south training. Fred Wightman's son, Bob, is in the infantry. (We regret to add that Bob was killed in an army transport crash in Wyoming in November while on his way home on leave. He called from Casper less than an hour before the crash to tell his folks he had been delayed by weather conditions.)

Mrs. Harry Clark and Mrs. Laurette Haines assigned to AMF. Mrs. Clark had a year and a half distributing Washington in Seattle Term Annex and Mrs. Haines worked in Denver, Colorado AMF.

Alden Bice went through Seattle recently enroute to Lynden to visit a new daughter he had never seen. Such is the life of a service man. We only hope she is as pretty as her mother, daughter of a R R operator at Beverly. Only about 12 years old when I knew her but probably Bice was arguing with his mother about having to wear short pants then, too, so its o.k. --Billy Mills, Will & Seat WD.

AMF, Seattle has again been organized on a 24 hour basis, Stebbins promoted to grade 6 C-in-C and three more men added. Hector Simpkins had his second hernia operation; will miss the Christmas rush. Dave Lewis will retire January 1. Ass't Supt G. A. Olsson is off and will retire as soon as accumulated sick and annual leave is used up. -- 'Ted' Drummond.

Portland

The GI Xmas having become history, as of October, we are now preparing for the rush of domestic Christmas mails.

This year the letter Terminal will be in the Federal Courts building, and as most of the help will be women, the C-in-C has called for the support of Bill Balinger and Louise Behrens.

Harold Roberts, formerly of the FPO, has reinstated in the Green R & Port WD, naming Dick Gray to be surplused for the month of November, returning to regular status December 1 when Lloyd Read retires. George Cole recently made a trip to Iowa to visit his father who was ill. Arthur Stimpson is seriously ill at his home.

Fred Gruver will supervise the loading of storage cars over the Green River this year. Mel Kathan is printing all new headers for Xmas Terminal cases. Glenn Day and Harold Byram will be the Chutists on California P P with Karl Holm taking over the graveyard. Bill Love expects to be taking a course in K. P.

Not much doing among the clerks in the way of golf, although Hubbard is still looking for the day he can lay up some money playing that Scotchman, McAllister.

D. Merit asks: "When you fellows speak of a buddie as 'Wacky', do you mean he is dizzy over a WAC?"

--Frank E. Scoville

With the return of Roberts, golf will become a more frequent topic of conversation. John Kernan, Port & San Fran, suffered a heart ailment some time ago and is still on the recuperating list for an indefinite period, even though he is improving.

Thor Hyslin seems to have concluded that he liked California weather better than Oregon; clerk Snell, who has been in California for some time, seems to have decided that Oregon was better. A mutual transfer gave them both what they seem to be wanting.

Lloyd Read retired on account of disability and will now put in the time on his ranch. Eugene & Powers has been made class B, after a long, hard pull. This will make one additional grade 6 clerk for the line.

--Lew W. Oren

Butte - Helena

Hammell, Ass't CC is now acting Chief Clerk and Thompson, Miles Cy & Seat ED is detailed as the Assistant. The Christmas schedules are due out this week and



by splitting up a crew it looks like we will be able to get one extra man on Trs 1 and 4 and two extra on Trs 2 and 3. Then, if some one will just get sick, that crew will have to go out a man short. That way the office gets a break: They don't have to find another man to go out--there just ain't any!

ATTENTION:

JACK RAY -- Can't you get that war over with so you can stop by this neck of the woods? The sheep business has gone clear to hell since you left. If you stop by, we might be able to get started again. Cope and Gervaglia are still in A-1 shape.

Rip JOHNSTON -- Got a wire from Ray the other day. He arrived in Frisco for a couple of days leave before sailing for Australia. He thinks it will be a long time before he gets back again. I presume he still is flying transports, but your guess is as good as mine.

VERCELLA -- Don't the mud ever freeze in France? Guess this Christmas that Durst and I will have the Sunnybrook while you have champagne. Yes, we are up to our donkey in mail, but I hope you're

"THERE'S ONE IN EVERY CREW"

When you're going in stuck it is always McSlob who hogs the wash basin.

not that deep in snow. If you wrote and asked me for some soap, I might send you some; not particular whether you use it 'for it' or 'on it'.

ROY DALE -- I have heard that the streets of Frisco are much steeper than they are in Helena and that they have more ice. I think that must be true, since you broke your arm. Mine has been broke too all summer and fall. Couldn't even get two, t'ree deer. Yet, Hunter did o.k., and Yates passed up a cow elk that was only about 2 miles from the Blackfoot and open season.

CHARLIE GREENFIELD -- I don't get wind from your direction very often, but I did just last trip. Sorry to hear you were laid up for awhile, but I hope you are back on top of the world by now.

GEORGE SNELL -- When time decides to change things, it sometimes gets into an awful hurry. Since you left, there are all new faces in the office, with the exception, of course, of Christie.

To all the boys from District One -- A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year. And we sincerely hope you will all be back again by next Christmas.

--L. G. Pence

From John Yanchisin we learn that a collection was made among the Montana clerks and from it a two-pound fruit cake was sent to the 17 members in the armed forces, the balance being sent to them in a money-order.

From over Billings way, Carl Alstad adds: Grimm of the Milwaukee is now re-

tired; Quarles from the AMF going there and Goller to the AMF. Joe Sampson on the Miles City ED is also through, so guess that with no new subs coming in there will be no time to be had off for some time to come.

Verne B. Hammell has been appointed Chief Clerk, Helena, effective Dec. 1.

Spokane

Spokane Terminal, Tour 2

The GI Christmas rush ended in October but the civilian yule-tide season is ready to hit us--in fact it already has. We plan to move the circ cases and the portable letter cases upstairs in a day or two. In case some of you may not be familiar with the far-flung activities of the Spokane Wash Term at Christmas time, we want to explain that we operate an annex on the second story, where most of the ladies work and another one over at the Union Station where the boys work Oregon. Just a few days now and we will all be working twelve hours a day and seven days a week. Worthy will be the daytime transfer clerk and Charley Wise will be his assistant. We are having a re-organization on the eve of the rush. There are not many changes, but Watson is going over on tour 3 to work the pouch rack and Mike Comin is coming on days. Bill Lesley recently got discharged from the army and is fixing to case Wash and become a sub.

Speaking of post-war plans, we understand that General Mark Clark, Commander of the Fifth Army in Italy, wants to move to Camano Island in Puget Sound and spend the rest of his life fishing. We didn't know where Camano Island was until we consulted our map. It is the second largest island in Island County and contains a discontinued office called Mabana, which is good to the Blaine, and a couple of more discontinued ones called Camano and (believe it or not) Utsaladdy. Any of you old-timers remember that one?

Dick Fuqua recently transferred to the Blaine and plans to spend considerable time in the future cruising the waters of the sound; also fishing.

--William 'Pat' Malone

Harold Munro to Seattle AMF, permitting Harry Boyer, excess, to return to the Spok & Lew.; McClelland getting grade 6. Gus J. Anthony appointed to Williston ED vice Pepple to Williston MD. Crewdson to Term vice Fuqua to Blaine & Seat vice Engen to Seattle AMF. Mitchke, Williston MD and Pattie, Miles City MD, mutual transfer.

Barnard, Williston ED, had his physical and is awaiting the pleasure of his draft board. We hear rumors that the local boards are breathing down the necks of Abbott and Malone.

Williston MD Tr 2 collided with a freight car two miles west of Shelby in November. A westbound freight derailed throwing a box car across the eastbound track directly ahead of Tr 2. The crew was badly shaken up and Ernie Nelsen was off several trips. To make the fellows feel better, they were later informed that the third car from the one they hit was loaded with T N T!

SKELETON ^{from} the CLOSET

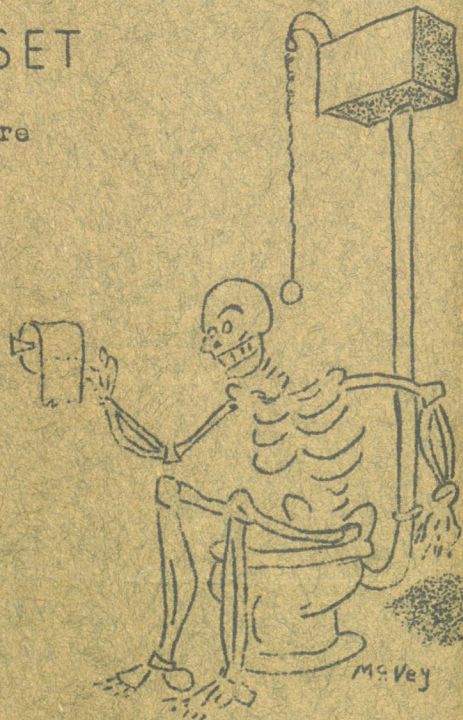
Tripe & Trivia from Here and There

According to Congressional investigations, news reports and from personal experience, there seems to be a shortage of cigarettes at home and abroad. A drive to recruit women pipe smokers is booming--co-eds are hitting the press, pipe a-foggin'. Bull Durham is King. The co-eds say men don't know how to keep a pipe--there is no need to have a smelly, dirty pipe--it can be kept pure and smell like a rose. A rose and my pipe -----

To help in this crisis I decided to cut out fags, especially after a forenoon in town without getting within inhaling distance of a cig. I had a few, but not to be wasteful, decided to use them up. By utmost will-power, still had one for after lunch. By violent counter attacks on the pipe and going to bed early, the balance of that day went into history.

The next day was faced bravely enough. I arose early (about 9) had breakfast (about 11) and still was not gasping or in pain--much to my astonishment. However, as the afternoon wore on, furtive thoughts kept plaguing me. On each package of cigarettes is a large federal tax, not to mention the 2¢ state tax. This money is urgently needed to finance the war and help the state pay old age pensions. Each time the thought crept back to my mind, the spectre grew to larger proportions. What if the war must cease because of my selfishness when Victory is in sight? You guys wouldn't get back to help work this mail. There wouldn't be any mail! The state would cease pensions and many starving, aged people would be laid upon my door step.

Finally, in utter desperation, I almost ran the two blocks to the store. Fate was kind to humanity that evening--there were a couple of packs still on hand. With



no thought of expense and, I'll admit, almost greedily, I ordered a pack. The country was saved, you guys will be back to help work mail, the old people will eat--I felt like a benefactor of mankind.

P. S.--Boy, that fag tasted good on the way home!!

Charlie Roberts sent in an item which should really be under this department. He wants to know how they're going to run the Pocy holiday Term without ROSKELLY of McKINLEY this year. Charlie is no doubt thinking of the Wash residue pouch ROSKELLY hid under the table last year--one way of 'putting mail away'.

Charlie added a couple more items: We have a recently discharged soldier war-subbing here who, on being informed that U S Marines rode the mail cars as guards following the last war, remarked: "Hell, I'd rather take chances on the hold-up men and get a little peach and quiet." He is the guy who threw most of the letter packages labeled Green R & Port MD into the pouch labeled Green R & Port MD. It was an easy trip on Tr. 26, but hell on the Tr. 25 go-back!

A second clerk on Tr. 25 closed out his reg pouch for Seattle sooner than the C in C thought he should. The C in C asked, "What will you do if you get another reg for Seattle?" Second clerk replied, "I'll give it to the WD with a note of instructions so they will know what to do with it."

You can take my word for it that about this time o' year the wind across the sagebrush of southern Idaho puts up a howl that would scare the Aurora Borealis out of a flock of Kee Birds. Frost gathers, layer upon layer, around the head-end door, dispelling any desires to leave the letter case for a 'five'. However, one fellow could not longer dispell his desire so tried lighting some paper, thereby hoping to at least have the seat pre-heated. Even the flame froze and lapsed into a smoulder--until he sat down. The pre-heat was a failure but the post-heat was a howling success. He's known as 'Baldy' from Green River to Portland, now.

Bill Hardy wants to know if Pasco Pete PETERSON remembers that Christmas day on Tr. 561 with a carful of pouches and the space dropped to 32? Or if HAROLD ROBERTS can recall that tight golf match at Broadmoor in Portland with LEE LEWIS?

Lester Johnson, Williston, emptied his gun into a flock of pheasants this fall. While picking up one apparently too scared to fly, others started rising all around him. All he could do was click, click his empty gun at 'em.

A more successful hunt was staged in Tr. 27s mail car at Chester while waiting for a freight wreck to be cleared. A mouse was dashing from rack to rack followed by Pepple with a paper, Barnard with a box-rake and Peebles waving his .38. Finally one of them went up town and bought a mouse-trap, baited it with a hunk of baloney and sat down to wait. The mouse came out, sat down and enjoyed the baloney. The three were almost at wits end before the trap finally sprung.

Legend of the times: A 19-year old boy from Kentucky arrived in Seattle, but didn't know where he was to go, although he had the address written on a piece of paper--he couldn't read. Just recently a sub-carrier in Seattle called up to say he couldn't report for work, as it was so stormy his mother would not let him leave the house.

A neighbor's dog had some fun with Al Schrette's hens the other day--pulling most of their feathers off. Al has been busy for weeks knitting sweaters so that the egg production will not fall below normal.

Someone called into the car door at Wenatchee that a dog had jumped out of the car. The baggagoman had went after a cup of coffee and could not be raised. The dog was sniffing here, stopping there and finally disappeared in the dark. Just as the train was ready to leave the dog returned and was boosted into his crate. I still wonder what the story would have been had we been able to find a mongrel--as we tried to do!?

Cops are where you don't want 'em, always. A young lad in Seattle had an unwelcome guest in his car and to summon help drove wrecklessly by the West Seattle



police station, horn a-blowing. The cops hardly looked up from their poker game. On the second round the men of law and order decided someone was having fun with them, which is not part of the book. They met the car on the third round, much to the relief of the boy.

More fortunate, purely because of kindness to a new sub, was Buck Weaver, stopped for speeding 32 per. His drivers license faced his RMS commission in his bill fold. The traffic patrolman walked to the rear of the car to fill out the ticket. He returned in a minute to ask "Are you a mail clerk?" It was ex-sub Zotman. After a lengthy chat on the service and mutual friends, Buck drove off a whole-hearted believer that making friends pays dividends.

Does SECRIST remember that trip on the Alaskan boat when he and Petrie had dinner with the Mayor of Valdez? The Mayor's spirit of hospitality was warming, so much so that they did not feel they should impose upon the steward with dirty dishes--the porthole was much more accessible!

A few years ago Tr. 27 was held at Index because of a washout. While Hedden and Bill Mitchell were out scouting for breakfast the train pulled out. How they expected to catch 27 even they cannot answer, but they hit the highway and walked nine miles to Goldbar. From there they rode a work train into Snohomish and the old Bellingham & Seat on home, arriving just 30 minutes behind 27.

We thought that such runs had long ago become history but the following recently appeared in a book order: "Clerks in Grange & Lewiston report the loss of a pneumatic cushion. May have been mixed with empty equipment." Clerks with less than 35 years service need not make application for transfer.

Has RAGSDALE given up the idea of buying an island in Puget Sound, naming it 'Ragsdalia' and become Orville I? Or has he changed the location to the south seas?

Smoky Stover is a seaman in his own right. He has a sailboat--galley, bunks and all. It is called the Mayflower because so many Puritans come across in it. While on a cruise of the Sound he dropped anchor off an island and went ashore. When he returned the boat was high and dry. The next hour was spent in righting the craft and propping it up. Then nothing to do but wait for high tide. He has pictures to prove it, too. Hereafter, more attention will be paid to soundings and tide schedules.

He never found out the details, but a GN WD clerk sent an NP MD clerk an alphabetical list so he could properly make up a No. 3 separation of newspapers.

Guy Osman had some tough luck. His overcoat walked out of a Butte restaurant. A few trips later he lost his purse, but it was returned by a PM instead of being nixed.

Not as bad as Stanton losing one of his shoes out the door as Tr. 312 pulled into Spangle. It was rescued by the brakeman. Wonder if Joe told him a story as a reward?

It was certainly not his fault, but after Tr. 6 left Soap Lake the clerk found a box of flowers which should have been put off. The messenger at Stratford, the next stop, promised to get them back. Then the trouble really started--each trip through Stratford the messenger presented another bill, telephone and what-not, the last being 75¢ for gas for delivering the flowers to Soap Lake.

Barnard's expenses have gone up--he has to pay postage to write home to his folks. His mother was postmistress at Beaverton, now discontinued. When attending local Barney never worried about brownies for missing Beaverton--but memories of a well-applied hair brush kept the exchanges at that point 100%.

A clerk met an old friend in a local tearoom. The sheep herder extended such a warm greeting that the clerk came out second best with a broken bone in his hand.

AWARD FOR MERITORIOUS SERVICE

Everything in the book is recommended for John Young, Spokane & Portland.

About two months ago John remarked he could be blindfolded a half hour before reaching Boardman and make the catch unassisted. He was immediately called and he began practicing. Of course, many years on a night run, two of which even the windows were blacked out, were in his favor.

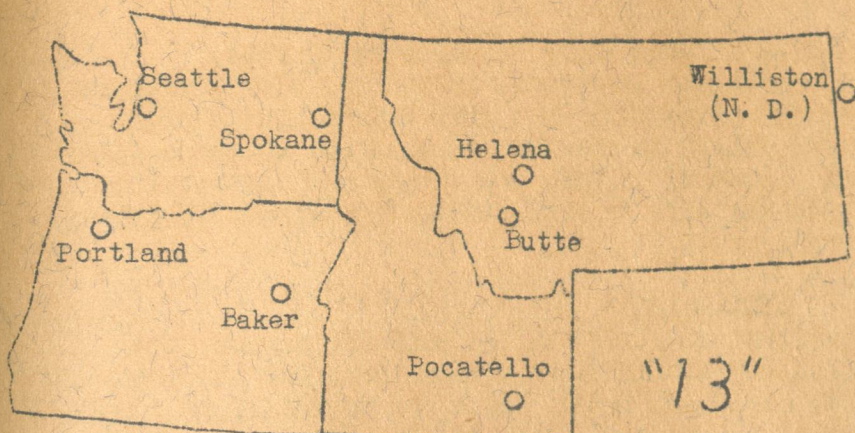
A week ago he said he was ready. He was blindfolded 20 minutes out of Boardman. As the train drew closer to the crane finger nails gave out and the crew were chewing on locks. They were just ready to push John away from--or out of--the door, depending upon line seniority of the pusher, when he raised the arm--with just 15 seconds to spare. The net return to John has not yet been announced.

On the first day of the fourth year since Japan rocked the peaceful Pacific into war, the Pacific put on a celebration of its own. All reports indicate one of the worst quakes in years, centering near Japan. Japan admits only a ripple of a tidal wave. Maybe even a quake is not noticed after a B-29 raid!

And there will be many a clerk that would not be bothered by a B-29 raid after the avalanche which starts next week. So we'll put this Letter away for this year, a Cheerio to youse guys and hope we've been a good guy ourselves when Santa comes.

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,



TENTH TWADDLE

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
February 17, 1945.

Time got away again for an end-run of an extra month of this Letter. Christmas was put away for another year, finally, with the usual amount of effort, but without that last minute splurge of former years. At last people are learning to mail early; no doubt thanks to the Yanks. It was just one big, grand spree from September 15 to December 25. And, from reports drifting back, you of the postal units had no vacation, either.

It is bad enough to work mail once, but to work it to units, then follow it across and work it again for final delivery is taking a very personal interest in getting it home. Several of the fellows had that experience.

FEATURE A few of the old timers have recently returned to the fold, but it was very noticeable that a few things about the RMS has been forgotten. Many of you were not in the RMS long enough before enlisting to learn all the tricks of the trade. Beginning in this issue is a series of lessons on the Railway Mail Service that, if diligently studied, will bring you back ready to fall into stride as though you had been here all the time.

Prof. Charles M. Roberts, Green River & Port MD has compiled the lessons, graded gradually for ready absorption. Should you be unable to read (as what mail clerk can?), the lessons have been ably illustrated by Prof. Wayne W. McVey, Seat & Port. To equally divide the honors for this series, please send suggestions and compliments to Box 1313; any sarcastic criticism or unanswerable questions direct to the Professors, addresses furnished upon request.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

One thing that thrives in the RMS is rumor. If things begin to get dull, it takes but a note in the go-back or a "I wonder if --" to get things rolling.

One in the "wait-until-the-war-is-over" class is the future of the RMS versus the air mail. Right now air mail is enjoying the greatest popularity of its history. With the return of thousands of pilots and large aircraft factories looking for an outlet for thier product, transportation by air will boom.

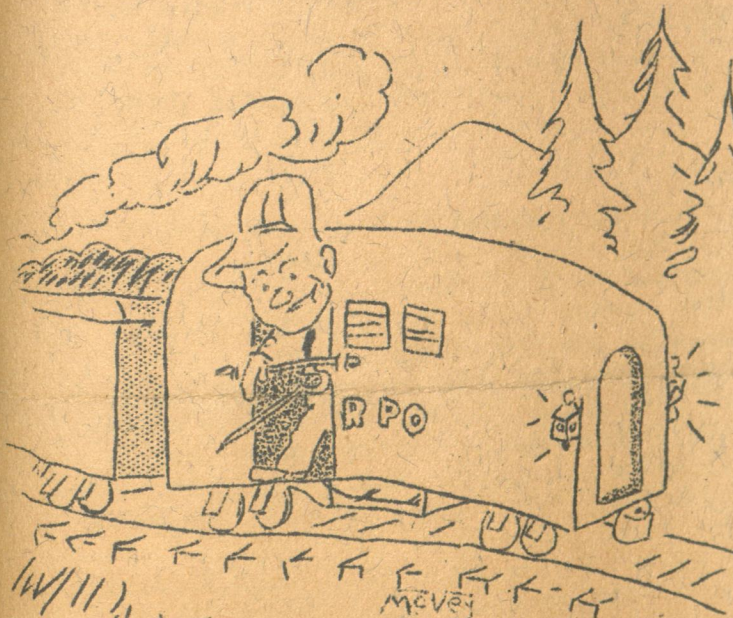
However, there is still one thing the air route operators cannot control--the weather. Right in the midst of heavy Christmas mail, the planes invariably decide to stay grounded. It is then the average RPC realizes the volume of mail carried

- * by air, the need of a reorganization
- * of the entire air mail arm of the
- * postal service and doubt as to it
- * becoming a rival of the rails.

PRIMER FOR RETURNING R P C s

This is a car. It is an RPO car. An RPO car is different from a box, flat, hawg, coal or gondola car. The bums riding in a box car receive no pay for late running. The RPO car has wheels. There is a popular misconception that wheels are round like in beer bar'l bung-holes. RPO car wheels are flat, oblong, egg-shaped, wobbly and askew--yes, askew, but then, who doesn't?

* We have it from one of our men
* in the air corps that we should not
* fear air service after the war. His
* reasons may be military secrets or



a knowledge of the one weakness of any air service--dependability.

We can expect, though, a demand from the operators for revenue and the public for service to fly mail at least for long distances. One argument against that will be giving air service to one group and slower train service to another, without additional postage for air service. For a time, at least, additional postage for

air service will be required, leaving a large share transported by rail.

If transports are available and volume increases, demand for clerks will be next. Present day runs of 300 to 400 miles will be a mere trifle, but a clerk could accomplish much on a ten hour flight to advance the mail and decrease delay to planes at AMFs, now a problem. Pouching to AMFs and cities and distributing mixed state packages, leaving it to the AMFs to work the State packages to cities and connections, is feasible and practical.

STREAMLINERS

To offset the definite competition of planes in the post-war period, the railroad companies are already planning ultra-modern streamliners for the decades of terra firma. The GN and NP have several ordered, and a few on trial, of a new type diesel-electric motor. Diesel engines run generators that turn the motors. An engine is composed of several units: Two main units 36' long each that has the engineer and controls way up on top, front. These are back-to-back so they can be operated either direction without turning. In between can be added any number of 36' units containing power machinery only.

During December a 3-unit motor pulled Tr. 27 over the Cascades, 16 cars and made up time. When properly handled they pull a train very nicely. We recommend curveless tracks for proper operation, however.

Present GN plans are for a streamliner to leave Seattle about 3 p.m., cutting about 10 hours off the present rail time to Chicago. Personal hopes are that this time be made up somewhere EAST of here. For two years a large crew has rebuilt much of the track across the Rockies to eliminate the sharper curves, in anticipation of this fast service.

Of special interest is a new innovation on the present type of locomotive--steam cylinders replaced by turbines. The engine presents a peculiar outline--no large cylinders covering the pony-trucks nor the large drive arm connecting the piston and drive wheels. Just the bar connecting the drivers is left. The turbines are under the boiler, between the wheels. Additional speed, power and economy of operation over the old type.

We can hardly imagine riding behind a steam engine and not have a roaring exhaust to listen to for rhythm.

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

A recent astronomical phenomina was a crescent moon with the evening star seemingly resting at the upper point. Being of rare occurrence, it was a beautiful sight to behold and caused much speculation as to the omen it might have represented. The only omen I could figure was that it indicated the evening was neither cloudy nor foggy--itself a rather rare occurrence this winter.

A Spokaneite parked his car beside the house during the evening. After dinner he went out to put it in the garage. The ensuing racket resembled nothing earthly. Investigating he found an alley cat had crawled under the hood to sleep by the warm motor and its tail had caught in the fan belt. The cat did not survive.

New subs are offered appointment for the duration only. This does not tend to bring in the best material available and some are pretty independent. One such is in Pocatello: He seems never to be on hand when due out. He missed one run on the MD and two on the ED. When the office calls him, his wife reports that he is in a taxi on his way, but he never gets there and he doesn't bother to report that he didn't make it. At last report, the office is still trying to contact him. Another war time sub finished his career in the mail service by getting off at American Falls and coming on into Pocatello by bus. When asked why he did this, he merely stated that he had had enough.

SEATTLE

The recent reorganization on the Seattle & Port caused by the retirement of Dave Lewis resulted in quite a few changes. Henry Lund, CinC vice Lewis, going to Trs. 459-460, Portland headout; Spencer Campbell to Trs. 458-457, with Seattle headout again; Chas Skinner also to Trs. 485-457. Dawes taking the CinC run on the night run and Morris being regularly assigned to the line again.

Gunter, Dawes, George Nelson and Simpkins are still off on account of disabilities. Wallie Nelson was taken ill on Dec. 28th and may be off for quite a spell.

Rumor has it that the AMF is to have five more regular clerks and by the amount of mail coming in there regularly it looks necessary. Still plenty there to interest road clerks who "just happen to be driving by". Larry Crabtree got under the mistletoe Christmas and was thrown for a loss, so we hear.

Ass't Supt Gus Olsson retired Nov. 30 after 42 years service. Ralph Alexander at present in charge of the FPO, Seattle, has been appointed vice Olsson, Clarence Pew Acting while Alexander is in the Navy. Claude Williamson promoted to head of the Record Section.

The prize for the biggest bonner of the year 1944 should go to the Transfer clerk who mispiled some 78 working pouches for Seattle and Tacoma cities so that they missed connection at Spokane.

--William A. Mills

Bruce A. Rowell, passed away January 4. Many of you knew him as clerk-in-charge at the Terminal RPO and Treasurer of the Railway Mail Credit Union.

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

We welcome back: Merle Sechrist, C Sp MaM, Will & Seat WD; Peter J. Couch, MaM 1/c, Terminal; Roy G. Dale, Sp (M) 1/c, Miles C & Seat ED; Roy G. Watson, MaM 1/c, Green R & Port WD; Sgt Paul L. Brown, Green R & Port MD.

We bid Von Voyage: Lief Lee, Office, Spokane; Richard Fuqua, Blaine & Seat, and Joseph R. Stanton, Will & Seat WD. Kerr, Deilman and Squires, Pocatello, are "expecting".

We welcome home, but regret to report the reason, Pfc CHARLES F. GREENFIELD, late of the Tropics. Charlie is at Baxter Hospital in Spokane recuperating from a long, stubborn case of tropical skin disease.

We acknowledge Christmas greetings from: S/Sgt HUGH F. DICKSON, Cpl FLOYD I. SCHWERDFAGER, WILBERT ADAMS, MaM 2/c, E. E. H. CAIN, Sp (M) 1/c, PETER J. COUCH, MaM 1/c and JIM NEARY, MaM 2/c, in the Pacific Area; T/Sgt J. C. KROBOTH and Lt. TONY GERBER, European Theatre; and Pfc DAN DAVIS, GLEN W. PETERSON, MaM 2/c, Lt. C. H. BURNS, MERLE SECHRIST, C MaM, and ROY G. WATSON, Sp (M) 1/c.

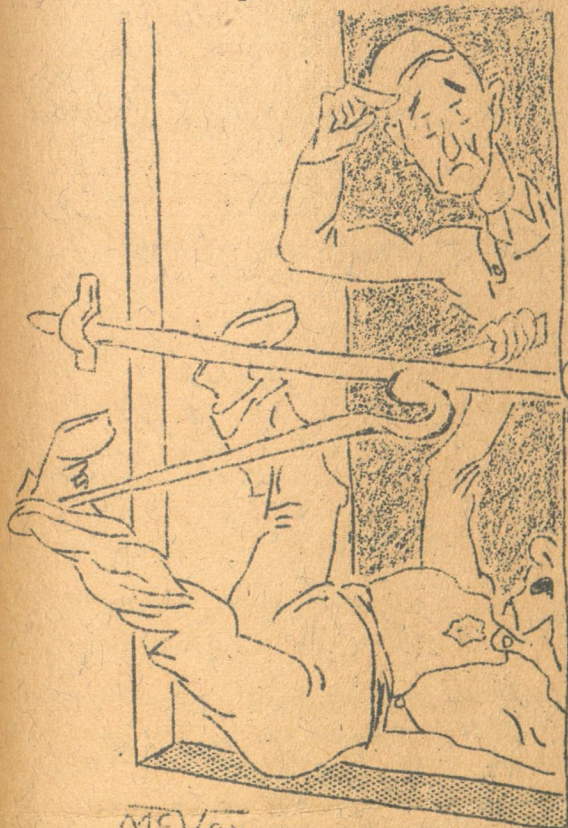
From JAMES E. NEARY, MaM 2/c comes these newsy bits: "Received the Eighth Emergency today and shall return the label with the following 'Trip Report'. Incidentally, I received it in good time--postmarked Nov. 11th and forwarded from Bremerton, FPO Frisco, Treasure Island and Navy 128. You may use this address to skip all those stops, although we are not sure how long our stay here will be. After leaving Bremerton, we spent about three weeks in the P P annex of the FPO. In one day we worked a little over 30,000 sacks of mail. While in S.F. mailmen live on subsistence, or in other words, find their own room and chow. Had a big time taking in the joints, the bars, various Italian, French and Chinese cafes (such food!). The wife flew down to join me for the last glorious week. One of the high lights was dancing to Henry Busse at the Rose Room of the Palace. Wish I were there tonight!

"HAHN and I were split up when we left SF, but he is supposed to have taken off by now. We saw ROBERTS at the Receiving Ship. He had returned from Hawaii and was expecting a discharge. Guess LASHBAUGH is in this area, but have not been able to run him down. ADAMS has taken that long boat trip. The voyage was my first one on the blue, and I can't say that I didn't suffer a little case of mal-de-mer. One day it got pretty rough and I lost my cookies along with the rest of the boys. Was much more fortunate than some, however. Of course, I'm an old salt now. Shall probably get a much longer trip some day.

* "Today was Turkey day, and as per Navy
* tradition, they really put out the chow!
* You'll get a hellua bang outa this!! I
* played poker a couple of times on the ship
* with a guy I knew as 'Rags'. On the last
* night out, someone mentioned that they drank
* too much cold water. I remarked that on the
* run I was often bothered by drinking too much
* ice water. Whereupon Rags wanted to know
* * * * *

PRIMER FOR RETURNING R P C s

Let your inquisitive little orbs rest on the gadget that adorns the door. Study it closely. This murderous devise is known to the trade as a 'catcher arm'. If held in the correct position it will catch a mail pouch, bridge, tunnel, hillside, coal chute, section foreman, bale of hay or a string of box cars.
* * * * *
* what line I was from. "Port & San Fran ND,"
* quck like a flash. "What the hells your
* name?" says Rags. Yes, you guessed it--it
* was ORVILLE RAGSDALE. I hadn't known Rags
* too well in Portland, but his face DID seem
* familiar. Anyway, we had a big laugh over it.
* Today they assigned Rags and I to the same
* office here, at least temporarily. Wish WAT-
* SON and ADAMS were here. With HAHN and LASH-



McVey

BAUGH, the 4th District would be well represented.

"There has been a little drawback to this receiving barracks for the few days we have been here--no liberty and no pay. As I mentioned before, Rags and I have been temporarily assigned today, so we know we'll get some liberty soon and hope to get some pay. S F was kinda expensive! If a man doesn't go to town he doesn't need any money here, though. Plenty of entertainment, sports, plenty to eat--I like it here. (Wish my red-head was here, too.) This is the longest letter I have written in years. Must stop from sheer exhaustion!"

And, from across the world, Lt. TONY GERBER, one of the 'shots' of a Cannon Company, pens: "Am in the middle of the 'liberation of Holland' and have been pretty busy keeping up with the Heinies--they can move pretty fast when they are heading backwards! I have 2 battle stars on my campaign ribbon so far and will probably have another before this war ends."

(From a later letter:) "Have been covering quite a bit of ground since my last letter but have finally got slowed down enough to catch up on my letter writing--of course this 'slowing down' was not exactly MY idea--did you ever hear of the Seigfried line? Got through the Holland 'deal' in one piece--and damned near had to swim to do it--and now I'm practicing up on my German. Was kinda glad to leave the low countries as the ground was too flat and the water in those dykes and drainage ditches is too damned cold. I know, 'cause I spent a lot of time dodging in and out of 'em!

"Our job in Holland was to break through to the Scheldt River and out off the Heinies around Antwerp harbor. What lies ahead? Well, Germany, anyway--and a lot of pill boxes! Was awfully surprised to find that Germany is a very beautiful country--a lot like our own northwest, with not so many evergreen trees. Here they plant trees and raise them; at home the trees just grow. Its too bad we have to spoil a lot of this beautiful scenery, but if we gotta, we gotta!

"Haven't quite made up my mind about the German people, as yet. Of course we can't talk to them so its kinda hard to just look and decide. But I do notice the effect of Naxiism here--cause I get a lot of dirty looks! That guy Hitler really has a machine working!! As for the machine he's got, the air corps has been bombing hell out of his gas stations and I'm not exactly shooting beans either, so maybe we can gum up the works, after a while."

Pfc LEO BESWICK has been having "A little bronchial trouble for the last few weeks, so they shipped me south to a better climate. I was pretty wet at San Jose. Don't know how long I'll be here."

S/Sgt HENRY A. McLANE had a few days home recently--then back to cold storage! "I am still doing business in the same old haunts, Nome, but they have transferred me to a branch of the air corps, known as the ATC (allergic to combat--thats me). All my energies have been devoted to a schome to get out of here but I'm still on ice, literally in cold storage. I tried to get into the Contract Termination Program, but I'm not a good enough accountant. I tried to get into DCS, passed the board, but it developed that I'm too old--35. Oh, well, freezing isn't so bad when you get used to it and some spots might be too hot for me, i.e., the Philippines or Germany."

"Am in Belgium now and am sending my new APO--to save headaches for the poor directory service," pencils Sgt ROLAND R. VERCELLA.

Aboard the USS Saratoga, ERNEST B. HALL, AMM 2/c, writes that she is the best ship in the fleet. "This makes my 26th month aboard and like it better every day. Am in the arresting gear detail, working as a set operator. The work is interesting--very much so some times when you have to jump to dodge a careening plane. Sure enjoyed DODGE's discussion in your Letter. It sounds like 'A.B.' hasn't changed a bit. Despite the advantages for advancement in the Navy, I would rather take the slower advancements of the RMS. So when this is over I hope to be on tour 3 at the Terminal." You'd never know the joint now, Ernie--you'll soon be next up for C in C!

Pvt WESLEY I. YOUNG is "Now at the new APO on Long Island. If you fellows think you had a lot of Xmas overseas mail, then pity us for we handled all of yours and several million more pieces. Hope I never have to see so much mail at one time again."

SeaBee E. EVERETT H. CAIN, Sp (M) 1/c writes that "The censor will allow me to say we are in the Mariannas. Hope everyone has the 'usual' holiday spirit this year. Maybe another Yuletide will find us all at home again. The '42-year' cause may release the members of the O.F.C.--and we have our application in--but as yet haven't ordered the 'civies' out of hock. Sorry to hear that ROBERTS and WATSON sliced into the rough on the Oahu hole, but they will be back in the game at home, we hope. LASHBAUGH has a good chance to catch up with us here if we stay long enuf before moving on to the China coast. The Jap outskirts begin to assume a kimono appearance."

Of course it is just hear-say on our part, but after a visit to Rome, M/Sgt SETH B. DENNIS marched a squad out to the tune of "Hep, II, III, IV; Hep, I, II, III, IV!"

After a long lapse from our subscription list (rates: Your correct address), Lt. CARL E. OSTLUND received the "5th, 6th and 7th issues today and were much enjoyed. From a military standpoint not much has happened to me. In October of '42 after graduation from flying school, came to Florida as a pilot in a B-26 outfit. After about a week developed asthma beautifully and have been grounded ever since. Since being grounded have become an inspector and have graduated from the school of Applied Tactics at Orlando as a Technical Inspector. Have been doing this type of work for a year and a half now and have been at Ft. Myers, Avon Park, Florida, and Greenville and Florence, S. Car. Was base technical inspector at Florence before coming to Tampa about a month ago. This is the 10th time that I've been hospitalized for asthma. When I get out of here I may go back to Florence or may go somewhere in the southwest.

"Last month ran into Millard DeShazo up in Florence. He lives in Jacksonville. (He is from the Will & Seat WD--Bx) After hearing his description of present mail loads on trains decided that maybe the army is a better place to be in a war. Ran into BICE a couple of time last year. Saw his article in the RAILWAY POST OFFICE." From Treasure Island FRANKLIN W. ROSKELLEY, S 1/c, admits "I have neglected sending a correct address until I suppose I have been cussed in the best R M S manner by many a clerk, so that I had better drop you a line."

KURT M. BEHNKE, MaM 1/c was home in Salt Lake City for a few days in Jan.

Via V mail, Cpl CHARLES FATLAND requests us "not to work too hard. Boy, I bet the boys are going to be busy with the Xmas packages for the boys over seas. Kinda glad I ain't there. Ha! Ha! Oh, Yeh? Just offer me a chance and see how quick I come running. Am getting along fine here and feeling ok. I sure wish the weather here would clear up so we could go all out against the Germans, especially the boys in France and Holland. It sure must be miserable fighting in the mud and snow and cold. Sure thankful I am not over there."

"I think," writes M. P. SAWAYA, MaM 3/c, "it is about time I wrote you a note giving my new address. The only RMS man from the 13th I've met so far is JOHN REILLY--in fact we were in the same outfit until a few weeks ago. What's happened to the Pocatello outfit? Haven't seen any news from there lately--better get after Homer." Guess they're too busy to notice what is going on--get a little from there.



S/Sgt HUGH F. DICKSON is now Island Hopping. "There isn't very much I can tell you of my whereabouts except a Pacific Island. We have a fair set-up for post office here--a frame building with room enough to get by. Living quarters in tents.

"We keep busy especially in past month with Christmas mails both incoming and outgoing. The boys send quite a few gifts home from PX stores plus large money-order business. Pay days over here mean that a good number of us are kept hopping writing money orders as most of the money goes back to folks at home. \$21,000 on one day is our record on orders to date. A good amount of parcels have reached us by this time so we can see the boys in mail service back home are keeping things moving."

Pfc JOHN H. BARR is making the most of his absence--"Paris is a great city and plenty to do. The best beer I've had since I left the States and only 4½ francs a glass--9¢ to you. Lots of good looking women too, but my French is awfully poor, but I get along, and so does GRANT HOLLAND. We had a dance last night, just our weekly affair, but always a good time with plenty to drink and plenty of women. We are trying to keep the mail moving."

WILBERT ADAMS, MaM 2/c wants to know about us coming south for the winter--"Nice and warm." Nutz! "We finally arrived out here in the Mariannas a few days ago. We had a long, uneventful trip and was glad to get on dry (?) land. You should see the rain and mud we have here. Beats anything Portland or Spokane can produce. So far the set up is pretty good here. We live in tents, use kerosene lamps (or other makeshift affairs) and have plenty of running water. In fact, it runs and blows all through the tent. All the fun camping out and we get paid for it, too! Even have a little excitement once in awhile to keep us on our toes."

Another guy that gets around is Lt. HARRY C. MOLVAR. "Received your sixth issue just yesterday, which isn't very long considering the five places it stopped before it finally got to me. Took about 56 days and I've had letters from the first of August just arriving now. Been in a lot of activity out here and do lots of traveling by air. Some trips as much as 1,500 miles in a day. By the way, lets have DODGE's address; I know he is out here somewhere but that doesn't help much. I cover New Guinea from stem to stern so ought to get where his outfit is located sooner or later. I might mention that I've been out here three months, which makes me still strictly Stateside to these two year veterans. I can see I'll still be here when they have been home for many a moon. Getting around the islands that have those dusky, but light natives again. Different natives altogether than New Guinea. More like the charming belles of Tonga Tabu island in the Samoas. You should see my color pictures!" Which is just what I expect to see--some day.

The worst has happened. Time was when war was war and women were left out of it (or were they?). And I never thought that this letter would become the least bit efeminate--even to allowing stenographers to do the writing. But, the Navy has Waves; the Army its Wacs and the Marines have their hands on everything situation, so guess we'll break a hard, fast rule, at least for now, to hear from MRS. DENTON F. BISHOP, the better half of MaM 3/c: "The male half of this family is definitely no letter writer. We are both sojourning in 'sunny California'--Frisco--where it pours buckets the natives casually refer to as a heavy 'Market Street Mist'. Dent has finally struggled thru and finished without damage his part in the overseas Xmas rush. One million sacks were gone over in the efficient ??? RMS manner in the space of two months. Got his first day off in 5 weeks--the boy was tired but not too tired! We'd both like to say hello to AL HILL and if pappy can't find too good an excuse the aforementioned party may be the recipient of a letter sometime this year. What's the idea of refering to an 'ond timer' like Smokey (the Terminal cat) as a blushing bride? Do you want to get the boys all confused?" Since I know the probable outcome--I'll just pass on to another lesson and not argue. Denton was home in late December due to the death of his father, a well known postoffice clerk in Spokane.



* He's been on our list all the time,
* but this is the first letter from
* LAURENCE F. PARKS, BM 2/c. "Have in-
* tended to write, but one in the Service
* can put things off, 'petting the dog',
* or words to that effect. This place
* * * * *

PRIMER FOR RETURNING R P C s

If your brains happen to be in the neighborhood of your spit-curls and you value either, be very careful upon entering or leaving this rolling torture chamber, since this unique devise has many potentialities. It can give you concussions, cauliflowers, ciscalp, treatment or leave you hanging as though you had walked the plank. If you still have hair or scalp left there is a neat gadget waiting for you inside, 'The Overhead Box', complete with iron hooks. These lurk on each side of the car ready to buffet the red hell out of the unwary.

* * * * *
* was quite a jolt to me after being in
* Pasco taking life easy for so long.
* About the first thing they did was
* make me run the obstacle course. That
* just about killed me. But were they
* satisfied? NO!! Then they took me on
* a ten mile hike. Conditioning, they

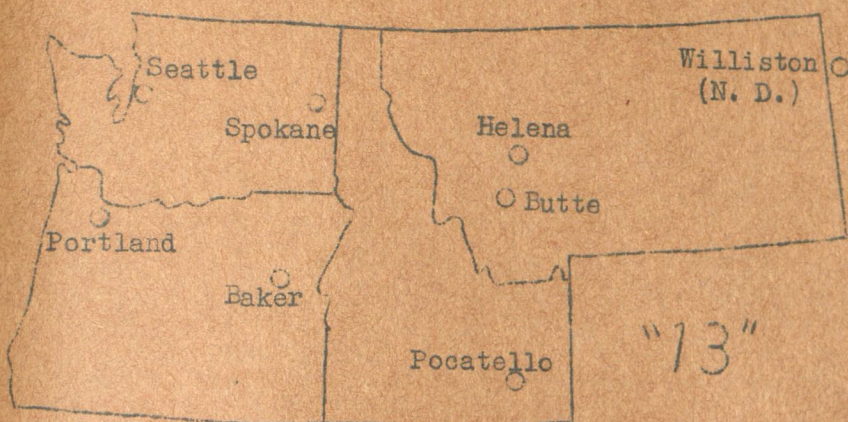
call it. I call it murder. I'm in pretty good shape now, tho."

ROBERT M. HAHN, MaM 2/c, "really got initiated when we crossed the equator. You should see my hair do. They cut a furrow right across the middle of it. Nothing to do but cut all of it off. They greased us up, including our bottoms, with grease from the oil purifiers with a little soot and black paint added, a good dose with fire hose. About 50 guys swinging greased paddles, a little egg and mustard dred naked men scrubbing grease off their fannies. Saw lots of flying fish and porpoises. That's a big Pacific ocean. Never saw land until we got here. Just got the Xmas mail worked up in FPO and then came over here to work it again."

and now, dear children, review your lessons before we have recess. The Examiner has a big, sharp pencil!

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,



'LEVENTH
LEVITY

"13"

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
March 17, 1945.

That you fellows have been away for a long time and that common-place things to us are strange to returning veterans was brought forcefully to us the other night. A returned RPC on his first trip was all eyes when a diesel-electric switch engine clanged by.

Should others return soon, must report a growing industry in this country. To a stranger the populace might appear a wee bit 'teched'. The industry is known as 'tobacco salvage'. It has created a new occupational disease that has the learned men of medicine burning the midnight oil. The professional name is unknown to us but is popularly referred to as "Gutter-Stoop".

APOLOGY In the last Letter I made a statement concerning wartime subs that I wish to at least clarify. At the time it was written my thoughts did not go beyond the story of two wartime subs and a couple others who are no longer with us.

I wish to say that we have many wartime subs throughout the Division and their qualifications are no less than any group entering the RMS. The difficulties that confront them are greater than average--little time to study, less time on the road to receive needed instructions and assistance on those first hectic trips and the knowledge that when this war is all over their temporary appointment will cease. These men deserve commendation for their loyalty to the RMS in these trying times.

WE REPEAT--If you want the Letter delivered promptly, keep me informed of address changes. And remember--it goes air mail when you get shipped across. There are several new recruits during the past few weeks.

Something new will be added--A returned member said the address list was valu-

- * able to him and suggested it be issued more
- * frequently. For a while each letter will
- * contain the writer's most recent address. The
- * address may not be the same as when the letter
- * was written, as we purposely delay these wel-
- * come letters to avoid possible arguments with
- * censors, gold-braid and such.

* Several stations have two or more of
* youse guys hanging around. If these address-
* es are of value, let us know.
* * * * *

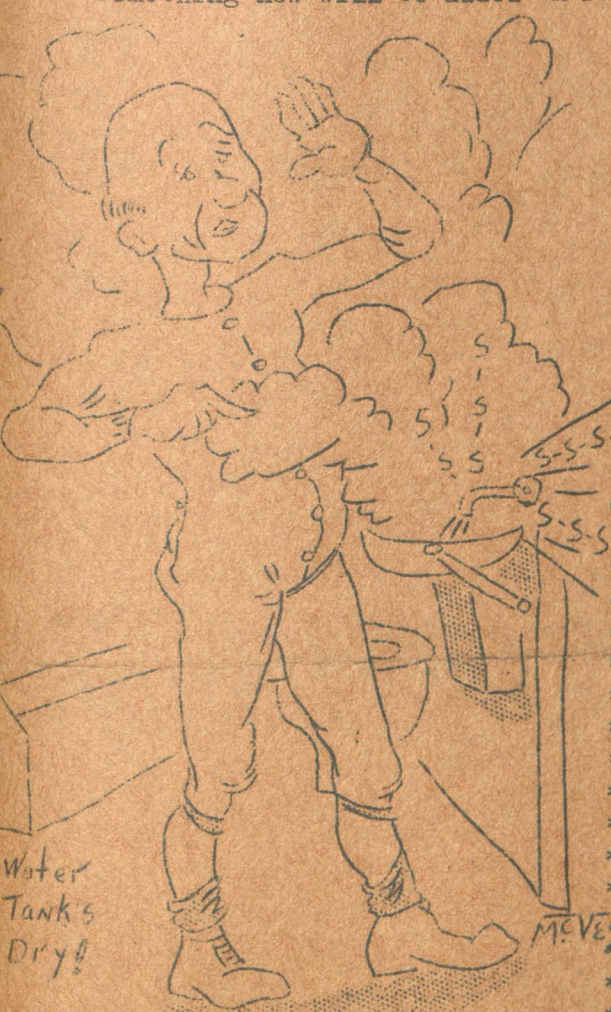
PRIMER FOR RETURNING R P C s

The railroad company does not furnish hot water for your ablutions. With customary thoroughness they give you live steam and you condense your own hot water if still in the market.

* * * * *

* About 5 a.m., March 7, occurred a "once-
* in-a-life-time" experience for eight clerks on
* Williston & Seattle WD Tr. 27. Running quite
* late, the clerks had been up on the safety-
* rods on several curves while dropping down
* the west side of the Cascades. At Foss River,
* about 6 miles east of Skykomish, the track
* forms a horseshoe, the center of which is a
* 180' high bridge.

* When the train reached this sharp curve
* it was going so fast that the motor and five
* storage cars left the rails with such forward
* speed that they never touched a tie. The head
* coupling of the mail car broke, permitting
* the balance of the train to proceed nearly a



Water
Tanks
Dry!

half mile before stopping. The clerks were unaware for a time that all the head cars were piled up 60' or more below the right of way behind them.

The men under the wing of Lady Luck that morning were Murphy #1, Harper, Miranti,

Londean, Reese, Stover, Wick and Jay Nelson. The engineer and brakeman were seriously injured. The fireman, who had told friends in Wenatchee that that was his last trip with that wild engineer, was the only fatality.

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

To alleviate the sub shortage for road assignments, Term clerks Wise and Couch have been assigned to acting on Will & Seattle MD. Elmer Warren was also on that run during February but received appointment to Walla Walla & Pendleton RPO to relieve a sub there. The women are filling in at the Terminal.

The Seattle & Port has re-organizations every few days. Due to increasing mails and need for additional men thereon.

The AMF, Seattle could use several more men. Road clerks spend much of their lay-off sticking letters. Bulk of the mail comes from overseas APOs.

Capt HARRY NILSON apparently liked his stay in California. So much so that he worked up a three-way trade from the Williston WD to a Cal assignment. Ahh-hh-h, a whisker!

The Blaine has a helper assignment that, when first authorized, was a honey. Due to time changes in trains, it is now just a stepping stone. Engen had it two months; Fuqua joined (?) the army to get off it; Knapton worked a week and it is rumored that he is returning to the Terminal April 1. Who's next?

Portland

Greetings from the Rose City to you former RPCs in various parts of the globe: A few changes in this District are Dick Courson and Foy James appointed to the Green River MD; Kilbourne transferred from the P. E. Term, Los Angeles to Port & San Fran ND; Roberts and Watson back in their old assignments and Duncan appointed to the Green River vice Hering on Military leave. Grigg has been advanced to grade 6 vice McKeown retired, Butler and Jensma in line vice Kernan and McCaslin, retiring.

With cigarettes as scarce as T-bone steaks, most crews are hitting the pipes. Our Chief Clerk, Fred Twohy, has added another title--grandpa.

The Portland Term is disrupted until their new location is made ready, part distribution of letters is being made in the basement of the Federal Building.

Alvin Baker has gone into the real estate business on his own.

Myron McAllister has a new son, which means more ration points.

Harry Carlson recently missed his run at Pasco, the first in over forty years. No explanation offered.

D. Merit says: "Some of the beef we are getting now with our ration points is evidently some that should have been plowed under during the early years.

--Frank E. Seoville

Spokane Terminal--Tour 2

The news of the day shift in the Terminal can be stated briefly: Worthy has gone over to Tour 1 as clerk in charge, succeeding Zugel, who went on the Will & Seat MD. Si Perkins also went on the GN. Knapton transferred to the Blaine, so no longer will we hear his melodious voice in song. Nickell, Quanbeck and Thoralf Lee came over from nights and are now getting up at the time in the morning when they used to go to bed.

Tour 1 is suffering from an ever-increasing man-power shortage, so more and more papers are being worked days. The circ alley is staffed mostly by ladies and as far as efficiency is concerned they are just as good as the men. Of course, sometimes the gals get the giggles and are not able to work for five or ten minutes --but then, think of the time the men used to lose peddling the hot air and watching the ducks in the river.

The long arm of the selective service reached out and took Keefer and Lief Lee. We understand that Joe Stanton, formerly in here and now on Will & Seat WD, is going (gone!) any day now. We wonder if the sergeant will be amused by the jokes?

--William "Pat" Malone

Stanton received a valentine concerning his jokes, but has been unable to figure out who sent it. Some day, Joe, drop us a line and we'll work on that mystery! I have a clew--and you'd never guess where it came from.

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

Learning to take orders--and like it (no comment, pleez):

Pvt Ray Dielman, Co B, 87th Bn, Plat 4, Camp Roberts, Calif.

Pvt. Richard T. Fuqua, Co C, 95th Inf Trg Bn, Camp Roberts, Calif.

Pvt Richard W. Keefer, Co B, 83rd Inf Tg Bn, Camp Roberts, Calif.

Lief Lee, A/S, Co 45-75, USNTS, San Diego 33, Calif.

Will start out this time with word from one of our Alumni, Roy G. Dale, now back in Helena. "When I left New Zealand for Tulagi, I stopped in the New Heb-
redies long enough to say hello to Pete Couch and sure surprised him. Only had a few minutes but it was nice to see some one you had known before.

"You can sure tell an old head at the mail service, wherever you see him. The old timer tries to keep the mail moving while others care for nothing except their own mail. That was one of the big problems overseas, with so many green men.

Usually about half were REAL mail clerks and did the most of the work.

"Speaking of business, while the fleet was near Tulagi, during May, we did our share. Five of us were on the five windows, two money order, two registry and one parcel post. Biggest day on money orders was \$50,000 with a total of \$661,000 for the month. Register windows open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., for a total of 34,000 registers. No figures available on the stamp window, but some times air mail stamps were sold by the block, \$300 a crack. Since I left there, the record has been broken again, with a single day of \$52,000 in money order business.

"The third section of NP 2 was derailed in North Dakota recently, injuring a few negro soldiers, but no deaths and causing a 24 hour tie up."

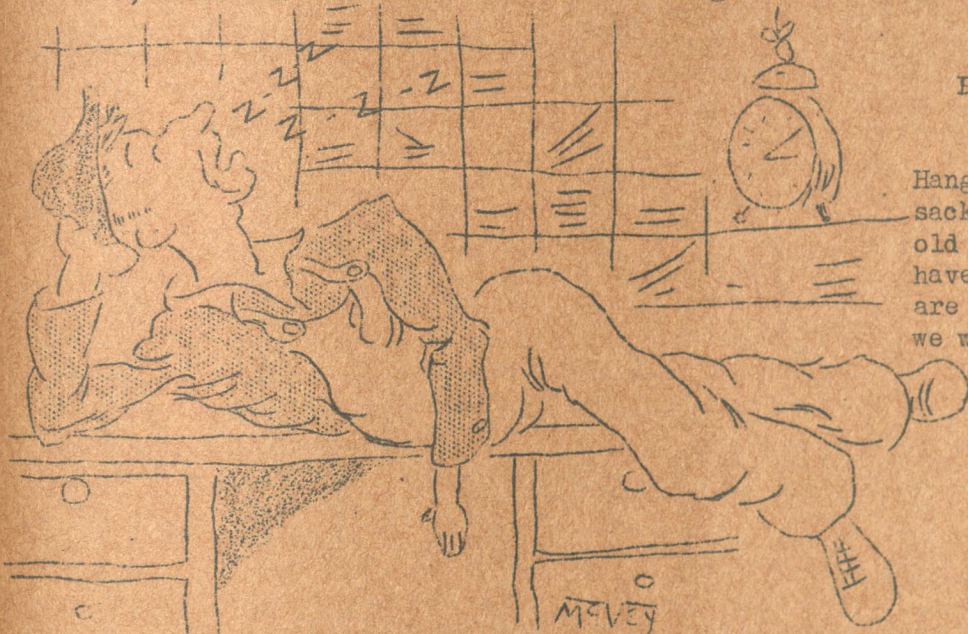
WAYNE AHRENS, CM 1/c, Naval Base 3245, Carpenter Shop, FPO, Frisco, was followed to the Marianas by the Christmas Letter. "It had been following me for over two months, but it is my fault as I didn't send you my new address. We don't get much reading material here and it was about like a letter from home."

Just like a mail carrier taking a walk on his day off is Cpl CARL C. NOTTINGHAM, McCaw Gen Hosp, Walla Walla, Wash. "I am in a ward but am working the mail again. The hospital filled up here in January and the postal force got swamped, so I told them I was only a broken down RPC but would like to help out. Have been working every day since. They throw the mail above the labels in the case down here and was I crossed up for awhile? Still make plenty of mistakes. Am feeling pretty good but the arm isn't back to normal yet. Don't know when they will let me out or what they will do with me."

Virtue--just the lack of opportunity

Lt (J.G.) PAUL S. WARBER, Hdqtrs 17th Naval Dist, FPO, Seattle, has a gift for the Terminal. "It looks like Smokey should have a replacement. In our morning news sheet yesterday a Maltese kitten was advertised for sale. Now supposing I bought her for the Terminal, how could I get her down to youse guys, or would a Maltese be too highbrow for that gang? Anyhoo, just consider it as a gesture, or maybe a jest.

"Being a newly married man, I wonder what CORSON's reaction was upon his arrival at "Gay Paree". We have already had a taste of our usual winter "Williwaws", that is, snow falls in Siberia and hits the ground in the Aleutians."



PRIMER FOR RETURNING R P C s

Hanging around inside are sacks, pouches and a few old bags. The old bags have no mail in them. They are full of seniority and we won't say that other word.

ROBERT A. HAHN, MAM 2/c, Clerks Box, Navy 3115, FPO, Frisco, "Spent six days on an LCI on "C" rations coming up here. Hope I never see another "C" ration. The FPO here is built on piling right over the water. Every time a landing barge hits it the building acts like it is going down. Spent several days down in the holds of ships loading mail sacks into cargo nets--then into an LCM and up to the FPO. Some workout! You should see the piles of mail around here covered with tarpaulins. Am sleeping in a tent on an army cot. Every time it rains it comes in on my bunk. Looks like I'll be moving again up north before long. My next address will be FPO, Manila --I hope."

Imagination is something that sits up with the wife
when her husband is out late

A card from Lt JOHN P. O'NEILL, Co C, 763 Shop Bn, APO 228, NYC, "Somewhere in Belgium."

Pvt ALFRED C. LOOSE, Base PO, APO 938, Minneapolis, is "Still stationed at Fairbanks and living at home, which is the one redeeming feature of being stationed up here as promotions are at a standstill."

Did you hear that the bad little Egyptian girls became Mummies?

It is now Lt CLYDE E. SCOTT, Co D, 54 MTB, Camp Barkley, Texas. "When I graduated from OCS in November I was assigned to a training battalion here. My duties are: Instructor, Mess Officer, Platoon Leader, Assistant Battalion Fire Marshal, Athletic & Special Service Officer for the Company, Bond & Insurance Officer for my platoon--otherwise my time is my own. My wife is down here and we have an apartment in Abilene. Seems pretty nice as I haven't lived off the post for two years."

T/Sgt JOSEPH C. KROBOTH, 567 Bomb Sqn, 384 Bomb Gp, APO 558, NYC, expects to have that address for some time, at least "until I complete 35 missions as a radio

operator on a B 24 here. The last time I wrote I was at Yale University with intentions of becoming a ground communications officer. Started out by being in the middle of the class but it seems that they kept dropping off the bottom per cent until they caught up with and passed me. Now when I look out of the window and see all the flak in Germany, apparently aimed at our ship, I wish I had kept more padding under me at those classes. However, I can say we have it much better than the fellows on the ground--we fly over the war, drop our load, and then come back to fairly comfortable quarters, while they have to stay in that hell. This weather out does the rainy season there (Oregon's), which isn't being very complimentary."

WILBERT ADAMS, Mam 2/c, Duty FPO, Navy 3245, Frisco, V-ed an interpretation of the General Orders. "Got a letter from JOE FLORY the same day as yours. He made grade 7, which is doing pretty good for his short service. Seems a long time ago that we were subbing on the old Southern. I'm so sorry for you guys up there freezing while we are enjoying nice warm, balmy weather. Maybe you'd like to trade places for awhile. Would be interesting for you--anyway for awhile. Did you know RAGSDALE is in the same Quonset hut as I am and we get together quite often to shoot the breeze about way back when."

And he who horses around too much will some day find himself a groom

Ens. TERENCE A. JOHNSTON, VPB 26, FPO, Frisco, "Decided it was about time I dropped you a line and gave you my address after receiving a couple of communiques from you that had chased me over the US and then some. Have bounced around the country quite a bit since the last time I dropped you a line. And find myself out in this great big ocean now. Mainly the deep blue Pacific, which is a lot of water after you have been flying over it for hours."

"So far haven't run into any ex-RPCs from the 13th. Always have an eye out for them and probably will, sooner or later. Spend most of our time out here cruising over the above mentioned blue waters looking for our dear yellow brethern (the dirty Y--- B---). As yet haven't run into too many of them but expect to before too long. Am still looking for those island beauties that are supposed to be out in this neck of the woods. Guess we missed the boat when we never got down to Australia. Cus from what I understand, that is where the majority of them are."

My husband flies a PV-1. What does yours fly?

Bride: I don't know. Its either a BOQ or SOB.

Ar don't need shields
of modern oil
burners!!



PRIMER FOR RETURNING R P C s

The little bat-wing fastened to the door is laughingly called a "cinder-shield". It is assumed that clerks peer thru this opaque object for the mail crane. The mail crane is the female of the catcher-arm--all she does is wait and hold the bag.

racks. They found a man trying to put wax on the floor. Tell JIM NEARY its about time for more of his scuttlebut, too."

GENERAL ORDERS



5. To quit my post
only when properly
relieved

FORREST DAMRON, Y1/c, Personnel Office, NOB, Navy 151, FPO, Frisco, sent a picture of a naval post office. "Couldn't recognize any of the fellows but thought there might be a chance you might. BEHNKE from Pocatello is the nearest I have come to meeting any of the boys from our Division. He is due to go back to the States soon. I talk to the boys in the PO frequently, but haven't had any of that duty since I joined up. I will have to say that the boys do an excellent job of getting the mail to us after it gets on the island. We usually have ours read within an hour after a plane hits the field. Charley, my brother, made Chief a couple of months ago--beat me to the draw again. He is just one ahead of me in seniority in the Portland District."

A former tobacco auctioneer reported on board the other day with the rate of LS/MFT

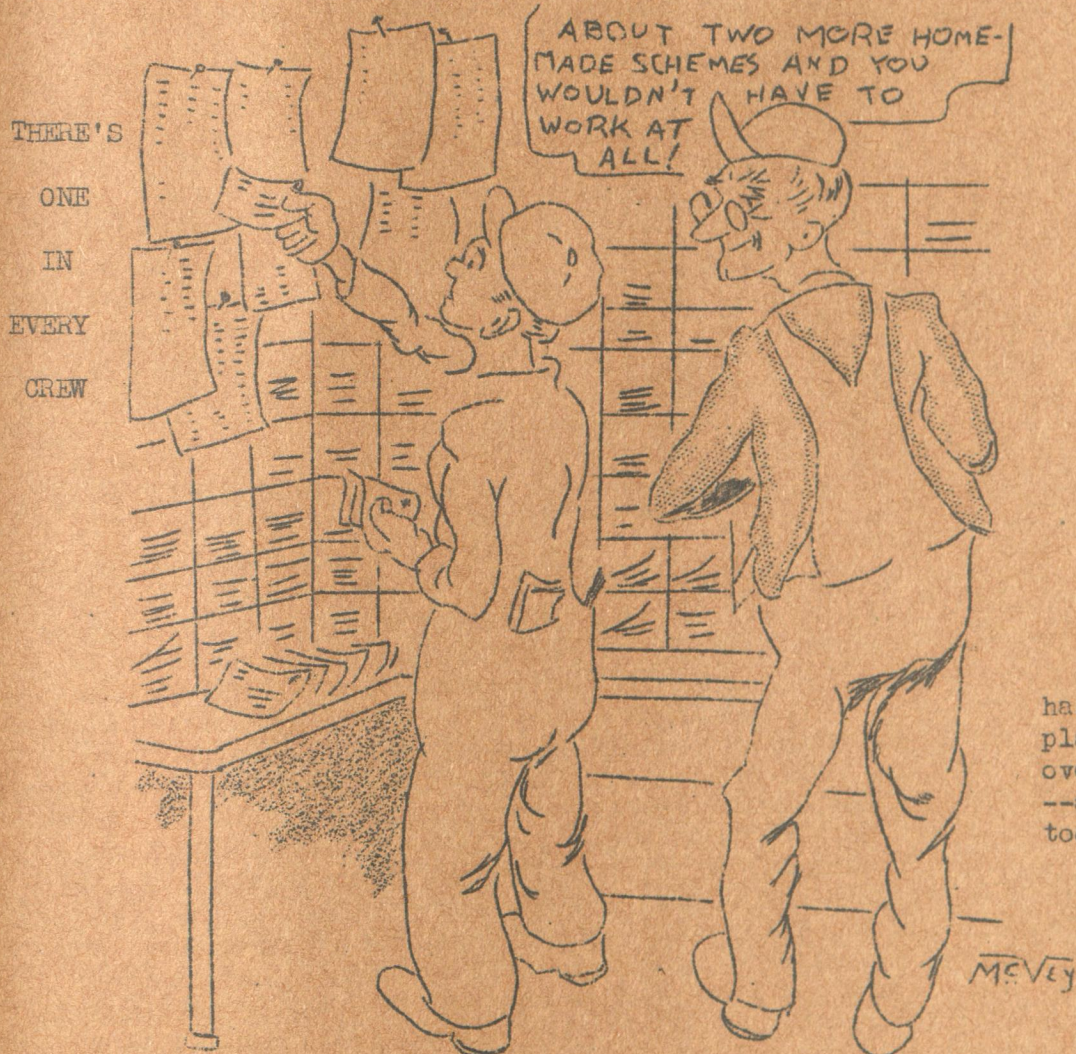
Capt HARRY B. NILSON, Box 176, AAF, Las Vegas, Nevada, was pleased to get the "combined signature Xmas card from the Seattle clerks. It was a great up-lifter and I'm sure if such a similar card was sent to all the other boys in the military service, the morale was brought up considerably. I haven't been so fortunate as to get overseas, but I've helped train some 60 or 70 thousand. One of our boys had a dream the other night: He dreamed he was in a poker game and fell out of bed reaching for the 'pot'. Then there was an emergency call about a disturbance in the WAC barracks. Tell JIM NEARY its about

The two southern Minnesota towns of Myrtle and Martha--some ambitious traveling men try to make them both in the same day

Sgt ROLAND R. VERCELLA, 280 Ord M Co A.A., APO 654, NYC, is "Still enjoying this lovely Belgian winter and haven't decided whether the whole of this country is made up of land or water. Sometimes it looks and acts like land and other times it looks, acts and FEELS like water. Anyway, I think they ought to give the whole damn works back to Hitler, just as added punishment."

MP--The exception that makes the law

Cpl CHARLES FATLAND, 331 Sq 94 Bomb Gp, APO 559, NYC, hopes "This war will soon be over so all the boys can come home again. They are sure scattered all over the world, aren't they? With winter coming on I am afraid the war over here will drag on into next year. The boys in the Pacific are sure doing a good job. I am getting along just fine here and feel ok. My Christmas mail came through pretty good. The packages took about six weeks to get here but that isn't so bad considering. They sure must have a job on their hands in the New York Terminal. Just hope they won't have to do it again next year. The buzz bombs don't bother us much anymore, just one comes over now and then. They were pretty thick for awhile but so far we haven't had any land on our base."



The guy that has his brains plastered all over his case --and yours, too!

There was a rumor around town that Lt ADRIAN B. DODGE, Ren Trp, APO 25, Frisco, was mentioned on the radio as being in on a Phillipine prison camp raid. A picture of a raid in LIFE showed a soldier that resembled Dodge, but am not so sure. How about it, Suh? Dodge is now in a Phillipine hospital with "something or other". With a short note he sent a piece of poetry and some drawings, the latter NOT for publication.

With a lady "No" signifies "Perhaps"--"Perhaps signifies "Yes", which signifies no lady

ALDEN N. BICE, Sp C-2/c, Classification Office, Bldg 12, ATB, Camp Bradford, Va., wishes us to know that he is from Ferndale and not Lynden. "Censor Billy Mills, will you? Here I sit with my headphones over my ears waiting for the next batch of men to test with my outfit. I flew both ways and visited the AMFs on my way west. If you didn't find out I was in Seattle, it wasn't my fault. I met and sent out every train in Seattle for a day and a half."

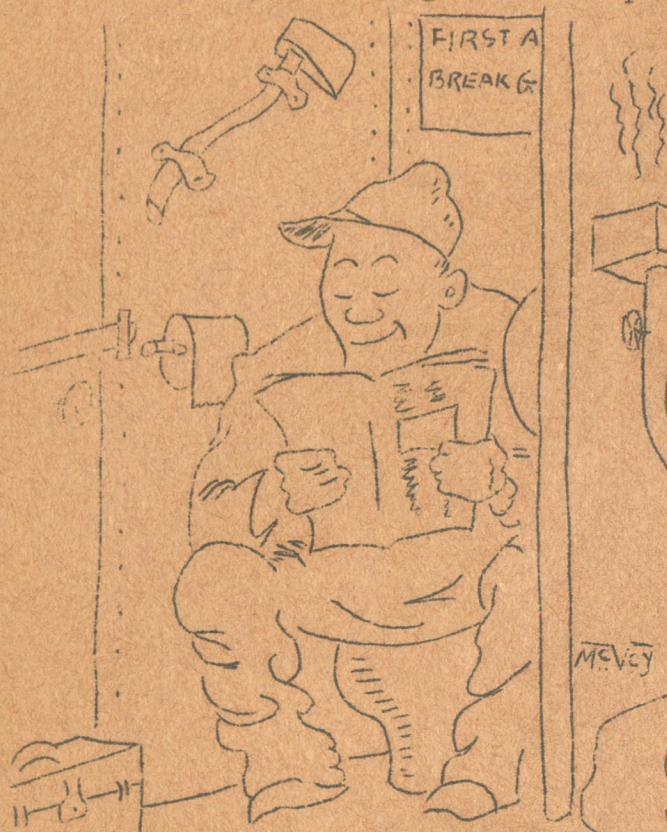
GLEN W. PETERSON, Mm 2/c, NAS, Pasco, Wash., "Felt sorry for you citizens Thanksgiving Day. Read the enclosed menu--it was good. I received a note from Hugh Russell yesterday. Says he was busy. We are busy too, but we have lots of green help. It would be easier to do the work then see that the others do. That GN streamliner looks pretty good. Sorry I didn't keep my rights on that line."

And there was the Scotch Commando who spent six months in Occupied France looking for a Free French woman!

CHARLES B. DAMRON, C RT, Box 4023, College Station, Texas "Had a promotion since I last wrote and am now a chief radio technician. I was very pleased over it as it changes my uniform from the so-called "monkey suit" to a uniform that makes me feel more dressed up. My wife likes the change as she thinks that I will look more my age and people will quit asking her if I am her son. Some think all sailors are kids!"

ORVILLE RAGSDALE, MAM 3/c, Naval Base PO Duty, Navy 3245, FPO, Frisco, air-mails: "Say, I want to apologize for not writing a long time ago. I have been receiving the Letters regularly and believe me it is good to get them. It is a sort of tie between life out here and the life we expect to come back to. I ran into TONY GERBER one afternoon in S.F., just after his furlough. We had a couple of quarts of very elegant Oregon whiskey, which we sampled (?). The next I heard he was in Europe.

"Well, I have been chasing ADAMS all over the Pacific and finally caught up with him. I got to Hawaii just a few days after he left. I was there a month and found out where he had gone. He came by ship. I was a lucky stiff and they shipped four of us down here by plane. It was a swell trip and my first ride in a seaplane. The Navy has really broadened me as far as travel goes and I hope that is the only way. Didn't get to look up LASHBAUGH. NEARY came to Hawaii on the same



* ship and we worked in Fleet Records together. Excuse the penmanship as they seem to have overlooked furnishing us with library desks. Tell STANTON I'm still buying the island, still figure on starting another royal family."

* Say, Rags, do you know how many magazines it takes to make a family? One
* LOOK, 2 AMERICANS, lots of LIBERTYS and
* many, many TIMES.
* * * * *

PRIMER FOR RETURNING R P C s

In some part of the RPO car is a little closet, no door. In this trick compartment are all the comforts of home. The head, can, or gaboon, also wash basin, broom, ice bucket, first aid kit, fire axes and a slab of cracked glass to show you what you might look like if you were an inhabitant of Mars. Some reflectin'.
* * * * *

* Its FIRST Lt ANTHONY E. GERBER now,
* of Cannon Co, 413th Inf Regt, APO 104, NYC.
* This letter was written the day before
* the Belgium Bulge bulged, so probably
* next letter will have lots of personal
* experiences in it. "Haven't much to offer

in the way of news this time--this outfit is pretty strict about publicity. I am still "slugging", tho, and these Heinies can't go backwards forever! The weather, of course, is kinda cramping our speed a little, but we aren't stopped. At present time I am back a ways from the front and taking a little rest. Am enjoying such "foreign" things as baths, hot meals, GI movies, etc--even had a bottle of Scotch (Haig & Haig, too), so things are going pretty well.

"Have been "back" about 10 days now and expect to be here a couple more, maybe longer. Got promoted when I came back, so I'm out of that "shave-tail" class--finally!! Hey, you--that crack you made about me "winning this war personally" in the '8th Emergency'--I didn't mean that I'd do it by myself, really--hell, I've got a brother in this thing, too. Ha! Ha! Altho I'm 'resting', I'm not so far back that I can't hear the sound of the guns--in fact--theres a battery or two of big stuff practically outside. Every time a gun fires we all chime in with "Hitler, count your army NOW!" Or, we'll be sitting here listening to a radio (Heinie radio, but we 'converted' it) broadcast; some Heinie propaganda station will be telling the 'public' how well things are going on the front--pretty soon one of our guns will fire and someone in the crowd will turn to the radio and say, "##%&*##, Heinie, whaddya think those guns are shooting, peanuts?" And so goes the war. Maybe a couple months I'll be able to tell you more." Personally, we hope, Tony.

Since the OPA took cuffs off trowsers, some women's slacks look kinda funny around the bottom

Ens FLOYD A. BESS, 1349 6th St, Beloit, Wisc. postcards: "I'm still in the Coast Guard even if I have moved 3 or 4 times."

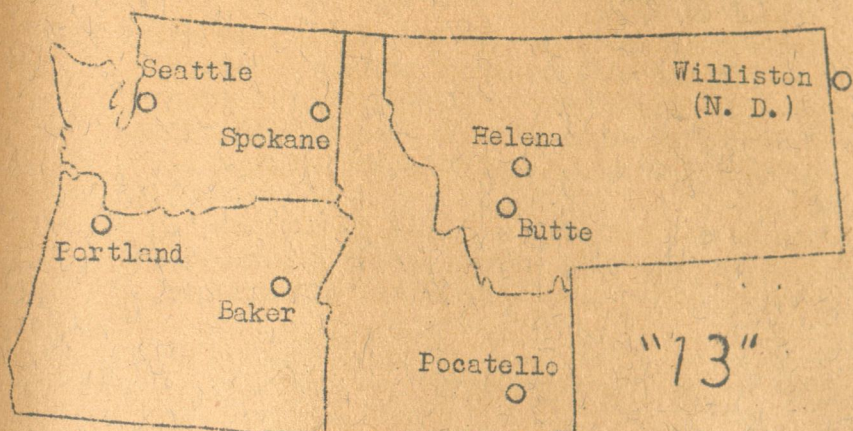
Lt RALPH J. ALEXANDER, On Duty, FPO, Frisco, expects "To be doing a very considerable amount of traveling and want an address list, as I would certainly feel very badly if I passed through a station where some of the boys are located and did not go by to at least throw a rock at them. I won't be needing either my skis or my ice skates."

Do we get a citation for letting March 17 slide by without a single Pat & Mike joke?

And now, dear chiluns, our next lesson will be about the paper clerk who is not like a paper dolly you'd like to call your own. He is more of a pulpy nature and often called--but we'll take that up after recess!

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,



TWELFTH TWERP

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
May 19, 1945.

"13"



LEST WE FORGET

This Letter is for you fellows in uniform. As soon as an overseas address is received, it is sent via air mail to avoid delay. News notes are written by clerks throughout the Division; the "Primer for Returning RPCs" is written by Charles M. Roberts, Green River & Portland MD; illustrations by Wayne W. McVey, Seattle & Portland and financed by most of the Branches of this Division.

With the shift from Europe to the Pacific, a change of address is most important--to assist the postal units in making speedy delivery and that you may receive each Letter in a few days, instead of a couple of months after mailing.

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

With the European half of the war in the bag--except for some mopping up operations and a few years patrol duty--we, at home, look forward to the early return of at least a few of our globe-trotting mail clerks. For more than a week the headlines blazed out good news and the smaller print took it away. We believe in freedom of the press but many head-line writers are awfully free with the freedom. Or, maybe they just can't read small print!

The sub situation is becoming acute--and no reference to female war-timers is intended. Still, upon second thought, could be--could be! The list of regular substitutes is down to absolute zero. Most of those left are ex-clerks of many years' service that have taken advantage of conditions to transfer from the east or mid-west to the coast. Under a recent ruling of the Department they must go to the foot of the sub list, which isn't very far to drop.

Portland long ago run out of subs for annual leave and Spokane and Seattle recently informed the clerks that applications for trips off were to be limited to emergencies and accompanied by a priority rating. A few good talkers get off by talking another clerk into making three consecutive trips.

MYSTERY: The poetry on this page appeared on the Terminal bulletin board. Many persons have been accused of authorship, although no one has yet been found to take credit for it.

The March of the Rest Period

We see it every morning
It happens every day:
A double file of female chicks
Meander on their way.

The thing that puzzles all the men
And gives the boss grey hairs,
Is when the girls go to the powder room
They always go in pairs.

Perhaps the trip is long and rough
The hall is dark and lonely;
But two by two they always go
To the room marked "Ladies Only."

The poor boss stands and tears his hair
He's simply torn with grief;
The day's production goes to hell
While the girls go on relief.

At two o'clock each afternoon
The march begins once more;
Say, what goes on at that time
That couldn't wait 'till four?

The only way that I see
To make production boom
Is move the whole Damn Terminal
Into the "Ladies Room!"

The diesel-electric motors mentioned in the last Letter turned out to be more than a post-war plan. Two are already in operation on the GN. Based on the trial runs, late trains are a thing of the past. Railroad officials were lamenting the fact that Tr. 27 was on time the first night. Guess they wanted to out-run the air-liner to Seattle! A like motor is being used by the Milwaukee with creditable results.

Some of the more persnickity Terminal clerks buy Boraxo hand soap to clean the south Pacific muck off their hands, said muck now being the basic part of every mail sack. When a box of the powder is left in the wash room through forgetfulness, eager hands grab it while it lasts.

To put an end to such goings on, two enterprising young men partly filled a soap box with a home-made formula, mainly dental plate powder and left it in ready reach. The more water applied the stickier the substance become on unwary hands. It is rumored a substantial reward has been offered for the smart guys!

"The new concrete track platform with three working tracks about 700 feet long and the new gas buggies for pulling the trucks about, gives Billings quite a metropolitan appearance. We recall the time when all Billings' mail was transported to and from the depot in a hand push cart."

--Winford Griffing

"Dan Holmberg says a fella can't be sure of anything. Dan was appointed to the Green River MD effective January 1. Then he was dis-appointed or surplusd. Later his appointment was reaffirmed, only to be again revoked. This time, however, he became a sub again instead of a surplus clerk. Office explains that it was all a horrible mistake. Now poor Dan is again appointed to the MD, effective March 1. Says Dan, 'I don't believe it.' The clerks, not content with one bowling team, now have two. Each seems to be giving a good account of itself. A few of the boys are becoming veterans with averages which read more like a blood-pressure chart. Walter Pickett has retired."

--Joseph Sebesta

"Ottis Little has been off for a month on account of six broken ribs. Wallie Nelson is still off because of illness and Hector Simpkins retired April 1 after

3 nearly 38 years service in the Seattle District. New subs are Carl Dawes, Duluth & Altoona and Warren Whittier, Transfer Office, Kansas City. Frank Nor-mile passed away this spring."

--Billy Mills

Maybe its the war, or the long hours, but some clerks are having trouble with lunch pails. Two Terminal clerks that live out in the Valley used some valuable gas to correct an error, all to no avail. Having some business in town to attend to, one of the clerks ask his fellow Valleyite if he'd mind taking his lunch box home. When No. 2 left the Terminal he picked up a lunch box and upon arrival home discovered that the empty box had been placed in his car unknown to him and that he had picked up a similar box, which was FULL.

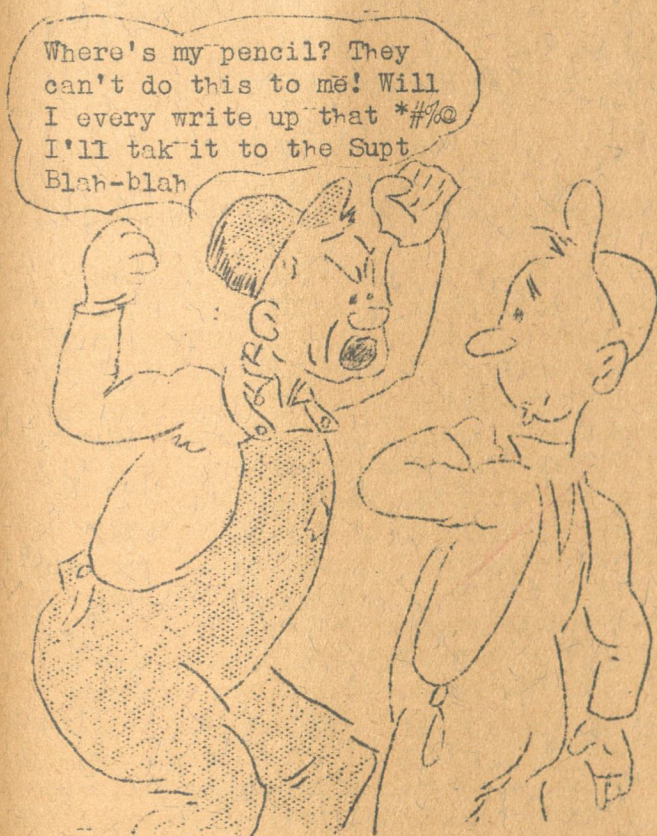
After a hurried conference it was decided to return the box to keep some poor guy from working all night without a lunch. When he had returned the box to the Terminal he found, to his disgust, that it was the EMPTY one. To keep peace in the family, the two Valleyites paid for the innocent party's lunch up town.

An AMF, Seattle, clerk arrived home with his lunch box, so he thought, but when his wife opened it she found some very personal accessories for a woman. At last report, he was still trying to explain what happened.

And a Terminal clerk opened his lunch pail and found an empty coke bottle and some orange peelings. He had picked up his girl's school bucket by error.

Worthy, swing shift CinC, had better keep out of sight if certain strangers get back to town. The other morning he was outside the Terminal when a freight was slowly pulling by. Two men jumped off and ask him if this was Spokane. "Naw, you're in Cheney," Worthy told them. With a "Damn, we want Spokane!" the two jumped the freight again and were on their way.

Chet Gribble, Seattle space clerk, had a severe hemorrhage while at work last week. He is in a very critical condition.



Where's my pencil? They can't do this to me! Will I every write up that *#% I'll tak it to the Supt Blah-blah

The guy who bellows about being massed on, but - - -



I ought to be able to squeeze in another 50 pounds, now--

Boy, ob boy!! When he makes up on the connecting line--you're right!

There is a "Gallon Club" in portland for those that have contributed eight pints to the blood bank. Present members are Ray, Mrs. Ray, Studholme and Kinney. Others are about ready for membership.

Sixteen months after the Spokane office mailed a letter to one of youse guys, an answer was received. The letter had followed through camps and APOs for over 14 months before catching up. The Army postal service is to be commended in this case, but remember, fellows, P L & R allows but 10 days to reply to correspondence!

Portland and Seattle have organized teams for an early appearance on a radio quiz program. Studholme is looking for gamblers, offering odds of 2-1.

An', dere chilluns, there will be no classes this time. Prof. Roberts must have declared a spring vacation or is attending institute to keep ahead of the class. Anyway, no lessons were forthcoming from him.

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

We welcome home: Herb Cochran, MAM l/c and E. Everett H. Cain, MAM l/c. Pfc Greenfield has been transferred from Baxter, Spokane, to a Utah hospital. Lt JATEN has been assigned to Gore Field, Helena, after flying all over Europe and parts of Asia.

Lt MALOY SENSNEY, Hq Sq, M A G 23, % FPO, Frisco, has been home on a short furlough. We were unable to track him down but from reports he was just about everywhere for a time. He returned to duty via Wash D C where he picked up some replacements.

4 ALDEN N. BICE, Sp C 2/c, Fleet Classification Center, Adm Bldg, Grp A, N.N.Y., Portsmouth, Va., likes "Young Primer for Returning RPCs. Tell the boys to keep it up. I note in the present issue of the Railway Post Office that a committee for improvement of Railway Postal cars met and decided on things that should be done. They left out one thing, however. That is the letter tying machine. It took me a long time to find one but they have them at the main PO in NYC. Just put the bundle of letters in the machine and it will slide them together in a compact bundle and then put a facing slip on the front and tie the bundle--all without any help, except for piling the letters in the letter holder at the start. It makes bundles of uniform size regardless of how many large bundles you put in the hopper. It is quite a rig.

"Our clerks are really getting around the world and I hope they all come back safely and sound. My work goes on about as usual. I still interview; still listen to griping; still hear some interesting tales of the war; still see men with "war nerves"; still wish I were in Wash State. If my guess is correct, I may see the state soon. Maybe leave, maybe not.

"Am learning how to use a broom more and a pen less, since we have an officer who makes us clean the place at least three times a day and there is usually a working party here all day as well. Spring has nearly sprung here, except for a slight chill in the air.

"Was in Washington, D C a month ago and it is really a mecca if you like pretty girls. Of course, I was there on business and didn't look at the girls! I could gripe about being here but there are others worse off than I, so I can only say I hope the war ends soon. I expect 1947 will find us home. What will it be like then? Egad. I am going to get me a few acres of land and retire, except for the hours necessary on the road. I intend to just putter."

"Incidentally, you missed the experiment the Milwaukee has been conducting with Diesel-Electric motors up and down the Saddle Mts and east of Othello. And, for lack of anything else, did you hear about the moron who flooded the gym because the coach told him to go in as a sub?"

Yep, I ignored the Milwaukee, but they have been using these motors with very good results. Sure cut down on delays on the first section, on which they are used.

A postal from WALTER M. SATTERSTROM, MAM 2/c, now at 3909 Shafter Ave., Oakland 9, Calif.

Lt ADRIAN B. DODGE, Ren Trp, APO 25, Frisco, believes that his stay in the Pacific has just begun, but looks back at those hectic days of subbing:

"Glad to get your latest creation and if possible and someone doesn't beat me to it, I would like to have you mention in your Primer these thoughts that come to me in frequent longings for former frustrations. First and foremost for those fortunate individuals who wear glasses, eye-glasses to be exact, let me just mention the constant accumulation of twine lint that clutters up your 'windows'. Now, with 'windows' well cluttered, I clearly recall the sensation of standing before a huge letter case, which bounces back and forth at you in certain 30' cars and at the same time said car is having one helluva time to keep from jumping the track on one side or the other. This should be known as the in and out, back and forth side wind-in' preparation for the buzz box that makes or breaks prospective 'dog-fighters'.

"Suddenly you pull into a rain-soaked station. Wet sacks are thrown at you. You pull out. The car is hot; you can't turn off the steam. You rack out a sack and a half from four back row hooks. Hang a wet sack, very dirty, in said hole. A couple of small pieces fall off the sack next to it into said wet, dirty sack near steam pipe. Then and there is your sensation: The delicious odor of a dirty, wet mail sack against a steam pipe in a hot car and you are stretching your appreciative nose square in the center of it, looking through lint coated spectacles for a second-time forwarded 3rd class paper. You strain everything to reach it. You do--Eureka!

"Now is the time to get car sick but while you are delivering the goods, don't forget you have a red for the next catch. By the way, what the hell became of that card that gave the locations of the cranes? That's about all, fellers, except maybe some of you can remember how it felt to get a rush call at Christmas time between Shelby and Cut Bank when you were piling the baggage car. A helluva lot of snow and cold air can blow up through a ten inch hole. Brrr-rr-rr!"

"Myself, I'm in the hospital here (Philippines) with a touch of tropical something or other. It sure would be a pleasure to 'sweep out for the old heads on 27'. A snooze amongst some dirty mail pouches beats wrapping up in a shelterhalf on the ground. So long, twine-twisters!"

JAMES E. NEARY, MAM 1/c, Sub Base PO, Navy 128, FPO, Frisco, admits being in clover, but won't admit there is 'grass' around. "Ol' lucky Neary, that's me! After two years of stateside duty I draw my next assignment here in the Hawaiians. We're associated with the submarine force here and I like the new job muchly. A man from the Medford office, who was at Bremerton with me and came out on the same draft, is also stationed here.

"Needless to say, your Letters are read and re-read and its great to get the latest dope on the boys. As they say in the Navy, they're 4. 0. I'd like to have seen Joe Bob's valentine and I'll also bet that the respective cleaners of those clerks on Train 27 did a brisk business following their near miss.

"This climate must be the best on earth. I don't see how it could be any better. We get every sixth day off, from 0900 to 1830. Invariably we spend all or part of it at the Royal and Waikiki. I've seen so many hulas that they are be-

5 ginning to bore me. (What AM I saying?) Most of these Wahines around here seem to be of Oriental extraction. While most of them wouldn't win many beauty prizes, particularly in the states, the biggest percentage seem to be built like the proverbial birch light house (or whatever kind of house it is). Their small stature and light, gay colored clothes no doubt enhance this impression. The island has other scenic attributes, too.

"Can't see any move in the immediate future, but I'd like to 'git along'. There isn't much more to see around here, and the Pacific is big, and besides, I still don't know there's a war on. Give my regards to Pat Malone and the rest of the gang in the Term. Tell HARRY NILSON to remember to put off the go-back."

NILSON done left us. He traded to the Los Angeles Terminal for a post-war future. He is presently at PO Box 176, AAF, Las Vegas, Nevada.

She: Why do men have hair on their chest?

He: Well, guess we can't have everything.

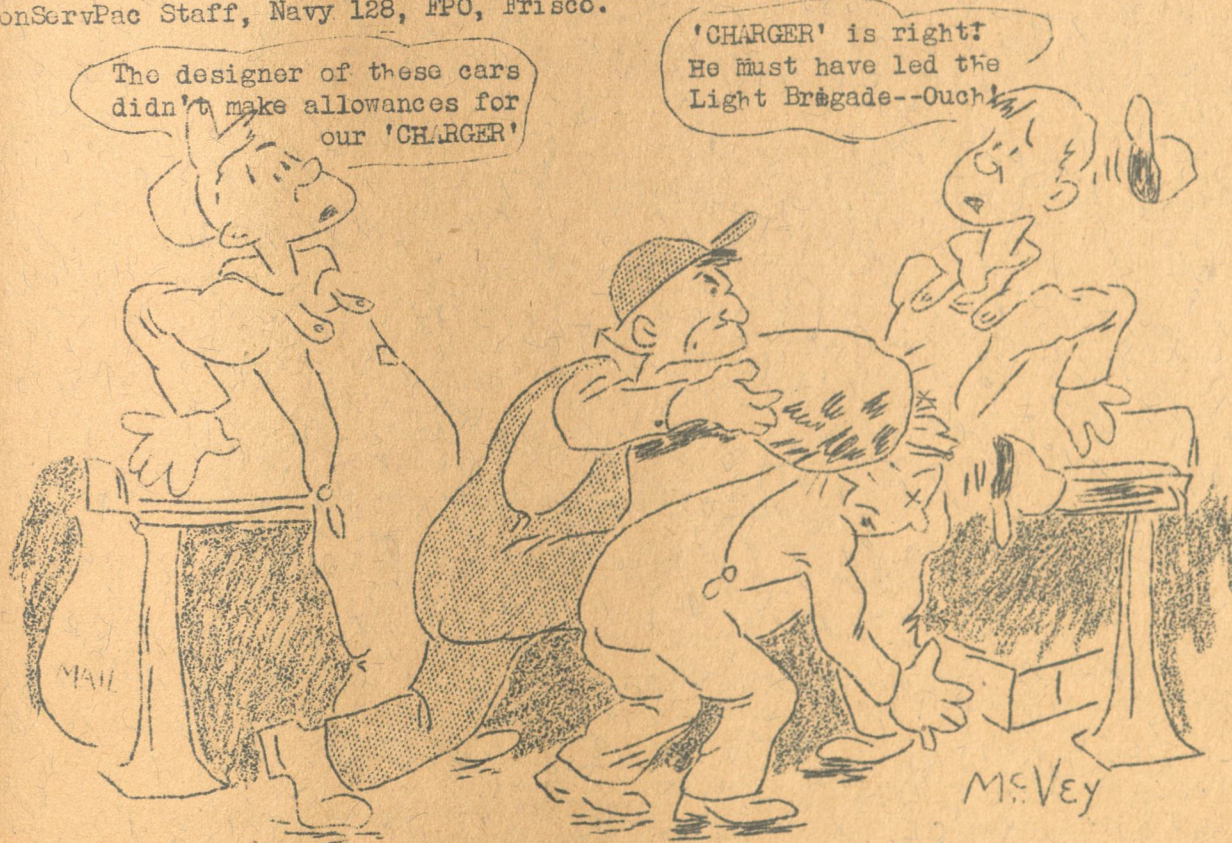
1st Lt CHARLES H. BURNS is now Postal Officer at Camp Crowder, Mo.

JOSEPH STANTON, S 1/c, Co 45-136, USNITC, San Diego 33, Calif., postcards: "I got to be S 1/c by taking the Eddy test for suitability for radar instruction. Good deal, eh?"

KURT BEHNKE, MaM 1/c, Duty Paper Sec. FPO, 651 Brannon St., San Fran 7, is "not back at sea yet. Personally, I don't wanna sea any more. I have had sufficient although I didn't get a great deal of it. I decommissioned my little post office in the Aleutians, which is the reason I came back to the States a bit sooner than most of the fellows.

"Not many of the old boys around any more, most of them are overseas as you probably know. I saw FORREST DAMRON just before I returned to the States." I'm here awaiting re-assignment. Of course it is hard to guess where that might be, but probably west and one does run into a lot of water shortly west of here." Of course I can always dream of having a bit of 'Stateside duty', which we all have in mind."

A change of address from Lt RALPH J. ALEXANDER, % Postal Officer Pacific, ConServPac Staff, Navy 128, FPO, Frisco.



THERES ONE IN EVERY CREW

The letters received have been 90% from the Pacific. Seems as how I read that there was something happening in Europe, so maybe they've been busy. We wonder what has happened to DENNIS, RUNKLE, LUCAS, FORDHAM. Haven't heard from them in over a year. It is rumored that LUCAS is in a Frisco hospital.

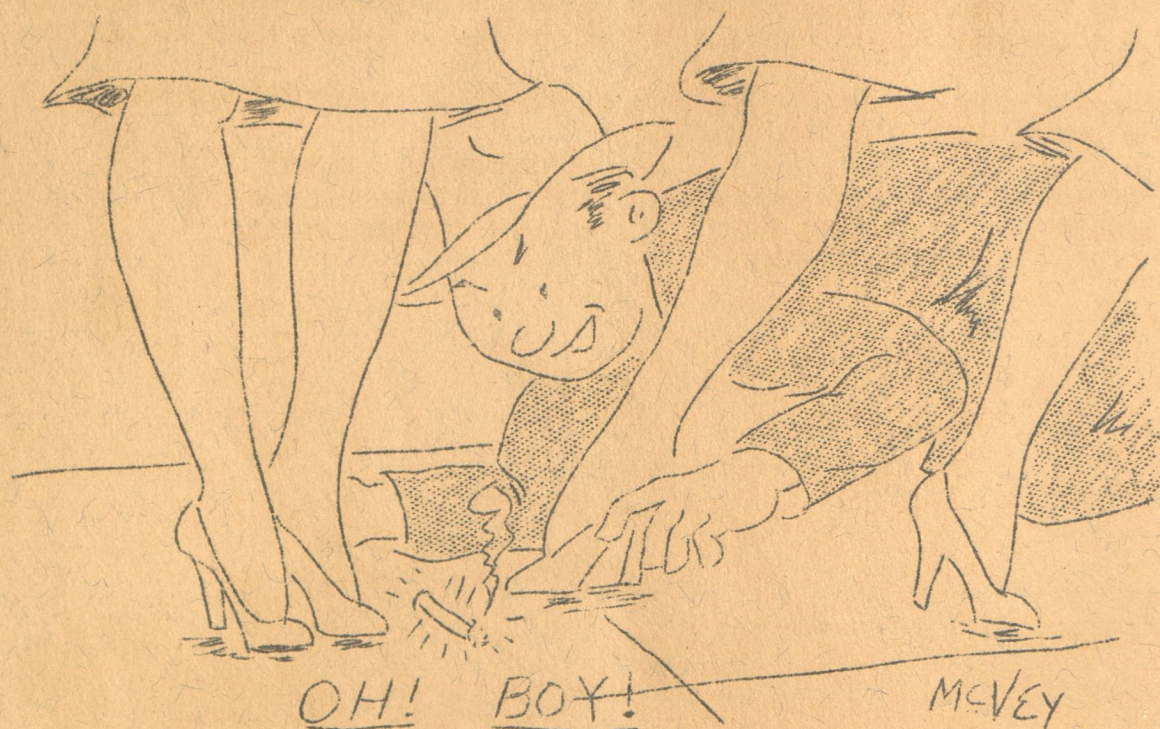
The Bridge Catcher at Malta sends a change of address: Lt RAYMOND KOOYMAN, 640 APU, APO 640, % PM, NYC. "There are lots of RMS-ers here but I haven't found any I know. The ones I have met all talk the same language and tell the same stories about going stuck, missing catches and carrying the C in C's trousers by the place he gets off. We've lots of work here in England and will probably have, even after the war ends. The Directory work is terrific. It can't be emphasized too much to correctly address military mail."

T/Sgt JOSEPH C. KROBOTH, 567 Bomb Sq, 384 Bomb Gp, APO 558, % PM, NYC, has a post-war idea. "I have one suggestion to make in regard to the series of lessons which you have started, and no kidding. Why don't you appoint a professor to turn out a little booklet entitled 'Space Simplified' with lots of explanations and pictures. I can remember in the distant past of memorizing a lot of rules and not having the faintest idea of what it was all about--nobody else seemed to know what it was all about either. I'm sure the booklet would have a lot of appreciative readers.

6 "Have just about finished up my tour of missions here and am looking forward to the time I'll be back to the City of Roses."
 From Germany, T/Sgt ALEXANDER V. HILL, Hdqts Co, 275th Engr Combat Bn, APO 451, %PM, NYC V's: "Certainly swell to know you fellows at home are thinking of us. The next time you mail me your news, please send me the address of my old pal, Lt (oh my!) TONY GERBER. Have probably been in his area several times, but there is no way of knowing. Have been on the Western front, from one end to the other, and now we're finally in the rats' nest itself, digging out the rats. There is a feeling of victory in the air. I can hardly wait to come home and start piling up brownies again. If you're figuring on a trip to Europe after the war, save your money. There is nothing over here you can't enjoy better in Oregon or Washington."

WAYNE H. AHRENS, CM 1/c, Naval Base 3245, Box 200, FPO, Frisco, writes from the Marianas: "I am going to look up ADAMS the first chance I get. He is not at the same base so will take about a half a day to get him located if I ever get that much time. But I did see RAGSDALE for a few minutes last week as he is in the postoffice at this base. You know, speaking about getting late mail, I think this is about tops. I got a Christmas package yesterday (March 23) mailed October 14. There weren't many places out here it hadn't been before it came to me. I have a brother on Leyte, went in with the landing forces. Was wounded, a bullet creased the side of his head and they took twelve pieces of shrapnell out of his shoulder, but I got a letter from him yesterday and he is back with his outfit so he must be doing alright. Well, it is time to roll in."

ALDEN N. BICE, Sp C 2/c, takes his feet off his desk long enough to work up an interest in the occupational disease most likely to result before the war is over. "I note you refer to 'Tobacco Salvage' as 'gutter-stoop', etc., and it has me thinking with awe to contemplate the thought that the number of persons who formerly went around with their heads tilted back and in a rosy cloud of thoughts who must now



bend down in their efforts to satisfy the craving for the weed. In the days of 'dehorn' and 'canned heat', addicts on 1st Ave So, Seattle, who commonly sought tobacco in the gutter were known as 'snipe-hunters'. This occupation should make leg-art boom now since the professionals can not look any higher than legs after a few months on the job."

A V-picture from WILBERT ADAMS, Mam 2/c, Duty FPO, Navy 3245, Frisco.

Capt GORDON L. HENSEN, Base Ord Office, AMB, Portland 5, Oregon has recovered and doing nicely, we hope. "Right at present I am sweating out the arrival of a future RPO and the suspense is terrific. I really believe its tougher on me than it is on my wife."

"It is swell to be back in the Northwest. Am hoping to get down to the depot some time and see if I can locate some of the boys and catch up on the latest RMS news. Maybe they'll let me work a couple of bundles of local mail. Anyway, I know it will feel good to get in a mail car again--even if its only temporary. Have not had any colorful experiences or interesting trips but its the same old grind of supplying all guns, ammunition and allied equipment and repairing same when needed. Its a job thats about as far away from the mail service as one could get but it has been excellent experience and I am really enjoying it."

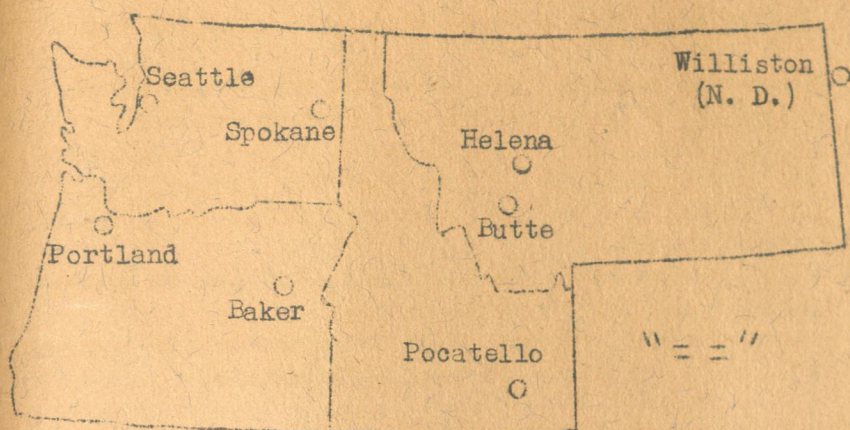
THOMAS H. FUNNELL, Mam 2/c, Base PO, ARPD, San Bruno, Calif., is "Writing money orders. It is kind of a change from RMS. The letters that some of the fellows send in are certainly interesting. Know that I would be worth a lot more running on the Port & S F line than I am here, but you can't tell the Navy that."

Lt LEE H. LEWIS, NAF, Box XX, Navy 330 FPO, NYC.

Ens. FLOYD A. BESS, USS Poole, DE 151, FPO, NYC.

Box 1313,
 Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,



This Letter is No. --, but like a hotel, we never use the number --. It is half way between 12 and 14.

Box ---- ($\frac{1}{2}$ of 2626),
Spokane 5, Wash.
July --, 1945.
(Fortnight less one)

Although the end of the road is not yet in sight, some interesting events indicate it's not so far off. A few of the fellows are back from Europe and looking for an early return to the RMS. I imagine others are back in processing centers awaiting reassignment. We have heard indirectly of some that have returned and hope to keep track of them.

An indication that the end is not just around the corner is that some new recruits have just recently been inducted.

Two of you have asked for particulars on the new salary bill, rumors of which have reached the far corners of the globe. As others have intimated an interest, will try to give a summary of what the bill contains.

Last December Congress got all hot and bothered over a salary raise for postal clerks, using a \$400 permanent raise as a basis to replace the \$300 annual "war-time bonus" then in effect. Agreement could not be reached on several factors and the Department was in outright disfavor of that bill. Instead, the Department wanted Congress to wait until they presented a bill which they were then formulating and would have ready for the new Congress of 1945. Christmas was nearing, the fellows wanted to get home and the bill died with the outgoing Congress.

Shortly after the new Congress convened in January, the Department submitted their proposals for consideration. The bill contained many items which our Association had been urging--permanent increase in salary (the first since 1925), increase in travel allowance, longevity feature and true time-and-a-half for overtime.

There will be 17 grades for RPCs from now on. A sub will start at grade 1, \$1,900 and advance a grade (\$100) each year to grade 11, \$2,900. Present-day clerks will be promoted to the grade that will equal their present salary plus at least \$400. Grade 4 clerks will go to grade 9, \$2,700 and grade 5 clerks to grade 11, \$2,900.

Clerks in charge will get a higher boost, as they will get the longevity feature at once. Class A (grade 5) will receive grade 14, \$3,200 and Class B (grade 6) will go to grade 16, \$3,400. Grade 17 will be for the big brasses on two-car runs.

Travel allowance raised to \$4 per day, or \$1 per item.

The longevity feature will be promotion to the next higher grade (\$100) after three years in the highest automatic grade; another after 5 years and a third after seven years. A new man in the service will receive annual promotions for eleven years; a longevity promotion after he has been in 14 years, again at the end of 19 years and will reach the top for a distributor when he has been in 26 years. Unless he's lucky enough to get a car in the mean time.

Longevity is a reward for long and faithful service. The bill stated clerks-in-charge would go to the top of their classification. For ordinary distributors, however, the "reward must be earned, starting from now. It is unfair to the older men in the distributor class as many will not be with us long enough to "earn" the reward, but their interests were sacrificed to insure passage of the bill. It is hoped amendments will be added shortly to give them the same benefits the clerks-in-charge receive under the bill.

The House passed the bill with but one dissenting vote, but when it reached the Senate its chances of passing seemed to fade. The time-and-a-half feature was under fire. Heretofore our time was based on 305 days per year--52 Sundays and 8 under fire. The hourly holidays counted out--but we worked but 253 days (five days per week). The hourly rate for overtime was less than the hourly rate for regular work. The House cut the divisor to ascertain the daily wage to 253 days per year (Saturdays, Sundays and holidays out) but the Senate asked for a 260-day divisor (52 weeks of 5 days each). This was to conform with another bill for other Government employees. After dickering for two weeks, it was passed by the Senate June 26 and amendments agreed to by the House early next day.

The outstanding feature, in my estimation, is that the annual salary will be divided into 24 equal parts, one part to be the semi-monthly pay check. No more big checks for 31-day months, but think of that check we used to get for the last

2 half of February! Benefits will come right now, as the first half of this July has but 11 working days.

Since many post office clerks read this Letter, this part is given for their information:

For clerks and carriers of first- and second-class post offices, a new clerk starts with grade 1, \$1,700 and progresses a grade (\$100) per year to grade 11, \$2,700. Longevity on the same basis as above, \$100 after each 3, 5 and 7 year period in the next lower grade. Since I am unfamiliar with post office grades, their present salary can be ascertained by adding \$00 to their present annual rate, using the grade that will at least equal that amount.

President Truman signed the bill and ordered a 44-hour week, but due to shortage of men, we will remain on a 48-hour week for the time being.

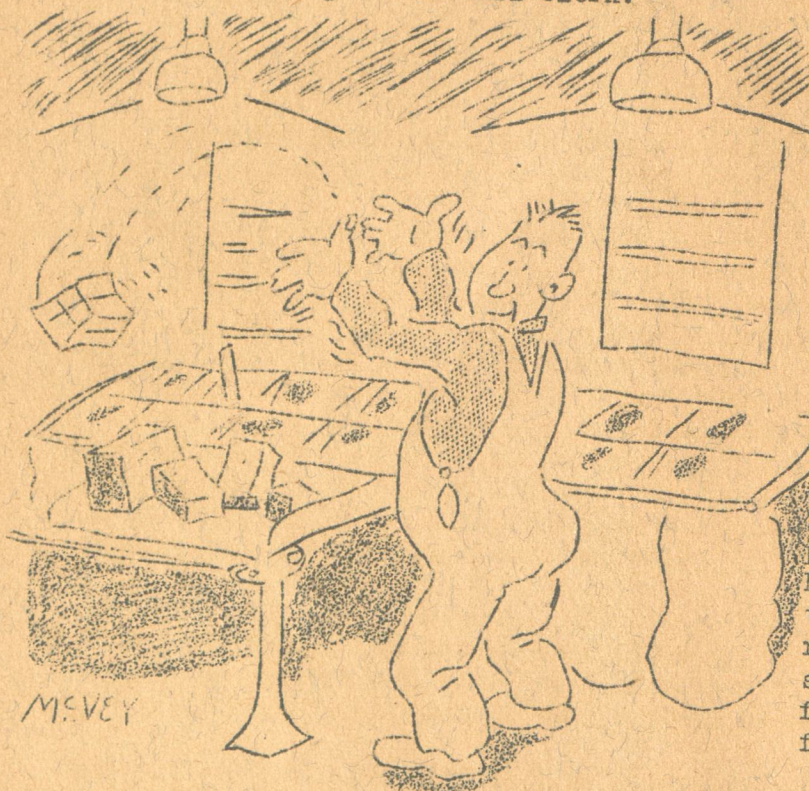
If any part of this is not entirely clear, please write the Comptroller General --he is no doubt changing the bill to suit his taste at this very moment!

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE -- (A Baker's Dozen)

The Miles City & Seat ED is hampered by sickness so it looks like getting a trip annual will have to be for an essential purpose. District 1 has Foote, Yates and Groves taking care of the sub work in Spokane. Hunter and Wiese at Helena, Bob Woods and Bob Emmons at Butte, with Salter on the Paradise run.

Richardson, a returned veteran of more than two years in the south Pacific, has promise of being a real mail clerk.

--Arthur H. Harrison



June RMA was held in the Transfer Office. After routine business the newly elected officers were installed: James Gregory, President; Leo Cutler, V-P; and Champlin, Secretary-Treasurer. Champlin was elected Division Delegate to the Nat'l Convention.

Latest addition here is Robert Greer of Ogden Term, to E D. Charles Cutler has transferred to the Nevada sub list. Keith Radley has reinstated to the sub list at Pocatello.

We were shocked to learn that Clarent T. Heath of the E D passed away May 23 at Salt Lake. He first had an attack of intestinal flu, from which he was about recovered, when he fell down a stairway. From that point he went from bad to worse and was finally flown to Salt Lake by plane.

Sub Freeman has made his last trip before entering the military service. Harold Jacobs made grade 6 on the ED vice GEORGE BRADY in army.

--Joseph Sebesta

De coach tole me dat basket-ball training would halp me when I got older!

Seattle

Division President Macomber was present at the May RMA meeting and gave a very interesting account of our proposed wage and reorganization law as well as other legislative matters. It was rather a farewell appearance after his some 30 years as Division President. Mac has been a good fighter for the 13th and our good wishes go with him.

The Blaine & Seattle RPO was reorganized June 1 to have 2 crews of 3 men each on Trs. 360-355, Seattle head-out, 3 on and 3 off, or thereabouts and 2 crews of 3 each on Trs. 358-359, Blaine head-out, 6 on and 8 off. For what used to be a rather undesirable run, that is some lay-off! DICK FUQUA won't know himself when he comes back. The blonde at Richmond Beach, who has a "broad beam", as Demerit sez (nautically speaking) will interest him, tho.

Theo. A. Braucher of Omaha, Nebr., is a new Seattle sub by transfer. Herb Cochran is back as 2nd man in Murphy 2s crew. Shriner batting for Blumenstein, who is on a trip to Iowa on account of his father's death. Harold Munro in Chief Clerk's office for Gribble on sick leave. Fred Wightman back on the job after 40 days off doctoring up at Battle Creek, Mich. and a visit in the east. Wallie Nelson is also back at work and feels fine after a six months' rest.

The new Seattle Branch officers are: Chaplin, Pres., Vickers, V-P; Broze, Secretary and Matthews, Financial Secretary.

The fishing has been poor this spring on account of the high water or the wrong kind of bait or something. But we have a new RPO, according to the P M at Startup: "Seattle & Beyond"--and it is!

Bruce Noel, grade 6 and Otis Little, Grade 7, at the AMF. Noel Morriset resigned to work as a C P A, leaving a vacancy in the Supt's office.

Ted Drommond to Clerk in Charge Section, Supt's office, vice Worden to Ass't

Seattle & Port News

With the 60' cars furnished by the NP when they took over operation of the line in May, comes also several inconveniences that the boys would like to see rectified. One is the pony cases that project across the car and do not allow for passage from one end to the other, which makes it a little difficult to pass pouches back and forth and makes it necessary to serve local from both doors. The cars are not equipped with auxiliary tables so that clerks working the side tables have nothing to brace against and nothing to pile their cut working mail on. Otherwise, the cars are nice, all freshly painted and well equipped. With the 2600s pulling the 25 cars we are now running on time more often than heretofore.

The poker games are still going strong and most of the boys will even throw in a penny when they only have a full house.

Harry Dawes is again hospitalized with a bad leg and may be off for some time. The strain of war time schedules is beginning to tell on many of the older clerks.

--Wayne W. McVey

Portland

George M. Read, Port & S F ND, passed away at Salem, Oregon, June 19. He had gone there to visit a sick relative and while there suffered a heart attack. Arthur J. Stimpson, retired, passed away at the Veterans Hospital in Portland, June 26. Arthur had been ill for some time, suffering from carcinoma.

The latest promotions to grade 6 are all on the Port & S F ND, being Wallace Grigg, John A. Beutler, Monte Jensma and, we understand, that Sid Richards will get the Read vacancy.

Orville Bell, the last of the regular Oregon subs, has been appointed to the Port & S F ND and Louis Behrens, who transferred from Idaho to the Oregon list, has been appointed to the Transfer Office. That leaves us with two transfers to the Oregon list and a very few wartime subs. Some fun!

Cain is back on the time desk in the office and says that now he knows what they mean when they refer to that cat which was so busy.

Al Murphy is ill and will probably take retirement. Ike Estep is going back to the L A Term, bad heart. Ed Miller gets his place on the Southern. Kilbourn, who came up from L A, has resigned and Frederick is coming up in his vacancy.

The building which is to be used for the Terminal is expected to be ready for use about the first of August. The Terminal will then be a separate organization and not attached to the Transfer Office. It is expected that twenty or more clerks will be regularly employed.

--Frank Scoville

Roy Watson is appointed to the Transfer Office but working in the Terminal. He traded with Thor Hyslin, a California man, who has traded up here, as Roy was told to keep off the road. Doctor's advice! Everett Runkle is now working in the Terminal, having been retired from the army. Ticker trouble there, also.

There is no question about it, the 48-hour week, along with overtime, volume of mail and with the sub situation such that a man can hardly get time off when he is not feeling well, is knocking the fellows over right and left. --Roy G. Watson

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

We welcome home:

Major EVERETT H. RUNKLE, Port & Seaside

1st Lt CARL E. OSTLUND, A M F, Seattle

Pfc LEO W. BESWICK, Williston & Seattle E D

Capt ADRIAN L. MALONEY has returned from England and has been home on furlough before reporting for further duty at Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

New recruits:

Pvt CLIFFORD HERING, 39483585, Co B, 87 Bn, 3 Plat., Camp Roberts, Calif.

Pvt ROBERT S. TAFT, 39490345, Co C, 36 Tr Bt B.I.T.G., Camp Crowder, Mo.

We wonder: How ERNIE HALL, AMM 2/c, fared on the USS Saratoga. The flat-top was in Bremerton latelthis spring for extensive repairs, need for same sponsored by the Jap air corps.

The son of Harvey Wick, Miles City WD, is home on furlough while his ship, the BUNKER HILL, is being repaired. He narrowly escaped when it was bombed.

Pvt LEO W. BESWICK, is out of uniform. "I have been discharged from the army and am back in the mail service and am at the Airport at Billings on a temporary basis, or 'till my wife is well enough to move to Williston, N. Dak., where I received my appointment."

Lt CLYDE E. SCOTT, C.R.S., BOQ, Delivery 300, Camp Atterbury, Indiana, is "Assigned as mess officer in Wakeman Convalescent Hospital. This is a hospital center. The patients are given reconditioning exercises until they are fit for active duty or for discharge from the army. Those that are discharged are first given the opportunity to learn a trade. They teach welding, auto mechanics, wood-work,--most anything they could want. I look forward to the next Letter eagerly."

JOSEPH E. FLORY, MAM 1/c, Duty FPO, Navy 128, Frisco, 'cards' us with "I'm hungry for news, so I'm sending the change. Saw JIM LASHBAUGH today. He is also here. Hope everything is going well."

4 Pfc DAN DAVIS, Co K, 3rd Prov Military Police Bn, F.M.F. Pacific, FPO, Frisco, "Received a letter from you today. It was mailed last March, so will try and get you straight on my address. Guess I am one of the few who is, lets say, fighting the best army or military service in the world. I am in one of the most talked about companys going. Yes, an M.P. Guess that will explain it.

"Outside of what I have already written, its just about all I can write. I keep in touch with the boys at Pocatello. I only know a few as I was a new man at the time I got in the service."

Lt PAUL S. WARBER, Hdqtrs 17th Naval Dist., FPO, Seattle, Wash., "Received your Letter some time ago, shortly after my return to Headquarters from an inspection trip. On the trip I met FORREST DAMRON, and visited with him for a few minutes.

"Our winter was very mild this year, until the month of March. We had more snow and wind last month than the rest of the winter combined. The last week or so it has warmed up again and rained plenty, washing off almost all of the snow. Now we are back to normal again, with rain, snow, fog and wind. This area is the damndest breeding place for more sorts of weather per day that I have ever seen.

"I should keep on griping! I requested change of duty orders, naming China Coast or Philippines as my choice. Last night I received my orders--where to?--San Diego, for postal duties in the Eleventh Naval Dist. At any rate, I should enjoy a little sunshine and hot weather for a change. My orders also carry one month's delay in reporting for duty, which will be "hard" to endure after being in this area, particularly when women are as plentiful up here as trees (no trees!).

"Keep the home fires burning, AND THE MAIL MOVING; we certainly appreciate it."

LIEF LEE, S 2/c, Dispatch Section, FPO, 651 Brannan St., San Francisco 7, postals: "Hows Bx? I got to the FPO yesterday and thought if I wanted to get any more poems about lady mail

PRIMER FOR RETURNING RPCs

Each car is supplied with a turkey--not the Tranksgiving kind. They are used for dusting off the luggage. If you watch your chance you might even dust off the C-in-C, for which you will receive appropriate commendation from interested parties.

clerks, I'd better let you know my address. I really enjoyed your 12th Twaddle; seems good to even see familiar names again, and I've been gone a short time, compared to some of us. Hope to be hearing from you."



Lt JOHN B. CORSON, AGD, O-494108, 225th Army Postal Unit, APO 403, NYC, sent us a 2-franc note, but we didn't run out for a beer--we looked around for the French black-market to get a pack of fags. In the meantime, back to Lt. Corson: "Seems like most of the 13th Division has gone to the Pacific, so will send a line to let you know we are still over here, too. Left the 14th Base PO back there somewhere and joined the Third US Army about the time it passed through Verdun, and expect to ride along to Berlin, as you can see by the papers. Have a small and very independent Army Postal Unit of eleven men, travel very frequently, always eastward, and pick up beaucoup souvenirs to encumber the mails going home. We are hearing plenty talk now of our prospects for a trip through Suez, and just now I could use some warm weather. Brought my Alaska parka over here and needed it. Am now in my nineteenth month overseas (three Hershey bars on my cuff) and three battle stars on my ETO ribbon, and next month will draw one fogie on my pay for three years in the army. Some change from the old Seattle & Seward. Tell DODGE I'll look him up in China, some day, and buy McVey a new pencil so he can keep up the fine illustrations."

In a later letter, via "Mit Luftpost" and full of postage stamps (which we'll use on this Letter--if you don't get yours, notify Adolf to forward) CORSON continues: "Since I last wrote, have visited several places that were once large German cities, such as Frankfurt, Nurnberg, Wurzburg. The latter was my place of business serving too many thousands of troops, and the place where V-E Day found us. There was not much celebration as it seemed almost an anticlimax at the time. Some of the air corps men got rid of a lot of surplus ammunition which they didn't want to carry with them to China, and my unit made the day memorable by finding a place where they could get a hot shower. Then business went on as usual, and work became even heavier if possible. Wurzburg is a ruined city. The RAF plastered it with incendiaries for twenty minutes on March 16, destroyed, by official figures, 95% of the city, killing between five and ten thousand (five thousand bodies found so far, the rest buried in the ruins) and driving the remainder of the population of two hundred thousand out of the city in panic. Only one sub-station of the six postal stations was left, in the bottom of a five-story building. The top four floors burned off, but we

5 cleaned out the ground floor and operated an APO there for a month, living in tents in back. Then we had an inspection and got eaten out because the floor wasn't clean; and by a former postmaster, too!

"Now operating as a Postal Regulating Section, transferring mail from rail to truck and vice versa, seven or eight carloads a day, distributing to fourteen APOs in south Germany, Czechoslovakia and Austria. Nearest thing in civilian experience would be an RMS transfer office. This makes a full round for me; first, postal section of a port of embarkation (Seattle); an APO in Alaska; a Base PO in England, an Army postal unit again and now a postal regulating section. Looks from here like a China cruise will be next. Am still with the Third Army as yet."

Pfc CHARLES F. GREENFIELD, 39606879, SCU 1987, DeWitt Gen Hosp, Auburn, Calif., has "Been bouncing around quite a lot since I left Spokane and haven't had a permanent address to give you, but now I am located here at DeWitt more or less permanently. I am working in the hospital post office. I am just a little bit short of 85 points needed for a discharge, so I am living in hopes they'll lower it by ten or fifteen points soon. If they don't, I'm going to be very disappointed. I am just recovering from another shot of malaria. There is one thing to be thankful

for--each attack is a little lighter than the last one."

WILBERT H. J. ADAMS, MAM 2/c, Duty FFO, Navy 3245, Frisco, is still 'vacationing' in the Marianas. "After a few months out here, it gets to be quite a chore to write letters, as there isn't much to write about. By the way, how about a little information about those bills for a pay raise in Congress and how are they getting along?"

"Same old stuff going on out here. Work, eat and sleep and a little play thrown in for good measure. Last week four of us went out shell hunting and swimming. We had a couple pairs of underwater glasses and we'd swim along and look at the sights. It's really beautiful. Thousands of tropical fish of all colors swimming among varicolored coral of all shapes. Also run into many weird forms of sea life, which makes it quite interesting. We picked up a few shells of different sizes and shapes, too."

Pvt MARK E. BOYD, 39487797, 4th Plat, Co D, 85th Inf Tng Bn, Camp Roberts, Calif., is "Located about 300 miles from Frisco. There must be quite a few of the boys there. I haven't received any information about what has been going on since I left and am deeply interested, especially in that pay bill."

Pvt RAY C. DIELMAN, 39940043, Co B, 4 Pl, 87 Bn, Camp Roberts, Cal., sends in the address of CLIFF HERING. Good work, Ray! "Have a new name to add to your list. He was a clerk on Green River & Port WD, I connected him at Baker, Oreg. We came in at the same time."

Cpl CHARLES L. FATLAND, 39174851, 331st Sq, 94th Bomb Group, APO 559, NYC now has time to drop a line: "Now that it is all over over here, we don't have too much to do and are waiting around and sweating it out wondering what they are going to do with us. So far we haven't heard a word about where or when we are going so we will just have to wait and see what will happen."

"They are putting up an obstacle course here on our base so it looks like they plan to keep us busy and in shape with a physical training program. I sure ain't crazy about



"--- weird forms of sea life!"

the obstacle course but the athletic program is alright. Well, I guess we will have a lot of stuff like that to do from now on such as drill, etc., to keep us busy and out of mischief. I hope they decide soon as to what to do with us. I don't have quite enough points to get out so I guess I will be in awhile yet. Just hope I can get back to the States this year sometime."

ORVILLE L. RAGSDALE, MAM 3/c, Naval Base PO Duty, Navy 3245, Box 161, FPO, Frisco, likes the Letter so well we sent him TWO copies. No wonder our postage bill is excessive! Anyway, he goes on: "ADAMS and I have been having a hell of a time. I have a camera and some film. He has some film but no camera. We took a trip around the "Rock" a couple of weeks ago and I used up mine; he put his in but only had time for half of the roll and hasn't had time since to use them up.

"We got some good ones but they will all have to wait 'till this thing is over before they can be shown. ADAMS got in on all the really tough work when the Iwo deal came along. Lucky me, I was in the base PO and we just had our regular work. Right now I'm in charge of all incoming and outgoing mail and the records section. We have over 5,000 cards in our files, all active, so we don't really rest much. A new bunch of mail men came in from NY and now the lower deck of our barracks is bedding 53 men where 38 are supposed to be. You can never be sure just whose pants you are putting on upon waking in the morning."

*Six times thru and even the
Black gang won't listen to it!*



Joe wants a Bendix to
clean up his jokes!

JOSEPH R. STANTON, S 1/c, Co 45-136, USNTO, San Diego 35, Calif., always had a ready joke to tell. In fact odds were placed that after a month the officers would recommend his discharge. "Sure enjoyed the 12th Twaddle, or whatever it was, as did some of the rest of my company. I've been here 4 weeks yesterday. Got my second liberty today and am at the USO catching up on my correspondence. I should go back to the base and catch up on my washing--and no Maytag, either! What I'd give for a Bendix! Can you imagine me a radio technician?"

1st Lt ADRIAN B. DODGE, O-1307208, Ren Troop, APO 25, Frisco, is, so far as we know, the first of the gang to be where the boys played a little TOO rough. "Just a note to say I'm ok. I picked up 6 or 7 pieces of shrapnel the other day and am now resting in a hospital. Yes, I'm using a red cross pen so don't expect too much. I may be coming home one of these days but doubt how soon. Not enough points. Only have 82 and need at least 85. Incidentally, I got one piece of lead right where I sit. Embarrassing, don't you think? My back side is getting sore, so I must rise and rest it."

1st Lt ELWOOD C. YOUNGBERG, O-755160, 66th Troop Carrier Sq, APO 719, Frisco, sends in a hurried change of address. How about a few words for the next Letter, Elwood?

CARL OSTLUND has put his bars and flying suit away. "Am out of the service now and on my way to Seattle and the West. Last week I worked a day in the Pittsburgh Terminal to establish my seniority. The mail business is really big here." Rumors have it that Carl has asked for a year's leave due to illness.

EMIL E. KRAHN, SKT 2/c, USNRB, Navy 128, Gen Detail, FPO, Frisco is in Hawaii. "Flew over here by transport plane from the States and sure had a swell trip. The Island here has nice weather but outside of that I can't say I am too impressed with what I have seen here. I spent one afternoon on Waikiki Beach. We have but one liberty every 7 days so don't get to see too much."

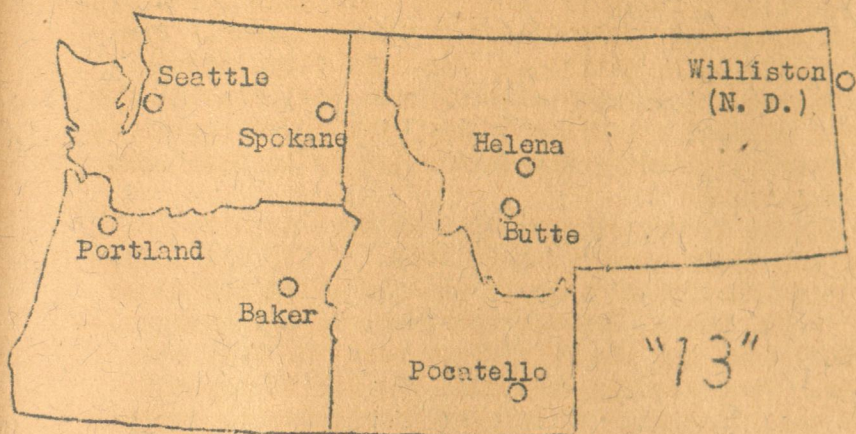
A change of address for Ens FLOYD A. BESS, USS Poole (DE 151), FPO, Frisco.

M. P. SAMAYA, MAM 3/c, V Mail Sta, Navy 3256, FPO, Frisco sends a new address. "Hope it is the last move till I head for home again. After spending about six nice months in Hawaii they shoved me out here so far it won't make much difference which direction I take for home. There is a lot I could write that would be interesting but the man with the rubber stamp says 'NO'! Guess most of the boys from Europe will be home soon, which won't make the RMS sore."

GLEN W. PETERSON, MAM 1/c, PO Dept, NAS, Pasco, Wash., doesn't write, but we receive the NAS SKY-WRITER regularly from which we snatch an occasional joke. And so, if youse guys leaving Europe send in a new address and enough letters are received, another of these will come your way shortly.

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,



FOURTEENTH FORAY

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
August 30, 1945.

You Ole Buzzard!
I've been looking all over
the Pacific for YOU!



Y-J

Like V-E Day late last spring, V-J Day was really no surprise, as news reports had been optimistic and a slip the week before took some of the excitement out of August 14. A few days previously a United Press Employee sent out a flash with a Washington date line that Japan had accepted our surrender terms. Two minutes later it was corrected on all radio networks. New York City, always ready for anything, refused to listen and carried on a riotous celebration for the rest of the day. The U P has offered a million dollar reward for apprehension of the guilty party, but after considering the Government would take some 90% of it, the offer was less attractive.

On the West coast, August 14 was a warm summer day. As soon as official word was received, every office and store closed immediately. Well, all except one that we heard of. The Northern Pacific offices in Seattle could not close without permission of the boss in St. Paul. Frantic telegrams were unanswered--the boss and all his crew had left town and the NP offices were the only ones open in the Smith Tower next day. That evening we filled the car to capacity and drove down town to see what was going on. It was not boisterous or rowdy--the people were out to have some fun. It took many minutes to drive a few blocks. A paper commodity, very scarce for the past year, was used for streamers on many cars. The boys and girls were not looking forward to the problem of the morrow with a further paper shortage.

The gas fumes became obnoxious; many valuable 'A' coupons going up in smoke. Next day gas rationing was ended. Now, if my brother (age 31--or is it 32?--size $1\frac{1}{2}$ of me) was home from the Pacific, I could use his two years' experience in an Engineer Truck Company as a tire repairman to help bolster my tired tires' morale when out of sight of a service station.

There appeared to be an osculating contest among the boys in uniform. From the random splotches of lip-stick in evidence, it was not entirely a one-sided affair.

Frisco got a little out of hand, requiring hundred of police to break up the gangs. Many windows were broken and a few 'bobby-soxers' were stripped of clothing on Market Street. Why do sailors do such things?

On the way home we noticed a large group gathered around a darkened bus. It had hit two young celebrants on a bike. The war might be over, the world was in a joyous mood--but the little tragedies and heart-aches of home were still marching on.

Officially the fighting is over. Under ordinary circumstances the shouting would die down and we'd welcome you guys home. The 'phoney' war of 1939 has dragged into a first-rate conflict and it is doubtful when it will really end so all can come home. Since many of you have a service record of many months, we sincerely hope you will be among those returned to civilian life this year. Whatever you do, however, DON'T bring home an atom as a souvenir!

One of the things that have made this country great is the spirit of levity apparent under all conditions. The next day after the first atomic bomb was released, the standard opinion as to what was wrong with Japan was they they had "atomic ache".

A very bright one was pulled by Bill Wilkinson of the Williston WD. The new rocket plane was being discussed and the paper had announced a party had made application for a route to the moon. We were wondering if it would have mail service on it--RPO or CP--whereupon Bill puts in his nickel's worth: "No, its going to be a star route!"

Bits from the Thirteenth

Tiger Jack Fox, Spokane's Old Man of the ring says that if he loses his bout with Harold Blackshear of Frisco Aug. 21 at Gonzaga Stadium he will retire from the ring. Seems as if I've heard that about once a month for the past four or five years.

After trying perhaps a dozen times in the past fifteen years with but partial success, McGoldrick's mill finally burned down. It took two days to do it thoroughly, Aug 8 & 9.

The National Women's Open Golf Tourney sponsored by the Athletic Round Table and scheduled at Manito last week had to be called off due to travel restrictions. I was looking forward to seeing Babe Didrikson Zaharias in action.

The S. U. R. has been sold to Pacific City Lines which operates street transportation in some fifteen Coast cities. New and larger busses are promised. With gas rationing a thing of the past, perhaps I'll be lucky enough to get a seat occasionally before I reach my stop.

Fort Wright and Oscar Levitch All-Stars, outstanding baseball nines of the area, clash Aug. 19 for the Independent Championship of the Inland Empire. The Fort's star hurler "Lefty" Chambers has paced his nine to 22 wins out of the last 25 games.

--Reuben P. Bergman, Williston W D

Hey, fellas! I promised to whip up some local news for your perusal but when I start looking around its the same old story--"Nothin' ever happens here".

I will say wrestling seems to be making a comeback in the Northwest. The outstanding notable of the mat game to show here in the past few weeks being Farmer Burns, who at the ripe old age of fifty still manages to floor some of the best the game produces.

Baseball is also playing to record-breaking crowds at Sick's Stadium. Seattle

3 is still in there fighting and Bill Skiff thinks if we win all the rest of our games we may nose our Portland to win the #1 spot for the season. By the way, Portland leads the league at present.

News on the home front has been centered on the large number of forest fires. Many were undoubtedly kindled by Jap fire bomb balloons, but the usual percentage by the usual careless motorists, campers, smokers, et al.

You Oregon boys who remember the old Tillamook burns of 1935 will be interested to know this area has again been devastated by the biggest blaze in these parts, destroying many acres of green timber and sweeping the thousands of acres that were re-seeded by the state, federal and private interests working co-operatively.

Since V-J Day, there has been a small shift of population eastward but so far it has just been a dribble, as most of the war workers are staying on the job until it is finished. However, this movement will naturally increase as war-time industries are deactivated.

The navy contemplates the purchase of the Sea-Tac yards in Tacoma as a repair base supplementing the Bremerton yard and will undoubtedly keep several thousands on the payroll. B-29s are still rolling at Boeings but no one knows for how long. They sure are purty lined up on the field.

Something few people are aware of, but the work has been going on for some time, is the super-highway planned before the war from Portland to Seattle, has been completed as far as Woodland and work is going on apace between Woodland and Kelso. This highway will certainly be rushed when men and equipment are available, as the old highway is inadequate and pretty badly beaten up from war-time traffic.

The boys on the Sent & Port thank you for your efforts and gratefully appreciate your parts in bringing about the Victory over the Japs.

--Wayne W. McVey

Rain throughout the West this week end put the damper on all fires for this year. We have been very fortunate for some years that the summers were too cool and damp to permit fires to get out of hand.

Thousands of veteran troops were called to fight fire. Five paratroopers were severely injured in 'chuting to an isolated fire east of Bellingham.

In Seattle last week a large warehouse filled with baled rags burned for several days. Adjoining the Fleet P O, it gave the boys many uneasy hours--at two different times they were ordered to move out but finally came through smokey but unburned.

Since disclosure that Hanford (Pasco) was the "home" of the atomic bomb, a few cautious NP clerks are wondering if their line is so desirable. The second day after the bomb news was released, lightning struck a hotel in Hanford. Panic was averted after the people found the racket to be just mere lightning and not a couple of atoms acting up.

The best kept secret of the war was the reason for the millions being spent at Hanford. The next best was the balloon barrage sent our way by Japan. We did hear rumors but not until 5 children were killed on a Sunday School picnic in Oregon did the army release a warning to watch for them and leave them alone.

Unless some of the forest fires were set by incendiaries, the attack was a complete failure. Several landed within the Inland Empire. The farthest was found near Detroit, Mich.

With the rush of war over, travel restrictions have been sufficiently relaxed to permit the RMA to hold their Convention in Cincinnati, Ohio, October 15. For awhile it appeared that the new delegates would meet the fate of those two years ago--no dice. The delegates this year are Bill Hardy, Seattle; John Kiernan, Portland and Homer Champlin, Pocatello.

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

On Williston Tr. 27 late in July a slip fell from a package of Alaska made by the Chic & Mpls RPO with these greetings: "Hi, boys. Just visiting around some GOOD RPOs. JOE STANTON."

Then early this month was on an extra trip down Pasco way and a card came from the Pasco NAS addressed to "All Hands, NP WD: Pasco Pete has finally got orders to move on."

Lt (jg) TERENCE JOHNSTON, VPB 26, FPO, Frisco, sends us a picture of his new girl friend (pardon us while we drool). I wonder if she can really play the ukelele shown with her, or did you notice that? "You are probably thinking that Johnston is a hell of a guy. Here I received a darn swell letter from you, I hate to think of how long ago and am just getting around to answering it. Received your communique, the most recent one with all the good news and decided it was past time to get a few lines off to you. Just think of all the brownies I can collect if I handle correspondence this way after returning to the mail service!

"Was ever so glad to hear that the salary increase finally went through for the postal workers. And this new setup sounds like a darn fine thing. Now, if this d---d war will ever wind up, we can go back to the mail service and everybody will be happy.

"Have never been lucky enough to contact any of the fellows you sent me the addresses of. Seems like every time I have hit Saipan I've forgotten to bring my

4 address book. Just missed seeing ERNIE HALL when the SARATOGA anchored at Elnwetok last spring. Was operating out of there at that time and convoyed it part of the way back to Pearl.

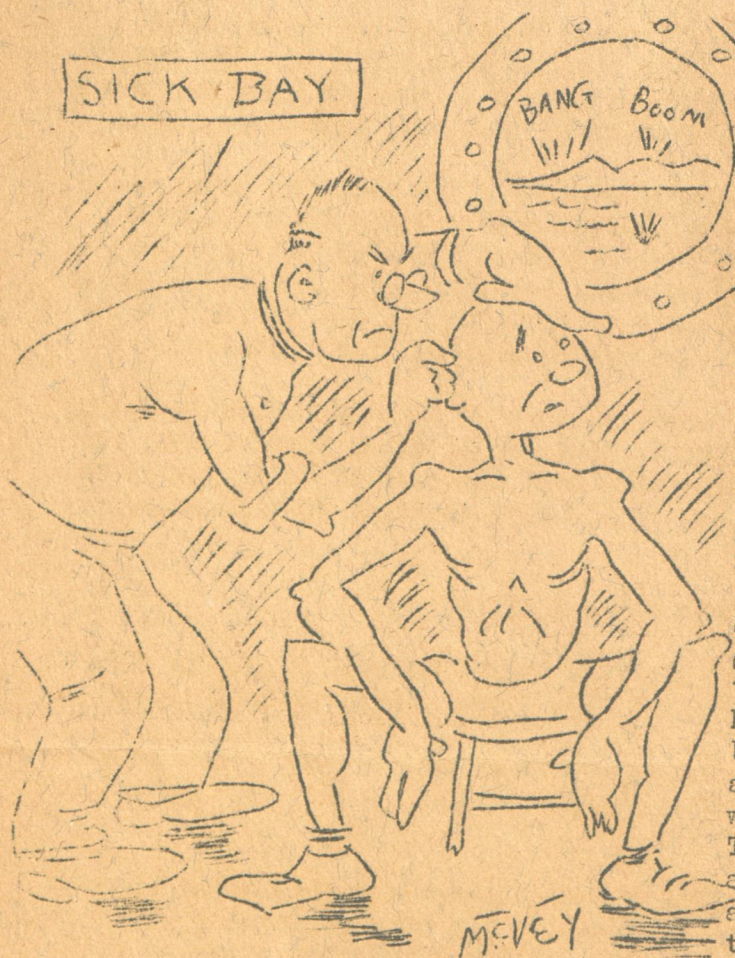
"Everyone out here is at the point where they do nothing but sweat the arrival of our relief crews. Have seen quite a bit of excitement in these parts the past few months and most of us are more than ready to head back to that wonderful place called the States.

"From what little scuttlebut I get, understand that there have been quite a few changes in District One. Will be glad to get home and get a chance to look things over, then maybe put in for a transfer. Believe I still have rights on the Miles C ED. Had a letter from PASCO PETE sometime ago and he thought this new train of the GN's was the deal. Can't quite see the GN where it goes through Montana, though, and it would be a long time before I would stand any chance of getting on any other part of the line."

Pvt MARK E. BOYD, 29487797, Post Locator Office, Ft. Sheridan, Ill., has been stationed there "For about two and one half months. There is one fellow who is appointed to the Chicago Terminal working with me. There are several city carriers and several post office clerks. The Captain in charge of the office was a postal inspector. There are three of us on the afternoon shift and three on the graveyard shift. We change every three weeks. We have it pretty nice here and Chicago is a grand service man's town. I hope I'll be able to see you all very soon but am afraid that it will be quite awhile yet."

M/Sgt SETH B. DENNIS, 39827540, 2nd Base PO, APO 790, NYC, has "Meant to write for months, but as the sailor says, actually doing it becomes difficult, expressing it most mildly, after a while away from the States. Never was my long suit anyhow, so the deterioration doesn't amount to so very much more than a good excuse, really. Noted in the 13th (a lucky number in our family) that BLIFF HERING made army uniform and is at my old training camp. If it still operates as it did when I was there in '42, he will be half dead the first three weeks and proud forever after to have survived it. Brother, when they get through with you, you are well on your way to being a top notch soldier. I used to sub with Cliff once in awhile when he was first appointed to the Baker.

"Saw Howard Kinney, formerly of the Green River ED, about a year ago. He was on his way home after completing 50 missions as a navigator. He had come over the previous January; I had been here since the previous October, to say nothing of a ten month stretch at Casablanca prior to that. Boy, that Air Corps --and I'm still here sweating it out.



"Have to admit I haven't had any flak coming at me, but I sweated out a few air raids. I saw a couple of days on the Anzio beach head, too. And that reminds me that I am laying claim right now to the title of being the only or at least the first RPC to participate in an invasion by mail transports. At that time we were loading mail for the beach head on LCIs almost every day, and they would make the trip up there during that night. We sent a guard with each one. The time I went up there were two of them traveling in convoy. Somebody must have put a decimal point in the wrong place on the navigation chart or something because before you could work a pouch of States, the LCI that I was on had gone hard aground on German-held territory. Nobody but themselves know exactly what the Jerries thought but they must have believed it was a sneak raid and so held their fire waiting for the men to come off. The men didn't come off. They hooked a line from the other LCI on to us and tried to ease us off. No soap on that so they had to leave a little slack and try to jerk us out.

"Finally the last jerk broke the line, but the impact of that one, along with our propellers at full speed astern, was enough to bring our front end off clear. It wasn't until the two craft were turning about that the Germans began to fire. A couple of shots came over high but before they could zero in, we were out of sight--it was still dark. Only my modesty and the fact that somebody might learn the truth anyway prevents my telling you what a hero I was on that occasion. As a matter of fact, I was asleep. I had gone to the sack as soon as we left Naples. The water was rough, and the only way to keep your insides inside on an LCI is either to stand on deck where you can look around and

I KEEP HEARING BOOMING NOISES IN MY SLEEP

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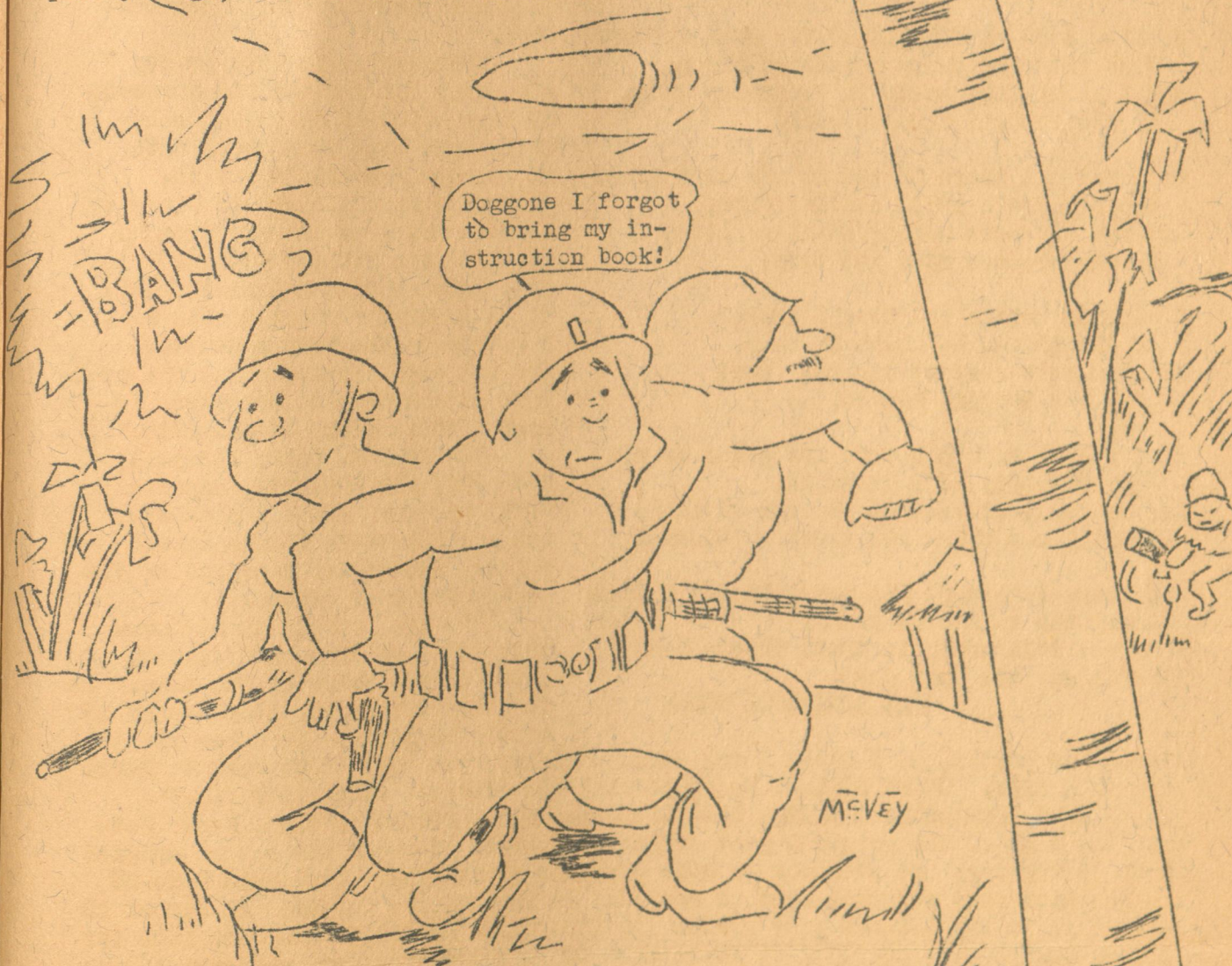
5 about and compensate with your feet for the roll or stay flat on your back. I was already tired of standing. The first thing I knew a sailor came down and woke everybody up and said 'Put on your life belts--general quarters'. That's all he said. The craft was not rolling so I supposed we were within enemy artillery range. I put on my life belt and went back to sleep. The next thing I knew the sailor was back, the craft was pitching and rolling again, and I heard a couple of shots. The sailor says, 'Hear that? That's the Jerries firing at us--we've just been aground on enemy-held territory.'

"Afterwards, they told me we had been beached for almost an hour while the crews were working like mad to get us off. So, you see, it wasn't really an invasion; still I kinda figure someone ought to strike off a new medal of some sort to cover the situation, especially if the medal counts five points.

"Things are mighty dull here now. The mail has dropped off considerably, as is to be expected. The latest rumors are that we will leave for home about February, which is a mite discouraging. And even more discouraging, the way things are going now it may be even later. It is a stupendous job to get all these guys home under the best of conditions and with the war in the far east being pushed as much as possible, it is that much worse.

"I've been appointed to the middle Division 'Lo, these three years', and have yet to make a regular run. If this keeps up much longer I will break in as a clerk in charge."

Lt ADRIAN B. DODGE, Ren Trp, APO 25, Frisco, is back eating at the table again. "Well, to get back to something I know more about, 'war is hell', ain't it? I guess you can tell by the papers about where I am in the Philippines. No, I didn't get in on that trip after prisoners, though some of our work was pretty tough, too. I've been behind Jap lines 20 or more miles a few times.



Our Recon unit does that kind of work, you know. I'll tell you about one incident that occurred awhile back.

"I was given the mission of contacting friendly troops in town about seven miles away through Jap held territory. The information was that the town had been taken three days before by our troops. We started into the town from the friendly side just to make sure of the safety angle, as the Japs were supposed to be just on the other edge of the village. On arriving about 800 yards from our objective we felt a heavy silence around us. We stopped and looked around. Suddenly we discovered a long, thin line of G I doughboys following us. Pretty soon hell broke loose and there we were half way between our troops and the damned Japs. Come to find out it was our initial assault on the town and we were right in the middle of it. How'd I make out? Well, I sure was tired when we had walked that seven miles back through Jap held ground to make my report to the C O."

Change of address for FRANKLIN W. ROSKELLEY, RT 3/c, R/S Frisco, Draft 738, FPO, Frisco; and Pvt RICHARD W. KEEFER, 39484445, Co C, 11th Bn, 3rd Regt, AGF RD 4, Camp Adair, Oregon.

Pvt RICHARD T. FUQUA, 39483993, Station Hosp, Ward 10, Camp Roberts, Calif., hates "To tell on myself, but you might wonder why my mail is % a hospital. After 17 weeks of training to be a rifleman in the infantry; playing pack mule with my equipment every day for miles and crawling through barbed wire entanglements under fire and creeping and crawling over land thats alive with rattlesnakes, I finally graduated without injury or any illness. Upon graduating, I was put on shipping orders and given a furlough. I bought my train ticket home, packed up my stuff and was all set to go when I tripped over my foot-locker, lost my balance and broke my elbow. Now I can't have my furlough until my arm heals. What a life!!!

"A few weeks ago I saw RAY DIELMAN; also John Streich and RICHARD KEEFER, and I have gotten together a few times. They are both on furlough now."

Pvt D. RAY SHIVELY, 1902 S.C.U., P/W Det., Fort Douglas, Utah, is "Back in the good old USA, for awhile at least, and I hope for good. I'm still short on points, but have high hopes."

JOSEPH E. FLORY, Mam 1/c, Duty FPO, Navy 128, FPO, Frisco, sends "Just a line to let you know that JIM LASHBAUGH and I visited ERNIE HALL a couple of weeks ago. He's OK and doing fine. We also see JIM NEARY once in awhile."

I FOUND THE TREE (Guadalcanal 1943)

Long months ago in knee deep snow
I heard his plaintive cry;
He asked me then, Oh when, Oh when,
Would I be coming by?

So I've come to the lee of his shadowy tree
With the wind on my moistened cheek,
And I stand like stone in reverence shown
To the voice I came to seek.

He's not all there in the moon's soft glare
But his jaw's still settled firm,
And his whispers strong still go along
As the breezes slip and turn.

I reflect awhile and then I smile
At the things he ought to know,
And how he'd rest at his very best
If I was to tell him so.

So I relate to him how we are going to win
With the help he's given us,
And he can rest assured tho our vision's
We will not break his trust (blurred

And where he's kept his tryst in the wafting
Among the tall reed grass, (mist
Tomorrow I'll swear in truth that's bare
He'll see his army pass.

--Lt ADRIAN B. DODGE

a rough 10 months, so I guess I can stand a change, but hope to be back to Paris once in awhile. GRANT HOLLAND is still with the 17th and still in Paris."

GLEN W. PETERSON, Mam 1/c, has left Pasco N.S. Before leaving, Pasco Pete was "The last of the original post office crew here. Some of the men we shipped in the early days are starting to come back for shore duty. I've been here 35 months which must set some sort of record. It is a record for me. In almost 10 years this is the longest post office job I've had. My relief has been here for 10 days and thats a pretty good indication of an early ship out, although I had another relief last April and he got a medical discharge. The new man looks perfectly healthy, so I should be leaving soon."

WILLIAM NOEL HOWELL, SK 2/c, Box 20, ABRD, Navy 128, FPO, Frisco, has been "Appointed as a regular and assigned a tour at the Spokane Term, so as soon as Uncle Sam gives me a discharge, thats where I'll be heading!

"I've been in the mail service all the time until 21 March when, due to a misunderstanding between a Lt. Commander and myself, I was transfered from the PO to my present address and a Store Keeper. However it takes many different kinds of professions to make up the service and the all important problem is to get the whole thing ended and get back there where we belong."

And so, fellas, I know you're busy, but keep your address changes coming. And, if discharged, let me know so the mails won't be cluttered up with forwarded and undeliverable letters.

CHARLES B. DAMRON, CRT, USS Geo K. MacKenzie DD 836, FPO, NYC, sends his new address and news of his new assignment. "The keel for this ship was laid on the 13th and commissioned by the Navy on Friday the 13th. It was too bad that I didn't get this information to you in time for that 13th edition.

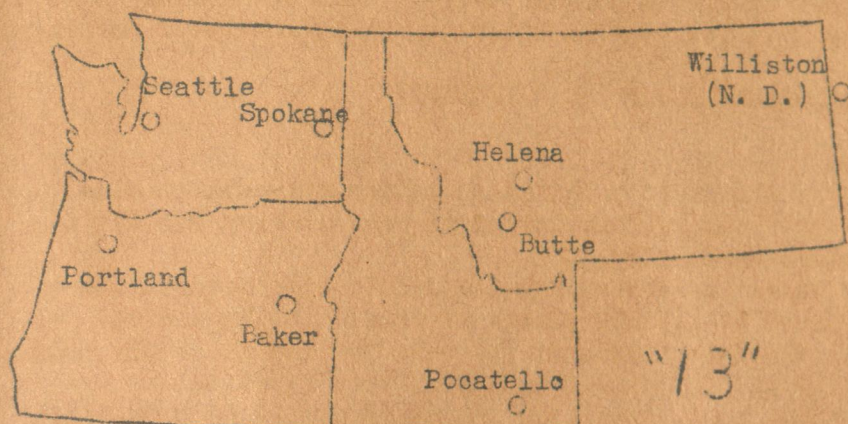
"Ordinarily we have pretty good chow but for the first couple of days after we left port something must have been wrong with it because I couldn't eat it. After a couple of days it began to improve and I am now enjoying my meals to the fullest extent." (Is that sarcasm from a land-lubber?) "I am looking forward to the time I return to the Port & Seaside. The new wage scales makes the prospect of coming home brighter, if such a thing could be possible."

Pfc JOHN H. BARR, 39339811, 25th BPO, APO 800, NYC, expects "I'll be over here for some time yet, as I haven't nearly enough points, and am now assigned to the occupation post office.

"We are setting up at Wurzburg and I see you have already heard of the shape of the town. It is quite a change, after nearly 10 months in Paris. That was really

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,



FIFTEENTH FINALE

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.
December 10, 1945.

Many things have delayed this final issue until I wonder if any will be delivered. I could list a series of alibis, but there are other matters at hand. Many have returned home; many--we hope--are on their way, and so many are on the move that we know our address list contains a number of "nixies".

It is with a feeling of regret and gladness that this letter is started. Regret--because it ends a period of fellowship through correspondence that will be missed. Gladness--because it is all over! You fellows will gradually return to the civilian life of an American you have so missed. We honestly hope a full return of our servicemen will be soon.

At this point I wish to thank McVey and the many clerks at home who have helped to make this letter possible and to the several Branches of the Division that assisted financially to insure its early delivery to those overseas. If this Letter has given our honorary members in the Services a moment's boost when spirits were low, we feel that the time and energy expended were well worth while.

ON THE HOME FRONT

An item that brings home the fact that this war was not a two-weeks holiday period is the appearance of our returning members. Several are noticeably older than when we last saw them.

Discharge patches on uniforms and coat lapels are growing ever more numerous. Daily news dispatches list ships docking with returning thousands. Movements of troop trains are setting a record. On December 6 twenty troop trains, averaging 350 personnel per train, passed through Spokane. Add to that the UP and SP and you have a lotta soljers. After all, guess ten million young men is no small number.

Of special interest is the occasional mustache or beard reminiscent of the Gay 90s. No wonder pictures of father never show him as a "young man".

A few days ago a New England gale kept several troop ships from landing for three days. A like storm on the Pacific coast kept ships a-sea. Bet there were umpteen thousand guys glad to see land when they did dock!

With V-J Day, the home front let down. After many months of long hours, rationing and worry, many excuses were available to stay home. Of course, many war plants closed over night leaving many no other place to go.

The biggest cause of unrest was the noticeably shortened checks when overtime ceased. Many are attempting to have their pay increased to equal the lost overtime, which has resulted in a continuous series of strikes. There are new cars, radios, refrigerators in show windows, but none for sale. Production will be delayed until next year at least.

One subsidiary of General Motors received permission to resume manufacture of auto parts for a competing company. Talk about rubbing it in!

Even the Seattle papers have suspended publication for several weeks, with no settlement in view. This makes it very tough on the kiddies (and pop!) being unable to learn how Dick Tracy, Orphan Annie and others are faring, but the paper clerks out of Seattle wonder what it would be like if they had papers to work in addition to what they are now receiving.

Congress is busy investigating everybody, including who's holding up their wanted salary increase. The papers (we still have 'em in Spokane--paid adv.) are full of the Pearl Harbor investigation to ascertain Who was Where and Why as of December 7, 1941.

One committee found the army had several million pairs of shorts in reserve --and my shorts getting shorter all the time.

Some returning servicemen are learning what becomes of the publicized high salaries of the times. They expect a sizable check and Zowie!--what the withheld income tax does to it makes even an A-bomb look to its prestige.

Incidentally, the A-bomb has the world's diplomats in a dither--like holding on to the tail of a wild-cat. Its here, what'll we do with it? Scientists claim

2 a loaded freight train can be pulled across the continent on a teaspoonful of atoms. There is enough energy in a human body to move the world. Wish I could get one lousy atom busy when its time to hit the deck these winter mornings!

RAMBLIN' 'ROUND THE THIRTEENTH

And now to other things.

The National Convention of the Railway Mail Association was held in Cincinnati in October. It was the first in four turbulent years, which brought a multitude of perplexing problems to be solved.

Of immediate concern to those in service was a resolution to request the Department to request the release of all RMS clerks at once. The Department requested no deferments until the last months of the war; the men are badly needed at home now, which justified the Convention in making that request.

Long a debatable subject has been seniority. No changes will be made until our members return to duty. But another plan is being formulated and will be on the 1947 ballot for vote.

Service on planes was proposed; also to expand Highway Post Offices as rapidly as equipment permits. There are several prospective HyPOs around.

We're having a little trouble getting back to a post-war groove. Congress, economy minded, passed a law placing a ceiling on the number of employees in each Department. Under the 48-hour week its presence was not felt. On October 1 the service returned to the 40-hour schedule and wham! Who put that ceiling there?!

We cannot close shop Saturdays and catch up Mondays; the trains keep right on running--sometimes even on schedule. Consequently, the law says we're overmanned. Actually, there are many vacancies that are filled by acting clerks or clerks by additional trips. The mail has not fallen off to pre-war volume and many lines throughout the country are hopelessly stuck.

Which reminds me of a colored sub on the Seattle & Hoquiam shortly after the last war. The mail was neatly piled for him at Seattle and had not been touched upon his return. When asked about it, he explained--"If I touch that I'll just get it all mixed up, so I smoked my pipe."

We have a few regular subs left--the ceiling will not permit their appointment--but they're a mere drop compared to the number needed. Returned servicemen are working temporarily. But a temporary appointment is hardly what a returned soldier desires. The Civil Service Commission is holding off giving an examination until a larger percentage of men return to civilian life--to give all an equal break at the next exam. One consolation, the first subs to be certified will step into a regular appointment.

With so many new men we can excuse the clerk, recently transferred to the Williston & Seattle MD, for his question. Hans Hansen, recently promoted to Assistant Chief, was down to see Tr. 2 off one morning. After he left this clerk ask "Who was that new sub?" Hansen has been seriously ill for several months.

Al Shriner and Harry Olson had their desire to watch a fire abruptly quenched not long ago. A Seattle warehouse was burning beside the track and they rushed to the door just in time to catch the full force of a fire-hose as the train passed.

A postmaster is unfamiliar with our problems, but our members should watch their alibis better. A catch was missed at Cashmere--part of the GN that is electrified--and reason given was "cinder in eye". The PM placed a big question mark after it and wrote "From an electric motor?"

A rare and regrettable accident recently occurred on the Miles City ED. A young girl station-agent failed to hang the pouch before Tr. 3 arrived. She attempted to hang it as the train approached but failed to get off the crane platform in time. The catcher-arm killed her instantly.

I never thought I'd see mail measured by the cord. Boats docking on the coast unload thousands of boxes carrying souvenir guns or sabers--it'll take Japan years to accumulate enough swords to start even a small officers' club. These boxes are piled like cordwood awaiting inspection before dispatching. The Seattle & Port was held in Tacoma one morning over two hours while nearly 2,500 wooden boxes were loaded into storage. Overtime for the boys; a light trip on Tr. 6--but think of us poor suckers on Tr. 2 that night!

The Milwaukee jinx is still on duty. In addition to several freight wrecks, a troop train hit a freight--no one seriously injured. The most spectacular was in Montana. A freight derailed within a stone's throw of the depot. The power lines fell on the depot and fire finished it off.

Williston ED Tr. 27 had another near-miss in October. One wheel in the forward truck of a storage car got off the rails and was carried nearly five miles before it swung around and broke the air-hose. The engineer admitted doing "a little over 60 miles per".

The new Diesels had their first taste of North Dakota winter and didn't like it. The steam boiler, used for heat froze and the motor had to be set out of the train. The boilers are too small to heat a passenger train, so the steam-horsie is back on Tr. 2.

NEWS & NOTES from AFOOT & AFLOAT

GOLD STAR We but recently learned that Pfc GEORGE W. PLONSKE was killed in the Philippines on June 18, 1945. George was very new in our service, appointed a sub from Aloha, Oregon, in the fall of 1942; worked one day in the Terminal to start his seniority, then returned home, then at Spokane Bridge, Wash., to prepare to enter the RMS full time. Before he could return, he was inducted into the Army on December 15, 1942.

Several letters were received from George, each telling of his desire to get back home and to learn more of the RMS. Our sincere sympathies go out to his wife and mother.

Our list of "nixies", rumored returns and actual returns looks like a Who's Who in the RMS. In the shifting around we lost contact with---

JESSE L. FORDHAM, MaM 2/c, long in the Pacific ("I can't go farther West, because the rest of the world is east of here"), was in Salt Lake City on furlough this fall.

Ens. TERENCE A. JOHNSTON, last heard of flying across the far Pacific.

Pvt ALFRED C. LOOSE, in Alaska.

Lt Col FRANK LUCAS, returned for medical attention after many months on Pacific islands. News Letters returned from Santa Barbara, Calif.

LAURENCE F. PARKS, BM 2/c, last in Frisco.

No, Nurse, it is a case of battle fatigue from seeing too many wartime news reels



HOME FRONT HAZARDS

Rumor hath it the following are civilians. If I'm wrong--blame the grapevine---

Ens FLOYD A. BESS

ALDEN N. BICE, Sp "C" 2/c. After passing out discharges for many weeks, one finally came along with his name attached.

Cpl CHARLES L. FATLAND, with a swell writeup in a Seattle paper (pre-strike days) about his return to the RMS.

NOEL HOWELL, SK 2/c

Cpl FLOYD I. SCHWERDFAGER

T/5 GEORGE L. SNELL

Cpl CARL C. NOTTINGHAM

Could it be they're hiding out from Santa Claus (RMS-style)?

4 These we can account for, as they're back to work---

Pvt HENRY ALBRIGHT

Pvt MARK E. BOYD

MIKE BOZIK, S 1/c, our Coast Guardsman

CHARLES B. DAMRON, C RT

FORREST DAMRON, Y 1/8

JOSEPH E. FLORY, MAM 1/c, trying to prepare air mail standpoints faster than plane schedules change.

Pfc CHARLES F. GREENFIELD, after a tour of hospitals throughout the West.

ERNEST B. HALL, AMM 2/c, full of experiences on the USS SARATOGA.

Lt CHARLES H. JATEN, probably the most traveled man of our service, via ATC.

T/Sgt JOSEPH C. KROBOTH, seen a bit himself via bombers

Lt ADRIAN L. MALONEY, didn't see nuthin', 'counta the English fog.

Capt MAYNARD H. McDUFFIE, trained 'em to fly.

J. C. McKINLEY, Jr.

S/Sgt HENRY A. McLANE, slightly (f)rigid from his Nome sojourn.

Sgt KENNETH SWIFT

Pvt D. RAY SHIVELY, drove 'em out of the Pacific, then guarded 'em at the P/W camp in Utah.

Pvt WESLEY I. YOUNG, late of the PCC on Long Island. Only change is that he now pays income tax for doing the same thing.

Landed and willing to be just "second in command"---

Lt Comdr RALPH J. ALEXANDER, at Frisco, December 4.

Lt ADRIAN B. DODGE, at San Diego, November 30.

T/5 FLOYD I. SCHEWERDFAGER is on his way home. "But this afternoon or tomorrow will see me on board that long awaited ship. Cripes, that really sounds good to me. By the time I arrive in the States, I'll have seven overseas bars. I missed going to Japan by the skin of my teeth. If I had gone, I would be delayed from 30 to 60 days. Even a week would have been too long.

"I'm going to make good use of the 40 days I have before reporting back to work. In my 42 months overseas, I've had only a 3-day pass."

Had a very pleasant hour with CARL OSTLUND a few weeks ago. Carl was discharged from the Air Corps due to asthma and is still trying to find a place that will give him relief. "Since seeing you in Seattle have hit Ogden, Salt Lake City and finally Las Vegas. Next week plan to go to L. A. Seem to be doing much better--in fact, am thinking of going back to Seattle one of these days."

JOSEPH STANTON, S 1/c, was dismissed from school at the end of the fighting but is again back studying radio at Great Lakes. Tried to effect a meeting with him while passing through Chicago in October, but he had a dinner date in Milwaukee. He passes along this "Stanton" joke: "Do you know what a dancing party for small insects is?" "Moth Balls."

ALDEN N. GICE, Sp "C" 2/c, traveled down to Cincinnati and spent a day listening in on the Executive Committee meeting. On November 9 he writes: "I am now writing this as the swan song to the longest three years of my life. I will be a civilian first class in a very few hours and so I am writing to thank you for the Letter these many long months and hope that others have enjoyed it half as much as I have.

"It really doesn't matter much to me as to when I come back to work, so it probably won't be till after Xmas. I wouldn't even know how to lock out a pouch after all these years away from it."

Imagine a guy taking a month's vacation during December!

Lt ADRIAN B. DODGE writes from Wakayama, Japan. I won't reprint the Japanese part of his letter--some day I'll check to see if its really Jap writing or if he was just cleaning his pen-point. "Just arrived two days ago in this beautiful land of myths. Haven't seen much as yet and hope I don't as I'm sweating out the "come home" signal. Sometime within the next two months.

"Sure will seem funny after being a "Hut, two, three, four!" for so many years. Honestly, I'm almost as dark as a mulatto and twice as onery. When I get there I will show you the picture of a Philippine princess I became acquainted with. Eighteen years old and never been kissed." (Slipping?) "She was quite surprised at some of our American customs." (Small wonder!) "So was I when she demonstrated one of her native passion dances. Tell you all about it WHEN I get there."

Lt JOHN B. CORSON writes from Seattle. "Returned from Germany for 45 days rest and recuperation leave, then to Texas to rejoin the 45th Infantry Division in November."

Pvt RICHARD W. KEEFER sends a new address to be sure he gets the news sheet. "It is the only contact I have with the RMS. The happenings are most welcome. How is the Spokane Terminal coming along now; still short of help? There isn't much here. I am near Manila, not in the mail service or anything. I am an ack-ack man."

Lt Comdr RALPH J. ALEXANDER sends a cover from Pearl Harbor's Navy Day. "Big day--Hollywood version of the Navy--thought you might like to know an RPC designed and drew this cachet--Kenneth H. Ashby, P E Terminal, L A."

5 A change of address from Pvt CLIFFORD H. HERING, Co L, S.T.R.-C.S.C.S.,
Camp Crowder, Mo.

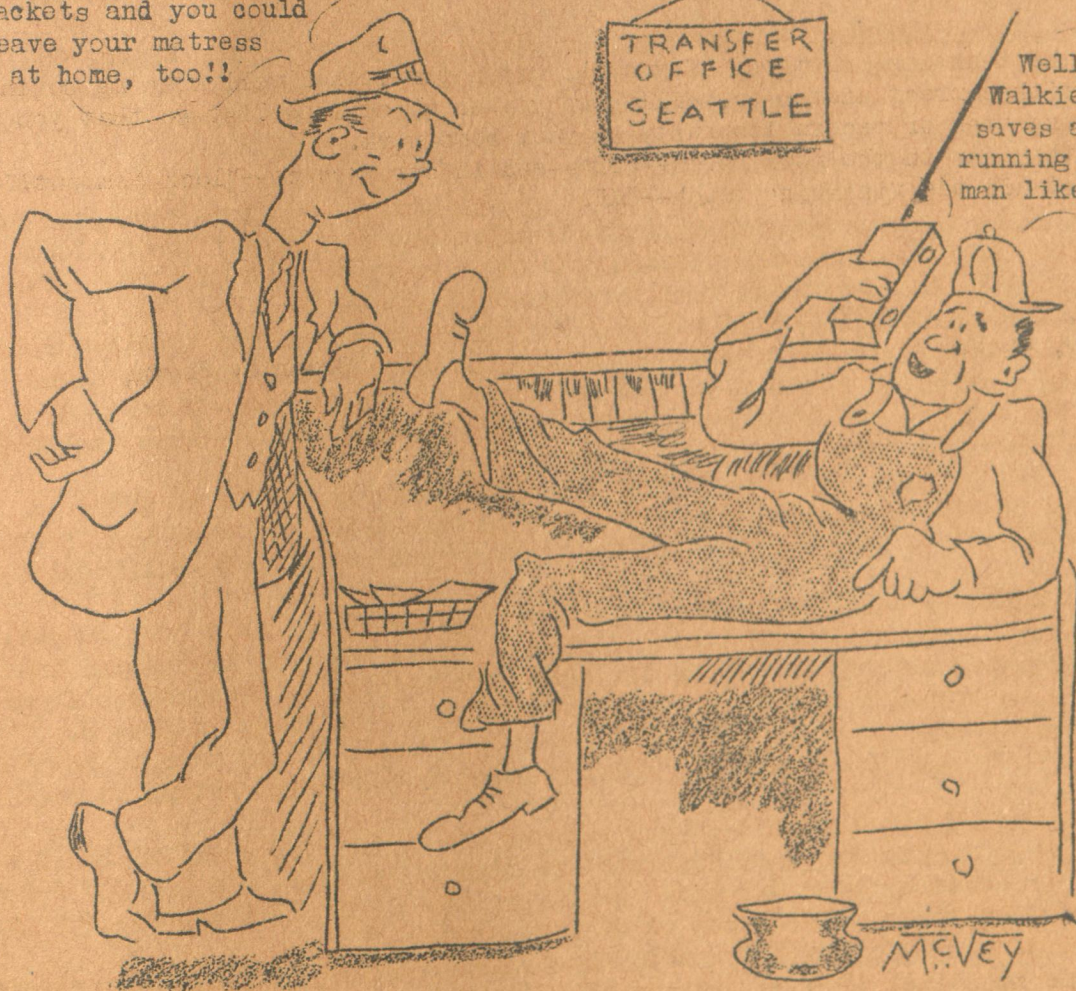
Also KURT BEHNKE, MAM 1/c, Navy Dept, Field Bn Busanda, Cleveland 15, Ohio.
FORREST DAMRON, Y 1/c, writes from Portland. "Your Fourteenth Foray followed me down from Dutch Harbor. I have again joined the ranks of the civilians--after three years in Naval offices I finally found out where they write out those slips of paper that I have been looking for. I hear my brother CHARLEY is headed this way from Boston to get his discharge."

T/Sgt J. C. KROBOTH says his "Last trip over Germany almost turned out to be my last altogether. Enemy fighters sent the two bombers off our right wing down in flames and we pulled out of the formation with our No. 3 and 4 engines on fire. However, we managed to get the fires out and flew more than 200 miles to Holland on 2 engines, knocking down 2 Me-109s which tried to stop us."

From England, Lt TONY GERBER decides to send a correct address after waiting two months for letters to go via the Pacific and back to England. "I busted another "butt-spring" again. Yep, its the third time, so decided that my luck had just about run out, and I had better get myself fixed up; so I was evacuated from Germany just about the time we chopped Gen'l Von Runstedt's push in the bulge."

"During most of the action over there I was a forward observer for a 105 mm cannon outfit; in case you haven't heard, that gun is the biggest thing in the infantry, and really packs a wallop. As long as the F.O.'s stay alive, they can

All you need now is one of those Air Force padded jackets and you could leave your mattress at home, too!!



NEWS NOTE--"Walkie-Talkies" will be available to civilians by the first of the year."

do a lot of damage, but when you are right out in front, staying alive is kinda hard to do. The Jerries know what radios are for and anyone carrying a radio is definitely a "meat target". One day my jeep got hit and I lost one of my own team-members with it. I and the driver got out with only a few scratches, which leads me to believe that I'm the luckiest guy in the world.

"All during the whole scrap, we wondered if we would ever see home again, and then, all at once, the war was over. It was certainly a great feeling, knowing that there was to be no more fighting and no more "battlefield suffering". After having gone through a battle, I can still hardly believe the things that happen to the people in it with me. It's just so big that the imagination cannot comprehend what actually takes place. Have been in five hospitals from Germany to England and was made "limited service" and was assigned to a postal outfit near Birmingham. So, after 3 years of Infantry, I finally wound up in something I know a little about. It's amazing the way the Army operates!"

6 Pvt RAY C. KIELMAN writes from Guam that it takes two weeks to fly a letter 130 miles from his old base. He also sez lots more--which describes the problems of mail service so well both at home and overseas that it would be but repeating what is being said every day. We sympathize with you, Ray, and hope to see it changed before another year ends.

"I am in the Army Courier Service here on Guam. Our office is located in the Air Transport Command's passenger terminal. We handle only official army and navy mail. It all travels by air and handled much the same way as registers. Its just like being an RPC again--but I'll trade with anyone who wants to be in the occupation army. It looks like I'll be home for Xmas to help with the rush --yeah, Xmas in '46, maybe." We really hope none of you will be away for that rush next year!

Capt CHARLES H. BURNS 'cards' me with "I think the Army was trying to soft-soap me on that measly 40 points I have by sending me a notice of promotion to Captain. Well, it does help, I must admit. But 40 from 85 equals 45; and that is a long way to go. Hope I make it in the next year or two."

WILBERT H. J. ADAMS, MAM 2/c, sends thanks for news on the Postal Salary Bill. "Our main topic of discussion out here the last couple of months has been this postal bill and how we benefited from it. Naturally, we are all interested in what we'll have when we get home. We still have our balmy weather and sunshine out here but I'd sure trade it anyday for a little of good old Portland."

"Would sure like to be home by Christmas but don't think there's any chance of it. Anyhow, maybe February or March will see me in a more desirable part of the world."

JAMES R. LASHBAUGH, MAM 2/c, is in Hawaii. "I've never written you before but you can bet I would have if the Letters hadn't come through on time. I sure would have missed them. Its all over now but the shouting, and we'll be coming home soon."

Lt PAUL S. WARBER is Postal Officer, Naval Air Station, San Diego, Calif. "I have only 29 points while, at present, Navy officers need 49 for discharge. It looks, under the circumstances, that I have just gotten a good start on a Navy career instead of a chance to become a civilian again."

"I have run into a number of ex-RPCs in the Navy postal service, in fact, there are two here in this office, but they all seem to be from other Divisions. While on leave I spent several days in Seattle and saw a few of the fellows, visited the offices, transfer offices and air mail field. It sure was a fine feeling just to be around old familiar faces and places."

Cpl CARL C. NOTTINGHAM writes that "After I got out of the hospital I was sent to the redistribution station at Santa Barbara, Calif., and that place was really some place to live. I was stationed at the Biltmore Hotel and we had all the service and luxuries a person could ask for. I was then assigned to the APC here in Frisco."

"I work the dispatch case on the graveyard shift from 2300 to 0700. A week after my wife came down here I was put on this shift and have had it ever since. Went out to see the St Marys-California game and the USC-California teams."

Capt HARRY B. NILSON traded from our Division to California last summer. Rather liked the country down there, I guess. "I've had some misfortune lately which will most probably change my intended life pattern considerably. I suffered what is termed a "stroke", or right cerebral hemorrhage on June 3. I have now recovered the use of my functions and, I hope, on the road to recovery. I'll have to be mighty careful and I'm not sure whether I can return to the RMS or not."

"What caused it, I cannot guess. It was hot in Las Vegas and it could have been caused by taking too much physical training at my age. I'm looking for my son back from Germany most any day. He was in the thick of it all the way from Africa, Sicily, Italy, France and on up into Germany."

FRANK YPMA, S 2/c, is "On a ship repair base and what I know about repairing ships you could stick in your eye, so I'll probably end up as mess cook. I have to admit I did cook up some wicked stews on the Williston ED--ask the boys I ran with! Am on a small island in the Philippines."

And that, my franz, brings to an official end this first series of "13" to our members overseas. It is now in the cooking stage, and by next spring, a second series of "13" is being planned by Boyer, McVey and others for the membership at home. We hope by the time it starts, the list of returnees will have grown considerably.

In the meantime, if those of you who are not released will keep me so informed, with correct addresses, will keep you on my mailing list so that you will not be forgotten or become too rusty on your home work.

As they say in the news rooms--"30"--and in our service--"lock 'em out!"--we'll just add the finishing touch--"X".

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.

Glenn E. Brown,

October 23, 1944.

All Branches,
Thirteenth Div.

Another letter will be mailed to the Servicemen of this Division about December 1, so as to reach them as near Christmas time as possible. I would like to see it the newest letter to date.

To make it so, a lot of assistance is requested. Anyone wishing to send any items of interest to those away from home are urged to do so.

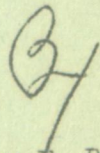
Of particular need are those small incidents that happen at home or on the road--to keep the fellows feeling they are still "in" on what is going on in the R. M. S.

Jot down those items as they come to mind. They should reach me around November 20. Send to Box 1313, Spokane 5, Washington.

With your help we can bring some cheer from home for what we hope will be their last Christmas away from home.

Fraternally yours,

Box 1313,
Spokane 5, Wash.


Glenn E. Brown,

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If additional copies of this list are desired, send request to
Glenn E. Brown, Box 1313, Spokane 5, Washington.

Pvt Alfred G. Loose
Alexander V. Hill

Lt Carl E. Ostlund Jr.
Cpl Bernard R. Preputin

Present address of these men unknown:

(*) Hahn, Lashbaugh, Neary and Roberts now enroute overseas.

Lt Elwood C. Youngberg, 803 Bomb Sq., Tonopay, Nevada
Pvt Wesley I. Young, 39469058, Co D, Postal Bn NYPE, Hotel Brestlin, 29th & Broadway, (New York, N. Y.)
(Expects to return soon to 2218 - 45 Ave., San Francisco 16, Calif.)
Roy G. Watson, MM 1/c, US Naval Hosp., Ward 80, Navy 128, %FPO, San Francisco, Calif.
Lt (J.G.) Paul S. Warber, Hdqtrs 17th Naval Dist., %FPO, Seattle, Wash.
Chester Vert, Sp(M) 1/c, 268 San Jose Ave., San Francisco 10, Calif.
Sgt Roland R. Verceles, 19123558, 280 Ord. M. Co, A.A., APO 587, %PM, New York, N. Y.
Sgt Kenneth Swift, 39309779, Co B, 594 S.W. Bn(3), APO 650, %PM, New York, N. Y.
Howard W. Snodgrass, A/C, Camp Hill, Co. 524-44, Farrisgut, Idaho
T/5 George L. Snell, 39611689, Co C, 2nd Med Bn, APO 2, %PM, New York, N. Y.
Pvt D. Ray Shively, 39619612, 7th BPO Det., APO 322, %PM, San Francisco, Calif.
Cpl Lee H. Sheldon, 39918555, 24th Postal Reg. Sec., SPO 574, %PM, New York, N. Y.
1st Lt Maloy Sensney, Hq Sq M A G 23, % Fleet PO, San Francisco, Calif.
Merle Sechrist, C Sp(M), CASU 22, % Fleet PO, New York, N. Y.
Cpl Clyde E. Scott, 39902827, Co. C, 142 ME Bn, 33 Regt., Ft. Lewis, Wash.
Cpl Floyd I. Schwerdtfeger, 39305550, Hq Battery, 218 F.A., APO 41, %PM, San Francisco, Calif.
M. P. Sawaya, A/S, Lion VII, Unit C-18, %FPO, San Francisco, Calif.
Walter Milton Satterstrom, Sp(M) 2/c, 53 Monte Vista, Oakland 11, Calif.
Maj Everett H. Runkle, 0-174997, Ward B-5, Woodrow Wilson Gen Hosp., Staunton, Va.
Pfc John F. Rowland, 39951082, Postal Det., APO 942, %PM, Seattle, Wash.
Franklin W. Hoskelly, S 1/c, Co 1328, Great Lakes, Ill.
Harold J. Roberts, Sp(M) 1/c, 26 Spec. Bn, Camp Peary, Va. (*)
John L. Reilly, C Sp(M), Lion VII, Unit C-18, %FPO, San Francisco, Calif.
Maj John H. Ray AD, 0-496940, Hqts E.T.O. USA, APO 887, %PM, New York, N. Y.
Orville L. Ragsdale, Sp(M) 3/c, % Fleet PO, San Francisco, Calif.
Pfc George W. Pioniske, 39460111, Service Co, 19th Inf., APO 24, %PM, San Francisco, Cal.
Glen W. Peterson, Sp(M) 2/c, Post Office Dept., N.A.S., Pasco, Wash.
Pvt Joseph D. Pender, Plt. 31 R.D., Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.
Laurence F. Parks, BM 2/c, Transportation Dept., N.A.S., Pasco, Wash.
Lt John P. O'Neill, 0-1947267, Co C, 763rd Railway Shop Bn TC, APO 152, New York, NY.
Cpl Carl C. Nottingham, 39460891, POE, Camp Beale, Calif.
Capt Harry B. Nilsson AC, 7th AAF Base Unit, Ft. Lawton, Wash.
James E. Neary, Sp(M) 2/c, 665-14-27, R/S, P.S.N.Y., Bremerton, Wash. (*)
Lt Harry C. Molvar, 0-764391, B.O.G., Box 298, Bergstrom Field, Austin, Texas
T/3 Henry A. McLane, 39175952, Post Finance Office, APO 947, Minneapolis, Minn.
J. C. McKinley, Jr., Camp Hill, Brks 4H25, Room 35, Farrisgut, Idaho
Capt Maynard H. McDuffie, Noxon, Mont.
1st Lt Adrian L. Maloney, 0-1300994, 532nd Sq 381 Bomb Gp, APO 557, %PM, New York, NY
Lt Col Frank Lucas IGD, 0-245179, APO 716, %PM, San Francisco, Calif.
Sgt Don R. Lower, 39683225, 815th Bombard Trng Sqdn, S.A.A.F. (BS), San Angelo, Texas

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